



CULTIVATION CHAT GROUP

BOOK 04

Legend Of The Sacred Knight

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Cultivation Chat Group

(修真聊天群)

by

Legend Of The Sacred Knight

(圣骑士的传说)

Synopsis

On a certain day, Song Shuhang accidentally joined a deeply afflicted Xianxia chuunibyou(Year 2 middle school disease) chat group, the group members inside all address each other as ‘fellow daoist’. Their contact cards are all either Sect Master, Cave Master, Spiritual Master or Heavenly Expert. Even the group master’s missing pet dog named Great Devil Dog abandoned his home. They chat all day about things like concocting pills, intruding mysterious territories, martial arts experiences and more.

One day, he abruptly realizes after lurking for a long time that..... In this group, every single group member is actually a real cultivator, with the ability to move mountains and drain seas, the kind that can live for thousands of years!

Ah ah ah ah, My worldview has utterly collapsed in a single night!

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Chapter 301: Do you want to know more about the Heavenly Island?

Pedo Uncle 002 edition acted the same way as that other pedo uncle that was sexually harassing Zhuge Yue earlier.

After hearing Pedo Uncle 002 edition's words, Zhuge Zhongyang's hair stood on end. "Uncle, I'm not gay!"

"It doesn't matter. This uncle here is very experienced and will make you feel really good. Moreover, as long as I refine someone with your special type of constitution in a cauldron, I'll be able to jump through the dragon gate and reach the Second Stage Realm." Pedo Uncle No. 2's tastes were even heavier than Pedo Uncle No. 1's.

In addition, was it a tradition of the sect to teach their students these lines? He basically said the same lines as Pedo Uncle No. 1...

"Don't come over! Stay away from me! If you come closer, I'll bite my tongue off and commit suicide!" Zhuge Zhongyang howled.

"Don't worry, my dear. Even without your tongue, you'll still be delicious." Pedo Uncle No. 2 evilly smiled.

At this time, Zhuge Zhongyang was really thinking of killing himself!



"It's over there." Nine Lanterns looked at Song Shuhang and pointed her finger toward the nightmarish scene.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh and quietly took out his treasured saber Broken Tyrant—luckily, he had come just in time and Zhuge Zhongyang had yet to be 'deflowered'.

In the next instant, he accelerated and dashed toward Pedo Uncle No. 2.

Pedo Uncle No. 2, who was just about to pounce upon Zhuge Zhongyang, felt something was amiss. He suddenly turned around and used his metal rod to ward off the attack coming at him from behind.

Song Shuhang held the saber tightly and didn't use a showy technique or the Flaming Saber. He merely slashed vertically with considerable strength. Song Shuhang had learned these basic moves from the young man in green clothes in Venerable White's 'illusory reality'.

The treasured saber Broken Tyrant clashed against Pedo Uncle No. 2's metal rod.

"Clang!"

In the next instant, the saber cut through the solid metal rod like a knife through butter! Its power didn't decrease at all, and the blade kept aiming at Pedo Uncle No. 2's head.

"Is that a treasured weapon?!" Pedo Uncle No. 2 cried out in amazement. Although the metal rod in his hand was an ordinary weapon, it was still made of tempered steel, and yet the weapon of his opponent had easily cut through it!

His opponent was using a treasured weapon—that was the only explanation!

In this critical situation, Pedo Uncle No. 2 cast his metal rod aside and rolled to a side to evade Song Shuhang's attack.

After dodging the attack, Pedo Uncle No. 2 suddenly disappeared, becoming invisible.

Not good. Not only did I fail to take advantage of the element of surprise, I even let him become invisible! The enemy is completely hidden, while I'm full of openings... what an awful situation! Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh.

"Song Shuhang!" Zhuge Zhongyang cried out in surprise after seeing Song Shuhang.

"Shush...!" Song Shuhang hinted for Zhuge Zhongyang not to move heedlessly and stay silent.

I can't find him with my eyes... and I can't sense him with mental energy either. As if that wasn't enough, even his smell disappeared after he became invisible.

It's really an incredible and mysterious technique. If I can't see him, and I can't smell him... maybe I should try to 'hear' him?

Song Shuhang closed his eyes and pushed his sense of hearing to the limit. After opening his Ear Aperture, he could hear even the wind blowing and the grass moving. And even if the enemy was currently invisible, he would surely come in contact with the grass on the ground when moving. He just had to wait for that opportunity.

Unfortunately, Song Shuhang didn't hear anything.

Other than making them invisible, this technique allowed the enemy to remove both the sound and smell produced by his body. At this time, Song Shuhang was in a terrible situation where he could only get passively beaten.

Is there really no way to counter the technique of this guy?

Just as Song Shuhang was thinking, the ghost spirit in his Heart Aperture made its move.

Although he had already made a contract with the ghost spirit, Shuhang had yet to complete the synchronization process with it. This process was long and tedious, and Song Shuhang could do nothing but wait and let time run its course.

But now, just as he was in deep thought, the ghost spirit came out of his Heart Aperture on its own initiative. Then, it started to float above Song Shuhang's head, carefully gazing at the surroundings.

In the next instant, their sight finally synchronized.

Through the eyes of the ghost spirit, Song Shuhang saw that a spectral figure was quietly approaching him from the right side.

The spectral figure was shrouded in a layer of black mist, and it was exactly this black mist that allowed the man to become invisible and cover his smell, sound, etc. It was something akin to a 'ghost' form.

However, this ghost form seemed incapable of concealing itself in front of Song Shuhang's ghost spirit.

Pedo Uncle No. 2 approached Song Shuhang slowly. Next, he stretched out his right hand, revealing a set of skinny and sharp fingers.

While shrouded in this black mist, his entire body underwent a strange change. Right now, he didn't look like a human, but like a demon instead. He evilly grinned and thrust his ghastly claws toward Song Shuhang's chest, aiming at his heart.

But right at this time, Song Shuhang suddenly turned around and slashed at him with his treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

Pedo Uncle No. 2 didn't have the time to evade this time and was immediately cut into two pieces.

"How did you discover me?!" Pedo Uncle No. 2 bellowed.

Moreover, even if he was cut around the waist, no blood gushed out. What came out was a mass of black mist that mixed with the mist already shrouding his body.

Soon after, Pedo Uncle No. 2's body was swallowed by the mist shrouding him.

"You actually dared to kill me! I curse you, I curse you in the capacity of a creature of the Netherworld Ream! I curse you to be infected by the filth of the Netherworld Realm and fall for eternity!" Pedo Uncle No. 2 howled.

A cursed rune came out of the ghastly mist shrouding his body

and rushed toward Song Shuhang, trying to brand itself on his body. It was an innate skill Pedo Uncle No. 2 could display if he was killed in his ghost form.

No one liked to be affected by curses. Therefore, Song Shuhang quickly retreated, trying to avoid the cursed rune.

But right at this time, the ghost spirit rushed downwards and opened its mouth, swallowing the cursed rune. Then, it burped satisfied and returned to Song Shuhang's Heart Aperture.

Even curses can be eaten now? It seems that the appetite of my ghost spirit is getting bigger and bigger...



"Is it over?" Zhuge Zhongyang asked weakly.

Although he didn't see Pedo Uncle No. 2 dying, he saw that Song Shuhang wasn't on alert anymore and therefore asked.

"For now." Song Shuhang nodded—amongst the three freaks, the last one was still chasing after the other two passengers. Therefore, this affair had yet to finish.

The background of these pedo uncles seems problematic.

They came from the Netherworld Realm and had ghost-like forms... does that mean that they aren't humans?

Song Shuhang looked at Nine Lanterns, giving her a perplexed look.

"You're wondering what the Netherworld Realm is, right?" Nine Lanterns narrowed her eyes and smiled—Song Shuhang didn't know whether it was his own misconception, but it seemed that she really wanted to tell him about this 'Netherworld Realm'.

Did it mean that Nine Lanterns wanted to introduce him to matters related to the Netherworld Realm?

"No, I'm not that interested." Song Shuhang clenched his teeth and replied.

"Eh? You aren't interested? Hehe, alright. It's fine if you're not interested. After all, it isn't a good place." Nine Lanterns laughed and continued, "In that case, are you interested in knowing what kind of place the Heavenly Island is?"

Chapter 302: The Little Finger Snake

Song Shuhang was rather interested in the Heavenly Island—after all, even the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group wanted to know more about this mysterious island. Unfortunately, they weren't able to discover anything useful during their trip.

They said curiosity killed the cat. The more mysterious a place was, the more humans would want to uncover its secrets.

However, even if he were to discover the secrets of the Heavenly Island, what point there was to it? After leaving the island, his memories would be wiped, and he wouldn't remember anything!

I'm interested, but is there even a point in knowing? Song Shuhang wanted to reply like this.

But at this time, a figure appeared out of nowhere, stopping Song Shuhang from continuing with his speech.

On a huge tree in front of Song Shuhang, on a tree branch located at the height of ten meters, a figure wearing pink clothes and a red belt appeared.

Just by looking at his attire, one could easily realize that it was another cultivator from the Netherworld Realm.

However, he was different from those two vulgar pedo uncles from before. This figure had a bewitching smile on his face and pretty facial features like those of a noble.

"Heh... it seems you killed my two worthless senior brothers!" the demonic young master said to Song Shuhang while leaning against the trunk of the tree.

Song Shuhang narrowed his eyes. The style of this cultivator of the Netherworld Realm was vastly different from the other two, and his strength was also higher. Shuhang could faintly feel the power of true qi emanating from the body of this demonic young

master. It meant that this person had already reached the Second Stage True Master Realm.

Song Shuhang held on to the treasured saber Broken Tyrant tightly and used his other hand to grasp the talisman in his pocket. He had double-checked several times, and there were no mistakes this time—it was precisely his last sword talisman.

Behind Song Shuhang, after seeing this cultivator of the Netherworld Realm appear, Nine Lanterns secretly clenched her small fists— You actually dared to interrupt my speech! Are you tired of living?

Seeing Song Shuhang's tense face, the demonic young master laughed, satisfied.

Next, while having an everything-is-under-my-control expression on his face, he said, "No need to be nervous. I'm different from my two worthless senior brothers. I'm a pacifist, and I think that it's better to use words to solve problems rather than fists. The ability to reason is what differentiates intelligent beings from wild beasts!"

His words immediately piqued the interest of Lady Onion, who was lying in Song Shuhang's pocket. I agree! Beating and killing people is wrong. If possible, it would be better to solve problems with words alone. Only a brute would use violence!

According to her, if Shuhang could have a good talk with her and release her, without having to threaten her every time, it would be truly wonderful.

"..." Song Shuhang.

He likes to use 'words' to solve problems...? So, there are really people in this world with the 'chatty' attribute as their primary one. Doesn't he know that those types of people are usually the first ones to die?

"Earlier, you killed my two senior brothers. So... how about this.

Lend me the duo behind you for a while—if they can satisfy me, I'll let every one of you go. What do you think of my proposal?" the demonic young master said, full of confidence.

"..." Zhuge Yue.

"..." Zhuge Zhongyang.

He was worthily a cultivator of the Netherworld Realm; even if his style was vastly different from the other two, he was still a pervert in the end.

"After seeing your expression, it seems you have no intention of accepting my proposal, right?" the demonic young master said coldly as he narrowed his eyes. At the same time, he released a burst of threatening aura from his body, directing it at Song Shuhang, Zhuge Yue, and Zhuge Zhongyang.

Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang were unable to resist and started to tremble subconsciously.

Song Shuhang didn't utter a word; he held Broken Tyrant tightly and operated the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>, dashing toward the big tree. If the height of the branch was only ten meters, he could reach it in one go with the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>.

In the next instant, he raised Broken Tyrant high, and saber light flashed in the surrounding area.

This attack was only a cover; the real attack would come from the talisman in Song Shuhang's hand.

Once the demonic young master was in the range of the sword talisman, Song Shuhang would let him have a taste of its power.

"Sigh, why do I always meet people like you that overestimate themselves? If you want to die, I'll give you a helping hand," the demonic young master said coldly. "It's a pity that those two humans with a special constitution didn't serve me on their own volition. If I force them into it, the effects would be much worse."

This was the reason for all that nonsense from before.

After saying this much, the demonic young master opened his palms, revealing ten blood-colored strings that were attached to his fingers. These strings were a special type of weapon, and if used together with true qi, they could be both soft and hard; their power was astonishing.

Next, he rushed forward and clawed at Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang had a calm expression on his face. Just five more steps and the demonic young master would be in the range of the sword talisman!



But just as the demonic younger master took three steps forward, he felt something cold on his ankle.

In the next instant, he saw Song Shuhang's appearance change and became bigger!

In the blink of an eye, Song Shuhang turned into a ten-meter-tall colossus! But that wasn't all, his height was continuously increasing!

At last, Song Shuhang changed into a hundred-meter-tall giant that could shoulder the heaven with his arms. Broken Tyrant also turned into a huge saber that seemed capable of rending heaven and earth.

"What technique is this? Which race does he belong to?!" the demonic young master cried out in shock.

Even if we took into consideration the ancient titan race, it was rare to have someone reach the height of hundred meters.

Moreover, titans had already disappeared from this world, and even if they had left descendants behind, it was unlikely for them to be able to change the size of their body to that of a normal person.

"In this case... it should be an illusion, right?" the demonic young master muttered.

Yeah, there is no other explanation; it must be an illusion!

Not only that giant, this huge snake coiling around my body must also be an illusion too!

"Stupid illusion, break!" the demonic young master bellowed as he released the true qi in his body. Afterward, he made a hand seal and shouted, "Illusion Breaking Seal!"

Powerful true qi covered his entire body.

At this time, the huge snake coiling around his body became fidgety and opened its big mouth, gulping the demonic young master down.

"Break, break, break!" the demonic young master continuously roared while being swallowed down. In the next instant, the upper half of his body was swallowed, and only his legs were left, sticking out from the mouth of the snake and thrashing around.

Afterward, well... there was no afterward.

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva and looked at the finger-sized little snake on the tree trunk.

"The Little Finger Snake!" Song Shuhang immediately recalled that mysterious spirit beast Soft Feather had told him about.

Her magical purse that could reduce the size of objects was manufactured exactly from the shed skin of the Little Finger Snake.

The Little Finger Snake had the innate ability to reduce the size of everything that came into contact with its skin. Although it was only as big as the pinky of a human, it could reduce the size of an elephant to that of a fingernail after coming in contact with it, swallowing it down with ease.

Now it was all clear... no wonder Song Shuhang found the 'spirit

beast' that Nine Lanterns had introduced so familiar. Originally, it was the Little Finger Snake!

So, that huge lizard I encountered while I was leading the passengers toward the ancient city... also shrank and disappeared due to the Little Finger Snake?

And Zhuge Yue must have ended up in this state because she casually bumped into the Little Finger Snake earlier...

According to Nine Lanterns, the Little Finger Snake didn't eat Zhuge Yue because it was already full. Therefore, it didn't bother opening its mouth and swallowing down the infant-like Zhuge Yue.

After eating its fill, it probably decided to take a nap and digest the food.

However, the place it chose to rest wasn't good enough, and Zhuge Yue unknowingly ruined its sleep. At this point, the snake was forced to change the location and decided to climb up on a ten-meter-tall tree to rest.

But never would it have expected that someone would disturb its sleep even after it had climbed so high.

If I don't show my strength... these guys might mistake me for a goddam worm!

Thereafter, the Little Finger Snake didn't hesitate and coiled around the ankle of the demonic young master, reducing his size and swallowing him down. Although it wasn't hungry, it still decided to eat him in a fit of rage.

After swallowing the demonic young master, the Little Finger Snake raised its head and shot a cold look at Song Shuhang.

The demonic young master wasn't the only one that disturbed its sleep; there was also Song Shuhang!

"Forgive me for disturbing you. I'm just an unimportant person

that was passing by, can you kindly ignore me?" Song Shuhang said with a radiant smile.

He was planning to turn around jump down from the big tree.

But the Little Finger Snake had no intention of letting him off.

Although it was small, its speed was incredibly fast. The small snake shot toward Song Shuhang as fast as lightning.

"Pat!"

The snake attached itself to Song Shuhang's body.

In the next instant, Song Shuhang started to quickly shrink while still in midair. In the blink of an eye, he had shrunk till reaching the size of a palm.



Song Shuhang had no intention of being reduced to the size of a fingernail and being swallowed down by the Little Finger Snake.

"Miss Nine Lanterns, save me!" Song Shuhang screamed and asked help—for some unknown reason, he felt that he was very skilled at asking for help.

Was it possible that he became this skilled because he would often shout sentences such as 'Senior XXX, help me!'?

"Oooh? It seems you need my help!" Nine Lanterns narrowed her eyes; she seemed in a very good mood.

After finishing her sentence, she flickered her fingers and threw a set of golden prayer beads toward the Little Finger Snake.

The Little Finger Snake that was still in midair sensed the danger and raised its head, looking at the quickly approaching prayer beads.

Soon after, the Little Finger Snake regretfully spat out its tongue and released Song Shuhang, shooting toward the big tree once more.

However, those golden prayer beads were following the snake like the shadow that followed one's body.

"Pat!"

The prayers beads stuck on its body, and the chant of sutras intermittently echoed from them. That sound was like a bolt of lightning, and it made the body of the snake intermittently tremble.

"Hissss!" The Little Finger Snake was incredibly annoyed and spat out its tongue once more. Afterward, its body cracked, and a brand-new Little Finger Snake shot out of the 'shell', quickly disappearing into the wilderness.

Only some of its skin was left behind.

"Eh? Was it about to shed its skin and managed to escape because of it?" Nine Lanterns said regretfully.

Then, she took out a small notebook and wrote something on it.

If one were to look carefully, they would discover that the notebook was full of writings.

The headline was: [Nine Lanterns' wishes.]

Chapter 303: I have many things I wish to do

- 1) Prepare a dish and see him eat it. (Crossed)
- 2) Accompany him on a trip to a not too dangerous place. (Crossed)
- 3) Save him one time. (Just crossed)
- 4) Read many books together.
- 5) ...

The first three lines were crossed out. It seemed that this notebook full of writings consisted of a list of things Nine Lanterns wished to do.

After putting her notebook away, she took a step forward and stretched her hand, gently catching Song Shuhang who had the size of half a palm right now.

Song Shuhang immediately heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Miss Nine Lanterns."

"You're welcome. Moreover, you looked very cute when you were asking for help. It was such a sight to behold." Nine Lanterns held her thumb up in approval and smiled.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Miss, your way of appreciating things is a bit too weird! I feel rather embarrassed now!

While supporting Song Shuhang with one hand, Nine Lanterns waved the other gently. The golden prayer beads hung on tree returned to her with the skin of the Little Finger Snake still attached to them.

A layer of spiritual energy was continuously rotating around the golden prayer beads, preventing the snakeskin from shrinking it.

Song Shuhang gazed at the shed skin of the Little Finger Snake

with a bit of envy. After all, it was the main material used to manufacture those fake 'space bags'!

"Do you want it?" Nine Lanterns received the prayer beads and dangled the snakeskin in front of Song Shuhang.

"Yes!" Song Shuhang replied honestly. After seeing Soft Feather's 'size-reducing purse', he wanted one too.

"Hehe, this is mine though. You can forget about having it for free." Nine Lanterns smiled evilly and put the snakeskin Song Shuhang was drooling over away.

"..." Song Shuhang.

After a while, he made a hollow laugh and asked, "Miss Nine Lanterns, what about those two passengers that were together with Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang?"

Since he was at it, he might as well bring those two passengers back with him, too.

"Their scent mixed with those of the other eight people. It seems that the two groups meet up. These cultivators of the Netherworld Realm were only interested in your two friends. Therefore, they didn't go as far as attacking those two passengers," Nine Lanterns replied.

After hearing this much, Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh of relief.



On a side, Zhuge Zhongyang was absent-mindedly looking at this bald girl that had suddenly appeared before his eyes. Just where did this girl pop out from?

After she showed herself to catch Song Shuhang, Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang could also see Nine Lanterns.

Zhuge Zhongyang was quite confused right now. How had Song Shuhang become so small? But it wasn't only Shuhang, the nearby

Zhuge Yue had also become smaller.

At this time, Zhuge Yue had started to slowly revert to her original form. She was currently around eighty centimeters tall and looked like a small loli.

But that wasn't the only thing out of the ordinary; aside from that pervert that could become invisible, Song Shuhang also ran on a tree vertically till reaching the height of ten meters!

Just what was wrong with this place?

Zhuge Zhongyang's mind was in a mess—no matter how much he rubbed his temples, he couldn't make sense of what was happening.

"Come, have a talk with your friend." Nine Lanterns moved the hand Song Shuhang was standing on and positioned him in front of Zhuge Zhongyang.

"F*ck!" Song Shuhang got a scare after seeing Zhuge Zhongyang's huge face.

Just try to imagine the scene. If you were to be suddenly put in front of a huge human face enlarged tens of times, wouldn't that be comparable to something directly out of a horror movie?

"Miss Nine Lanterns, not this close!" Song Shuhang shouted.

The mischievous Nine Lanterns dangled Song Shuhang in front of Zhuge Zhongyang a few times and pulled him back.

Song Shuhang rubbed his eyes and turned his head around, looking at Nine Lanterns' face... luckily, the faces of cultivators were still tender and smooth even after being enlarged by several times and were nothing like those stuff you see in horror movies.

"Shuhang, just what's happening?" Zhuge Zhongyang asked cautiously.

"It's a bit complicated to explain. For now, just hold Zhuge Yue and follow me. As first thing, we should return to the ancient city

and leave this place. I'll tell you in detail later." Song Shuhang heaved a sigh.

Their memories would be erased while leaving the island. Therefore, there was no point in wasting time and explaining the situation to them; it was better to make them leave immediately.

"Guys, follow me." Nine Lanterns smiled and showed the way.

Zhuge Zhongyang carried Zhuge Yue on his back and silently followed Nine Lanterns.

Along the way, Zhuge Zhongyang, somewhat worried, asked, "Ah, yes. Shuhang, have you met Gao Moumou and the others? How are they?"

Everything that had happened was his fault. His decision to go to the resort island in the East China Sea put everyone in danger. If something were to happen to Gao Moumou and the others, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

"Don't worry. Gao Moumou, Tubo, Lu Fei, and her elder sister already left this place. The reason I came over here was to escort you two back and make you leave this place," Song Shuhang said with a smile.

After hearing Song Shuhang's words, Zhuge Zhongyang was immediately relieved.

Soon after, he and Zhuge Yue followed Song Shuhang while full of doubts and arrived in the ancient city.

Since they were under Nine Lanterns leadership, the group of four quickly arrived at the tall tower.

"After entering the tower, follow the instructions and complete the transaction. Once you're done, you'll be able to leave the island," Song Shuhang explained.

"What about you? Aren't you coming with us?" Zhuge Yue was confused. At this time, her body had almost returned to her

original size.

"I want to wait a little while. Just look at my body, I would like to return to my original size before proceeding." Song Shuhang bitterly smiled. He was still sitting on Nine Lanterns' palm and felt quite uncomfortable. "Don't worry about me. You two leave first; I'll follow suit when my body recovers. After leaving this place, immediately converge with Gao Moumou and the others; don't lose your way again!"

Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang nodded. Then, they turned around and entered the tower.

This strange place was simply like a nightmare. They didn't want to stay here any further!



After seeing them enter the tower, Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief.

"Miss Nine Lanterns, I think I should also take my leave. But I need to have my memories sealed if I want to leave this place, right?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Weren't you interested in the Heavenly Island?" Nine Lanterns raised Song Shuhang and used her finger to poke him.

"Don't, it's painful." Song Shuhang dodged her finger and said, "I'm acquainted with a few seniors, and before leaving this place, they had to seal their own memories. Although I'm not sure why they would be willing to seal their own memories, it seems that all the cultivators that want to leave the Heavenly Island must have their memories sealed first, right?"

"What you said is correct," Nine Lanterns replied with a smile. "Cultivators are indeed treated differently than the average person. Later, I'll have to bring you to the most mystical place of the Heavenly Island and make you swear an oath. Then, you'll be taught a technique that will allow you to seal your own memories.

Once you're done sealing them, you'll be allowed to leave the island."

"In this case, can you bring me to that place directly?" Song Shuhang said while cupping his hands.

"Don't be so anxious to leave." Nine Lanterns narrowed her eyes and smiled. Then, she took the snakeskin attached to the prayer beads out and said, "Do you want it?"

Song Shuhang greedily eyed the skin of the Little Finger Snake and said, "I want it!"

"If you want it, you need to make a deal with me," Nine Lanterns said happily.

"A deal? What do you want in exchange?" Song Shuhang asked—he had a few cultivation-related things with him.

The green breeze amulet, the ancient bronze ring, the treasured saber Broken Tyrant, the enlightenment stone (and Lady Onion who was growing on it), the monster onion crystal, the shapeshifting brooch that Soft Feather lent him, as well as a few talismans and mixed medicine pills.

Amongst them, the most valuable thing was surely the enlightenment stone. Although precious, none of the other things could be compared to the skin of the Little Finger Snake.

However, he would refuse if he had to trade the enlightenment stone for the snakeskin. To him, the stone was much more important. Moreover, Lady Onion was still growing on it.

"Although you have a few items on your body, none of them really piqued my interest," Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

"Then, what do you want in exchange?" After hearing this much, Song Shuhang's body shrank a bit—he didn't want to sell himself into slavery!

"I want you to... read a few books with me." Nine Lanterns

stretched her finger and poked Song Shuhang, laughing.

"You want to read books with me?" Song Shuhang asked curiously.

"Hm, that's it." Nine Lanterns smiled.

"Deal!" Song Shuhang quickly replied.



A small buddhist temple amidst green mountains and beautiful flowing water.

Oil lamps, old buddha statues, and a mountain of buddhist scriptures piled up inside...

This was Nine Lanterns' dwelling on the Heavenly Island.

"I would give you books related to scholarly or daoist sects, but unfortunately, I'm a buddhist, and I don't have anything else aside from buddhist scriptures," Nine Lanterns said languidly as she sat cross-legged on a rush cushion.

"What's the content of these buddhist scriptures?" Song Shuhang asked curiously. "Do they contain cultivation techniques?"

"You're overthinking things." Nine Lanterns gave him a supercilious look. "Even if it's me, I can't casually pass down buddhist techniques to others. This is the rule of the world of cultivators!"

"Then, are these only normal scriptures?" The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched—his 'true self' was already changing for the worse. If he were to read buddhist scriptures aloud, wouldn't his 'true self' turn bald for real?

"Don't be so depressed. You can consider it a deal; we read these books together and you get the skin of the Little Finger Snake in exchange. Ah, yes. Can you let me hold Lady Onion for a while? I haven't seen her in 300 years; I miss her a little," Nine Lanterns said with a laugh.

"Don't hurt her, though. You already locked her up for 300 years!" Song Shuhang put his hand in his pocket.

"Ouch!" Lady Onion bit him ruthlessly.

However, Song Shuhang still took the enlightenment stone out of his pocket and gave it to Nine Lanterns.

"Oh, where did your upper part go? How come there is only a small green onion shoot left?" Nine Lanterns asked curiously after receiving the stone with the onion spirit on top of it.

"Hehe, a small incident happened," Song Shuhang said, somewhat embarrassed.

Seeing that Song Shuhang didn't want to speak further, Nine Lanterns didn't press him for an answer. She lifted the enlightenment stone and continuously poked Lady Onion with her finger!

Lady Onion was another stain in her life.

She had to poke her ruthlessly!

Chapter 304: The heart of a pure and innocent girl

Lady Onion shrank into a small ball and let Nine Lanterns poke her, not daring to revolt—in a difficult situation, she could do nothing but lower her head.

However, she kept repeating one line in her head. You keep bullying this small and lovely green onion, but one day, I'll master the ultimate technique and repay this humiliation hundredfold!

Her objective was to push the hateful Nine Lanterns on the ground and enjoy her!

Lady Onion was engrossed in her perverted thoughts and fantasizing about trampling Nine Lanterns under her feet, charmingly smiling like a queen while doing so.

In the end, her dreams prevailed over reality, and no matter how much Nine Lanterns poked her, Lady Onion didn't react.

After ruthlessly poking her for a while, Nine Lanterns took her notebook out and crossed out another wish.

- 1) Prepare a dish and see him eat it. (Crossed)
- 2) Accompany him on a trip to a not too dangerous place. (Crossed)
- 3) Save him one time. (Crossed)
- 4) Read many books together. (Just crossed)
- 5) ...

The contents of the fifth line were concealed through a magical technique, and when Nine Lanterns crossed out the fourth line, it started to become visible.

5) Dance for him amidst a sea of flowers surrounded by green mountains and beautiful flowing water.

Dance...?

Nine Lanterns' face immediately became pale. In her whole life, she had never taken dance lessons. Instead of dancing, couldn't she just display a few fist techniques?

Moreover, why the hell did it had to be amidst a sea of flowers surrounded by green mountains and beautiful flowing water?!

What was wrong with her back in those days when she had yet to become a buddhist nun?!

Preparing a dish and reading books were passable, but bringing him to a dangerous place and save him like a heroine saving a prince in distress... what was the deal with these wishes?

With much difficulty, she prepared him a dish (meat soup), accompanied him to a not too dangerous place (deep in the forest to look for the Zhuges), and saved him like a heroine saving a prince in distress.

But after seeing the fifth wish, Nine Lanterns felt helpless!

She felt that dancing was really beyond her capabilities!

If she could return back in time, she would appear in front of her old self and tear apart this notebook called 'Nine Lanterns' wishes'. Nine Lanterns had written these wishes down before entering the Heavenly Dragon Temple and having her head shaved, becoming a buddhist nun. These were the pure and naive wishes of a young girl.

A young girl would always have an innocent heart and hold great expectations for her Prince Charming.

As for why the title of this notebook was 'Nine Lanterns' wishes', the reason was that her dharma name before officially becoming a buddhist nun was Nine Lanterns.

Before having her head shaved and entering the religious life, she was one of the layman disciples of the Heavenly Dragon Temple.

In hindsight... I should have come up with this wish after getting out for a stroll during springtime and seeing a sea of flowers...

'If I have to dance, what kind of dance should I perform?' Nine Lanterns was very worried.

Soon after, she saw Lady Onion's sprout swaying left and right in the wind.

Oh... now that I think of it, didn't this monster onion display a beautiful dance when I met her? That dance was capable of influencing the other party and make their heart skip a beat.

Shiet, I can't absolutely perform that dance; I would rather die!

Then, which dance should I perform...?

Nine Lanterns started to impatiently knock on the notebook with her pen.



On the other hand, the nearby Song Shuhang had been mesmerized by the buddhist scriptures—Song Shuhang really liked to read books, regardless of the type.

No matter how boring it was, as long as it wasn't something he had already read, he could read it for the whole day.

Time passed by and Song Shuhang had already returned to his original size while reading books.

Perhaps it was because he was used to squatting down while freeloading books in the library that Song Shuhang moved away from the pile of buddhist scriptures and went into a corner, where he squatted down and kept reading silently.

When she saw Song Shuhang stealthily squatting down in a corner, Nine Lanterns found the scene rather amusing.



In the blink of an eye, Song Shuhang had read more than twenty

buddhist scriptures. Afterward, he put the book in his hands down and stretched himself; he seemed very happy right now.

"Song Shuhang." After seeing that he had stopped reading, Nine Lanterns asked, "Do you like watching dance performances?"

"Dance performances?" Song Shuhang looked at Nine Lanterns, somewhat confused. He was wondering why she would suddenly ask this question. However, he pondered for a moment and replied, "I'm not really an expert at judging dance performances. However, as long as it's a good dance, I'm sure I'll like it. In fact, I really like watching TV programs about dance at those yearly evening gatherings."

After hearing this reply, Nine Lanterns rubbed her aching head.

Song Shuhang's vague answer was very troublesome.

It was like asking someone: What do you want for breakfast?

And the reply of the other person was: Whatever you want.

Although the other person said that everything was fine, it would still give whoever was going to prepare the breakfast a headache.

What could you prepare? New Year's cakes? Noodles? Steamed stuffed buns? Dumplings? And if they were to make noodles, should they boil them or fry them? There was a lot of choices.

After heaving a sigh, Nine Lanterns revealed a smiling face. "Shuhang, aren't you tired after all this reading? Should we go out for a stroll?"

"Sure." Song Shuhang rubbed his eyes out of habit.

After he opened his Eye Aperture, the power of qi and blood was continuously circulating within his eyes. Therefore, they would rarely get tired.

Nine Lanterns put the enlightenment stone on the table and engraved several simple formations on it, wrapping it completely. She didn't want Lady Onion to escape while they were away.

...She was going out to dance, and she absolutely didn't want Lady Onion to see that scene.

Too bad that Lady Onion couldn't leave the enlightenment stone in the first place. She had even lost the ability to turn human. At this time, she was only a green onion with intellect and a mouth.



Nine Lanterns left the temple with Song Shuhang. The scenery outside was really beautiful; there were green mountains and beautiful flowing water. The only thing missing was the sea of flowers.

However, creating something like a sea of flowers was an easy matter for a powerful cultivator.

Nine Lanterns gently raised her finger and summoned a faraway butterfly-type spirit beast. The butterfly spirit came over and started to dance beside Nine Lanterns. They seemed very familiar with each other.

"Song Shuhang, would you like to see a sea of flowers?" Nine Lanterns suddenly asked.

"A sea of flowers?" Although he didn't know why Nine Lanterns would suddenly bring up a sea of flowers, Song Shuhang nodded.

Nine Lanterns slightly raised her finger and poured some spiritual energy inside the spirit butterfly.

After receiving a large quantity of spiritual energy, the spirit butterfly started to dance in the grass in front of Song Shuhang and Nine Lanterns.

It was a type of dance that spirit butterflies were specialized in, and since the butterfly was flying at an extremely high speed, it left behind several afterimages. But that wasn't all—as the powder on its wings dispersed, it created several illusory clones of the spirit butterfly.

In the next instant, the beautiful scene of thousands of dancing butterflies appeared in front of Song Shuhang. This scene made one feel as though they were in the middle of a sea of butterflies.

If one were to take a picture of this scene with their mobile phone, they wouldn't even need to beautify it with Photoshop to turn it into a gorgeous wallpaper.

After ten breaths, the clones disappeared and the spirit butterfly flapped its wings, returning to Nine Lanterns' side.

Nine Lanterns stretched her finger out, and the spirit butterfly rested on it.

"Huff!" Afterward, she blew on the spirit butterfly; this breath seemed like spring breeze.

In the next instant, many small plants started to germinate in the vast expanse of grass ahead; these were the rhizomes of flowers. Earlier, the spirit butterfly had sprinkled the seeds all around, and now, they were growing at accelerated speed thanks to the spiritual energy.

Several breaths later, that vast expanse of grass turned into a beautiful sea of flowers. Hundreds of thousands of multicolored flowers were blooming, very dazzling to the eye.

"Beautiful." Song Shuhang sighed with emotion. There were many flowers, and they all seemed of different types. Song Shuhang hadn't seen most of these species before.

Just as Song Shuhang was entranced by the beautiful sea of flowers, the nearby Nine Lanterns took a deep breath.

Then, she stiffly stepped into the sea of flowers.

"???" A confused Song Shuhang gazed at the stiff Nine Lanterns.

In the sea of flowers, the gray-robed Nine Lanterns' bare head was reflecting light in all directions.

Afterward, she raised her middle and index fingers above her

head, starting to sway left and right in the sea of flowers. It seemed she was trying to imitate a rabbit...

"??????" Song Shuhang's confusion intensified.

Ever since he had met Nine Lanterns, he was having a hard time following her train of thought. No matter how much he tried to understand the meaning behind her actions, he just couldn't.

What is she doing right now? Is she trying to imitate a rabbit by jumping around like that? But why is she imitating a rabbit in front of me? Is there any profound meaning behind it?

Maybe... that's a hobby of hers?

Should I also coordinate and clap my hands?

Anyway, is it just a misconception or does she look rather cute while trying to act like a bunny?

Just when he was in deep thoughts, Nine Lanterns started to chaotically dance in the sea of flowers as though she was convulsing. Due to her great strength, all the flowers in the surroundings were flying away as she was swaying her hands, and petals kept revolving around as she was chaotically moving.

For a moment, Nine Lanterns resembled a flowery fairy maiden—a convulsing flowery fairy maiden.

After dancing for a while, Nine Lanterns thought it was enough and finally stopped.

At this time, the once beautiful sea of flowers was a mess, with patches missing here and there.

After she returned to his side, Song Shuhang applauded against his will.

"It wasn't bad, right?" Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

"It was very ba—good!" Song Shuhang said while mustering all his strength.

"It's all good as long as you liked it." Nine Lanterns secretly heaved a sigh of relief—earlier, she discarded all her sense of shame and emptied her mind.

In the end, she too was unaware of what she had done!

Luckily, Song Shuhang said that it was 'very good'.

It didn't matter if he truly liked the dance or not, because after getting this reply, the fifth wish was finally fulfilled.

"We have rested enough, let's go back." Nine Lanterns headed toward the temple, wobbling.

Chapter 305: I wish for the peace on Earth... wait, I was just kidding!

Seeing Nine Lanterns going toward the temple wobblingly, Song Shuhang jogged and followed her.

At this time, he had absolutely no idea what Nine Lanterns planned to do next. Perhaps she would just bring him to the most mysterious place in the Heavenly Island and make him leave after having his memories sealed...

Anyway, he had given up on guessing what was going on in that mind of hers.

After returning to the temple, Nine Lanterns sat once more in her original position. Then, she quietly removed the formations on the enlightenment stone and started to lazily poke Lady Onion with her finger.

"..." Lady Onion.

Seeing that Nine Lanterns didn't want to talk, Song Shuhang pondered for a moment and went once more into the corner, squatted down, and continued to read his books.

After poking Lady Onion for a while, Nine Lanterns finally managed to calm down—every time she thought of that disgusting scene where she was imitating a rabbit, she wished she could die.

After returning to her senses, Nine Lanterns took out the notebook and crossed another line.

- 1) Prepare a dish and see him eat it. (Crossed)
- 2) Accompany him on a trip to a not too dangerous place. (Crossed)
- 3) Save him one time. (Crossed)
- 4) Read many books together. (Crossed)

5) Dance for him amidst a sea of flowers surrounded by green mountains and beautiful flowing water. (Just crossed)

6) ...

Just like before, as soon as she crossed out the fifth line, the magical technique concealing the contents of the sixth line disappeared, finally revealing them.

6) Fulfill a not too big and not too small wish of his.

The pure and innocent heart of a young girl... wait, was this even the pure and innocent heart of a young girl?

The fact she was willing to prepare a dish for him, accompany him on a (dangerous) trip, save him to gain a favorable impression, read books together, and dance for him... could be explained by the fact that she was a young and innocent girl at the time.

But what was the deal with the sixth line? 'Fulfill a wish of his'?

'I'm not a friggin' wish-fulfilling machine! Why did I write something like this at the time?' Nine Lanterns racked her brain, but she couldn't remember why she wrote down this wish.

'Was I really the one to write this wish?' Nine Lanterns rubbed her temples.

She was only at the sixth line, and things had degenerated to the point she had already become a 'wish-fulfilling machine'. What other monstrosities did she write in that notebook when she was young?

Luckily, only seven wishes were written in this notebook called [Nine Lanterns' wishes]. So, there was only one last wish to fulfill after the sixth one.

After putting away the notebook, Nine Lanterns squeezed out a smile and gazed at Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang had just finished reading a thick book when he felt Nine Lanterns gaze. He raised his head and looked at her.

"You can take it." Nine Lanterns stretched her hand and calmly threw a case toward Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang stretched his hand and caught the case. After opening it, he saw the shed skin of the Little Finger Snake inside.

After leaving the Heavenly Island, he could ask a senior specialized in refining materials to manufacture a 'size-reducing bag' for him with this snakeskin.

"Thank you," Song Shuhang said with a smile. Then, he put the case away cautiously.

The case itself was also a treasure, and even after coming in contact with the skin of the Little Finger Snake, it didn't reduce in size. This was Nine Lanterns' complimentary gift.

"Right, Shuhang. Do you wish for something?" Nine Lanterns rested her chin in her hand and blinked her eyes.

"A wish?" Song Shuhang put down the book in his hand and thought a bit. After a while, he asked, "What type of wish? Related to material things? Related to immaterial things? Or another type again?"

"They're all fine. No matter which type it is, I'm all ears," Nine Lanterns said with a gentle smile.

"In this case... can I wish for the peace on Earth?" Song Shuhang replied—he too was unsure why he had randomly blurted out this wish.

Blue veins started to slightly bulge on Nine Lanterns forehead, and since she was bald, these bulging veins were clearly visible. It took Song Shuhang only a single glance to discover that she was angry.

"Miss Nine Lanterns, wait a moment. I was just kidding! Since the atmosphere was so good, I couldn't help but crack a joke!" Song Shuhang immediately tried to salvage the situation.

Recently, there were times where his brain would suddenly stop working, pushing him to perform death-seeking actions unknowingly. Have I been infected by Senior Thrice Reckless Mad Saber?

After leaving this place, I must remember to block Senior Thrice Reckless Mad Saber for a while. This death-seeking disease seems very contagious. Moreover, its infectivity is incredibly high!

After hearing his apology, the bulging blue veins on Nine Lanterns forehead became slightly less prominent.

"Cough. Actually, I have many wishes. For example, I really wish to become stronger quickly and have the power to hold my own against my enemies," Song Shuhang replied after pondering for a while.

Once he was strong enough to hold his own against his enemies, he could finally let his family members lead a peaceful life without having to worry about enemy cultivators attempting to harm them due to his identity. Moreover, he would be able to help his cultivator friends properly. For example, when Soft Feather headed to her friend's family, Song Shuhang couldn't do anything to help her because his strength was too low.

"On the road of cultivation, you can take only one step at a time. Strengthening your body, increasing your realm, cultivating your heart... all of them need to be promoted bit by bit and you mustn't make haste. Otherwise, you would just leave behind potential dangers," Nine Lanterns explained earnestly as she joined her palms together.

Song Shuhang wasn't the only one to wish for something like this, all cultivators did. However, it was something you could attain only in due time.

"I'm aware of this point... but the reason I wished for it is precisely because it's so difficult to achieve. Hehe," Song Shuhang said with a smile.

Nine Lanterns nodded silently.

"Then, as for wishes related to material things... I hoped to obtain a certain item this time," Song Shuhang said while holding his chin.

Nine Lanterns eyes lit up. "What item?"

"It's a natural treasure called 'skeletal dragon's withered vine'. A friend of mine suffered a severe injury, and with the help of the skeletal dragon's withered vine, she might be able to recover at a faster pace." Song Shuhang thought of Su Clan's Sixteen.

He had no news of her since the day she mailed herself over and had some fun with him. Later, she was picked up by Seven and brought back to the Spirit River Su Clan to continue her treatment.

When the seniors in the group asked about Sixteen's condition, Seven said that the skeletal dragon's withered vine could hasten her recovery. However, he didn't inform them about the concrete state of her injury and the time needed to recover.

"The skeletal dragon's withered vine? This thing is pretty rare. In the past several hundred years, very few people were able to chance upon divine beasts such as dragons," Nine Lanterns said after pondering for a moment.

The skeletal dragon's withered vine was a spiritual herb that grew on the bones of dead dragons, and in this case, [dead dragon referred to a real 'dragon' and not to a mere 'dinosaur'.](#)

However, dragons had their own dragon tombs, and very few died in the outside world. Moreover, the corpse of a dragon wouldn't rot for millennia, and it would take a lot of time before it turned into a pile of bones. Therefore, you had to be pretty lucky to find one that had vine growing on it.

"It doesn't necessarily have to be a real dragon, the withered vine growing on the corpse of a flood dragon is also fine," Song Shuhang

said with a smile.

Nine Lanterns tapped her finger on the table.

After a short while, she giggled and looked at Song Shuhang. "If the withered vine growing on the corpse of a flood dragon is also fine, I know a place on the Heavenly Island where it's possible to find it."

Song Shuhang was a bit surprised. Soon after, he straightened his body and expectantly looked at Nine Lanterns.

"However, obtaining that withered vine won't be easy either," Nine Lanterns said as she kept tapping her finger on the table.

"I still beseech Miss Nine Lanterns to tell me more about it," Song Shuhang asked as he sat with his back straight; he wanted to strike while the iron was hot. From the looks of it, it seemed that Nine Lanterns wanted to do him a favor—although he had yet to know what the price of this favor would be.

But if he could obtain the 'skeletal dragon's withered vine' through this favor, Song Shuhang couldn't refuse it.

Soon after, Nine Lanterns did once more something unexpected. "The way you used the term 'beseech' was really cool, I like it!"

"..." Song Shuhang.

"Cough, you rest for a while. In the meantime, I'll get ready. Soon, I'll bring you to see a senior, who is also the spirit beast protecting the island. From what I remember, this senior should have in his collection a very old flood dragon corpse with withered vines growing on it. The withered vine shouldn't be of any use to that spirit beast senior. However, obtaining it wouldn't be easy. You should already steel yourself for a possible failure." Nine Lanterns stood up and patted her buddhist robe.

Song Shuhang took a deep breath and replied, "As long as there is a sliver of hope, I wish to give it a try."

"Fine, ready yourself and try to be in your best condition. There is a chance that the spirit beast senior might test your strength. I'm going to change my clothes, wait here for a moment." After finishing her sentence, Nine Lanterns gently swept her hand on the table, returning the enlightenment stone and Lady Onion to Song Shuhang.

Soon after, she entered the inner part of the temple to change her clothes.

What kind of senior are we going to meet? Even Miss Nine Lanterns wants to change her clothes before meeting them...

When Nine Lanterns said that the spirit beast senior was the protector of the island, Song Shuhang immediately recalled the four legendary protector beasts, the Azure Dragon, the White Tiger, the Vermillion Bird, and the Black Tortoise.

Just the thought of meeting such a legendary creature was enough to make his heartbeat speed up.

Moreover, Nine Lanterns said she was going to change her clothes. Was she going to wear women's clothing?



Once she was back, Song Shuhang saw that Nine Lanterns was wearing a brand-new... buddhist robe. Wait, the color was different. The new robe was greenish-white while the previous one was gray.

"Let's go." Nine Lanterns faintly smiled and left the temple with a buddhist monk's staff in her hands.

Song Shuhang put the enlightenment stone (and Lady Onion) away and quickly followed her.

They didn't ride a horse or a carriage; it seemed that Nine Lanterns wanted to go there by foot.

After walking for nearly half an hour, Song Shuhang saw a huge

mountain valley.

Both the mountain and the valley seemed to be out of this world, and Song Shuhang could faintly hear the heavenly melody of a zither come from the depths of the valley. Moreover, hundreds of birds were coordinating with the melody and singing according to the tune.

It was literally a paradise on Earth!

The spirit beast senior living in this celestial place seemed to like music. Maybe the trial Song Shuhang would have to pass also involved music?

"Carefully look at my steps and place your feet in the exact places I leave footprints in. Do not stray from them," Nine Lanterns said as she took the lead.

Song Shuhang faintly nodded and followed in her footsteps, approaching the mountain valley. Then, he saw that there was a huge parasol tree at the entrance of the valley...

In Chinese: 龙 = Dragon 恐龙 = Dinosaur

Chapter 306: Let's row!

It was a parasol tree! Song Shuhang's eyes lit up—the phoenix in legends would often rest on the branches of a parasol tree!

Was it possible that the spirit beast senior he was going to see was a phoenix? And even if it wasn't a phoenix, it should be a spirit beast of the same lineage, right?

Song Shuhang was looking forward to it; he was very curious as to how beautiful and dazzling this divine beast was. Because according to Chinese legends, the phoenix was the most beautiful and noble amongst divine beasts.

Although excited, Song Shuhang still carefully followed in Nine Lanterns footsteps, not daring to stray from the footprints she left behind.

Once they got a bit closer, Song Shuhang could finally see the full picture of the huge parasol tree.

The huge tree was more than fifty meters tall, and it towered above the entrance to the valley. It had thick branches and a sturdy trunk; it was full of vicissitudes.

Ah? Wait, there seems to be something pink attached to the tree.

This pink thing had a round shape and seemed very plump. It looked like a steamed bun and made one's mouth water with just one look.

However, it wasn't a phoenix, and it wasn't a bird, either.

Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide and tried his best to see what this thing was.

Soon after, he managed to see the real appearance of that round object—it was a pig that had curled up into a ball.

Since it was fat and plump, its four legs seemed very small and short. However, these small and short legs were firmly holding on

to the trunk of the huge parasol tree, allowing it to stay attached to it and not falling down.

However, it looked very tired...

"There is a pig on the tree!" Song Shuhang exclaimed in surprise.

"Lower your voice," Nine Lanterns said softly.

Song Shuhang quickly closed his mouth. However, that plump pig attached to the tree trunk was just too eye-catching.

Therefore, Song Shuhang couldn't help but keep glancing at it.

Perhaps Song Shuhang was eyeing it too conspicuously, but the round pig seemed to have noticed his gaze.

In the next instant, it turned its head around and looked at Song Shuhang with its black and shiny eyes.

"What are you looking at?" the pig suddenly said. Its voice was deafening and resounded in Song Shuhang's ears like thunder, making his ears buzz. The voice of the pig was simply like the roar of a lion.

Song Shuhang had yet to reply when the corner of Nine Lanterns' mouth rose. "We're looking at you, so what?"

"Why don't you try to look at me again!" the curled up pig howled.

"Of course I'm going to try! What can you do about it?" Nine Lanterns tilted her head and glared at the round pig. She was stubbornly staring at it without even blinking.

The curled up pig didn't reply, and soon after, it became completely pink.

After a while, it said weakly, "Don't look at me like that, you're making this old pig feel embarrassed..."

"..." Song Shuhang.

Don't tell me that this pig curled up into a ball is the spirit beast

senior we've come to meet...?

I can accept the fact that it might not be a phoenix, but it's actually a pig...? Aren't we going a bit too far?

At this time, the corner of Nine Lanterns' mouth rose once more. "Fat ball, enough with your nonsense. Aren't you tired of playing this same scene every time I come here?"

"I enjoy it very much," the completely pink (due to embarrassment) pig replied weakly.

"You better change the lines next time. Otherwise, I'll turn you into pig pork," Nine Lanterns continued. "I don't have time to waste with you. Is the senior in the valley?"

"Yes, are you looking for the senior?" the plump pink ball asked.

"Enough chit-chat. If I hurried here, it's clearly to see the senior. Or do you really think that I came here to fool around with you?" Nine Lanterns sneered.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed that this round and plump pig wasn't the spirit beast senior they were looking for. Luckily, it was only the guardian of the valley...

"To be honest, I really thought you came here to play with me..." the plump ball muttered. Afterward, it stretched out its leg and gently knocked on the parasol tree three times.

In the next instant, the celestial mountain valley before Song Shuhang's eyes changed, turning into a boundless black sea—this sea seemed limitless. Moreover, it was deathly still!

No objects were floating on the surface of the sea, and it seemed as though it would suck up into its depths everything that came in contact with it.

As expected... if you were to barge into the celestial mountain valley without the approval of the plump gatekeeper, you would fall into the boundless black sea of death.

After the appearance of the black sea, the plump ball stretched out its other leg and knocked on the tree trunk another three times.

Then, a lonely boat appeared on the surface of the sea out of thin air.

"Let's go, be sure to follow me closely." Nine Lanterns took the lead and headed toward the lonely boat, saying, "Listen to my words carefully. Once we're sailing, you're not allowed to utter a word until we reach the other side of the sea! Regardless of who is talking to you, myself included, you're not allowed to say anything. Otherwise, no one would be able to save you."

Song Shuhang silently nodded and followed Nine Lanterns, getting into the lonely boat.



After getting into the boat, Nine Lanterns didn't say anything and silently handed Song Shuhang an oar.

Song Shuhang took the oar and started to row.

The lonely boat quickly dashed forward in the deathly still sea. Weirdly enough, although Song Shuhang could see the water splashing and churning while moving the oar, he couldn't hear any sound.

As they kept rowing forward, Song Shuhang felt his body gradually getting heavier.

Earlier, the speed of the boat would greatly increase even if he was gently rowing, but now, even if he was putting all his strength into his arms, the boat was only slightly moving forward.

Moreover... if he stopped rowing, the boat would start going backward!

Amidst this strange sea, even rowing a boat was quite the challenge!

Song Shuhang bitterly smiled. Only by using the qi and blood in his apertures was he able to let boat proceed forward smoothly.



Let's row and push this small boat against the waves~

At this time, Song Shuhang's pale face was reflected on the surface of the sea, upside down.

Song Shuhang had already started to use his qi and blood pills; there was no way he could hold on without them.

He was unsure how long he had rowed amidst this deathly still sea, but he couldn't see anything both behind or in front of them. The boundless sea seemed to have no end.

The qi and blood in his body was depleting time and time again. After completely using up his qi and blood, as well as the one provided by the ghost spirit, he would take a qi and blood pill to replenish it, repeating the process continuously.

The qi and blood pills in his possession were getting fewer and fewer, and yet, he still couldn't see the end of the sea.

But even if his face was a bit pale, Song Shuhang's heart was as steady as before.

He had to thank Lady Onion for his current state of mind. Recently, he experienced her memories, and there, he turned into a green onion and experienced hardships for many, many years.

As a result, his patience had increased greatly.

Therefore, even if he was doing something as boring as rowing a boat in the middle of nowhere, he could still keep his heart calm and his mind strong.

Even Nine Lanterns was surprised and looked at Song Shuhang in amazement.

And just in this fashion, the small boat kept proceeding forward in the deathly still sea.



After some time, Song Shuhang suddenly felt his body become lighter.

He felt like a traveler in the middle of the desert that had a weight of hundreds of kilograms lifted from his back. Song Shuhang felt his body so light that he could fly, and even the speed at which the oar in his hand was moving increased greatly.

Are we approaching the other shore? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Just as he was in deep thoughts, the scenery before his eyes suddenly changed.

The black water of the deathly still sea changed into a stretch of white, and a dock suddenly appeared before his eyes.

Moreover, the pure spiritual energy of the world started to pour into his body continuously. It was his reward for having rowed for so long inside the black sea.

"You can speak now." Nine Lanterns' voice echoed.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief and opened his mouth, ready to reply.

But in the next instant, he quickly covered his mouth with his hands—he almost spoke! At this time, he was still in the middle of the sea and had yet to reach the shore!

That was close!

When Song Shuhang covered his mouth, the spiritual energy of the world started to pour into his body at an even faster pace, as though he had passed another test.

Song Shuhang had already opened four apertures before entering the Heavenly Island and was currently aiming to open his fifth aperture, the Mouth Aperture.

Song Shuhang had decided against eating Lady Onion's sprout,

but according to Venerable White's words, there was a high chance that his Mouth Aperture would have already been full of qi and blood if he had decided to eat it.

At this time, the pure spiritual energy of the world was endlessly pouring inside his body. Moreover, when he stopped himself from talking earlier, the spiritual energy broke into his mouth like a ram, impacting his Mouth Aperture and creating a fearful explosion in his mouth.

Additionally, we have to keep in mind that Song Shuhang depleted his qi and blood time and time again, continuously taking qi and blood pills to replenish it. Therefore, it was as though he had trained for the whole time he had rowed.

At this time, his Mouth Aperture was already 90% full of qi and blood. After practicing a bit more, he would be able to fill it completely and try to open his Mouth Aperture!

Once the Mouth Aperture was open, he would have to face one last hurdle, jumping through the dragon gate.

It had really been an unexpected fortuitous encounter!

Song Shuhang rowed with all his might and finally, they reached the shore...



After the boat stopped, Nine Lanterns lightly jumped and reached the dock. Afterward, she stretched her hand and pulled Song Shuhang onto the shore.

"You can speak now," Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

Song Shuhang carefully looked if her mouth was indeed opening and closing. Then, after making sure that both his feet were on the ground, and that he was out of the range of the sea, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"That was dangerous," Song Shuhang replied.

"Yes, but you were rather quick-witted." Nine Lanterns smiled as she patted her greenish-white robe. "Let's go. We have to greet the spirit beast senior."

Song Shuhang asked cautiously, "Miss Nine Lanterns, how is the disposition of this spirit beast senior? What does it like and dislike? Also, what's its appearance?"

If you knew the ins and outs of the opposite party, you were assured to obtain victory!

"It's pointless to tell you about its disposition, it can change at any moment. As for what it likes and dislikes, that's also very varied." Nine Lanterns deeply sighed and said, "As for its appearance, it has thirty-six different forms."

"..." Song Shuhang.

What kind of supernatural being is Miss Nine Lanterns describing?!

Chapter 307: A spirit beast senior with an incurable disease

Its disposition could change at any moment... what it liked and disliked would also change frequently. Moreover, it could assume many different appearances—did it mean that its personality would change according to each transformation?

The confused Song Shuhang stepped on the dock and followed Nine Lanterns, setting out on a big road. After traveling on this road, they arrived in front of a huge palace.

The palace was extremely luxurious and resembled the residence of an immortal. It wasn't something that belonged to the world of mortals.

There were no guards at the entrance.

Therefore, Song Shuhang and Nine Lanterns directly barged in.

After entering the palace, Song Shuhang saw a row of musical instruments on both sides of the hall. There were zithers, pipas, bells... in short, all kinds of ancient musical instruments.

No one was playing these instruments, but their strings were automatically moving and bells were emitting sounds on their own, creating an extremely pleasant music. It was truly a marvelous scene.

In front, there was a big platform, and above this platform were ten layers of thick animal furs; they looked very soft and comfortable.

On top of these furs was lying a shining ball of lightning, perfectly still.

If one were to look carefully, they would notice that the ball of lightning was actually a pig that had curled up into a ball. This one was even rounder and smoother than the one they saw on the

parasol tree at the entrance to the valley.

"Tsk. Today, it has the appearance of a pig?" Nine Lanterns muttered.

This form was one of the thirty-six forms that this spirit beast senior could turn into. Moreover, this form was rather troublesome to deal with.

On the platform, the huge pig surrounded by lightning slowly opened its eyes. After shooting a look at Nine Lanterns and Song Shuhang... it closed its eyes again.

"Senior, I've come to see you!" Nine Lanterns loudly shouted at the spirit beast lying on the platform.

The pig opened its eyes once more. Then, it opened its mouth, but no words came out of it.

Blue veins started to bulge faintly on Nine Lanterns' forehead. She took a deep breath and said, "Senior Lightning Pig, Nine Lanterns has come to see you!"

The huge pig opened its eyes again and looked at Nine Lanterns with great difficulty, uttering a single word, "Oh."

After a while, it moved its body and said, "It's you, Nine Lanterns."

And again after a while, the pig gasped for breath and said, "Nine Lanterns! Don't casually come here to disturb me, alright? You know that I'm very ill..."

The bulging blue veins on Nine Lanterns' forehead doubled in size. "Senior, what illness do you have?"

"I have an incurable illness." The pig gasped for breath. It seemed as though it was about to die after saying just a few sentences.

What kind of disease reduced this powerful spirit beast to this state? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"What incurable illness is it?" The bulging veins on Nine

Lanterns' forehead seemed to have subsided a bit.

"It's cancer." The huge pig bitterly smiled and said, "This disease is really too fearful."

"What nonsense are you babbling about?!" Nine Lanterns howled. "You're a powerful spirit beast that has reached the Seventh Stage Venerable Realm! How can you even get cancer?!"

The plump pig was unexpectedly a Seventh Stage Venerable, an existence on the same level as Venerable White.

"I'm not lying." The huge pig had a sad expression on its face and seemed on the verge of death.

Song Shuhang asked out of curiosity, "What kind of cancer is it?"

Nine Lanterns rubbed her forehead and joined her palms together, starting to chant buddhist scriptures to calm herself.

The huge pig sighed deeply and said, "It's the sloth cancer, and it's already in the terminal stage, no medicine can help me."

"..." Song Shuhang.

"Sloth cancer your a*ss! Moreover, didn't you say the last time that your anus had problems and that you wanted to change your name to Anus Pig—" Nine Lanterns had yet to finish her sentence when a huge hole suddenly appeared beneath her feet, making her fall down.

"Aaaaaaah!" Nine Lanterns screamed in fear, and her voice was getting more and more distant as time passed by.

The hole seemed quite deep. Moreover, it surely had a formation to impede flight as to avoid Nine Lanterns directly flying out of it.

After Nine Lanterns fell inside the pit, one of the slates moved with a clang and covered the hole once more.

"Cough. She never learns, does she? Last time, I clearly told her that I wanted this place to be calm and peaceful, with no yelling. But why does she forget it every time?" the sloth-cancer-ridden

Senior Lightning Pig muttered while putting down the remote control in its hoofed toes.

"..." Song Shuhang.

After dealing with Nine Lanterns, the Lightning Pig turned its small eyes around and looked at Song Shuhang. "Little kid, who are you?"

"My name is Song Shuhang. Nice to meet you, Senior." Song Shuhang earnestly greeted the pig.

The Lightning Pig used its leg to knock on its head.

After a while, it said curiously, "Do we know each other?"

Song Shuhang shook his head. "Miss Nine Lanterns brought me here, it's my first time meeting you."

"Oh." The Lightning Pig nodded silently and closed its eyes; it was preparing to sleep again.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Luckily, it opened its eyes again and asked, "Speaking of which, why did that little girl bring you here? What do you need from me?"

"She brought me here because she was hoping to obtain the skeletal dragon's withered vine from you," Song Shuhang replied honestly.

Since he didn't know what kind of disposition this senior had, it was better to tell the truth.

"The skeletal dragon's withered vine? Oh, so it was about the flood dragon skeleton in my possession." The Lightning Pig smiled. Soon after, it waved its leg and said, "Kid, I don't mind giving you the skeletal dragon's withered vine. However, my sloth cancer is flaring up and I need to rest. Can you return another time? The next time you come here, I'll gift you that thing. It's useless to me after all."

"..." Song Shuhang.

"Moreover, please stop staring at me like that. If you keep staring at me, I can't fall asleep," the Lightning Pig said while waving its leg.

Song Shuhang thought a bit and asked, "Senior, you said 'next time' earlier, but how long is that exactly?"

"Hm... around 300 years? This time, I want to slee-ugh! This time, I want to try to overcome this illness with all my strength; I'll surely defeat this sloth cancer!" The Lightning Pig clenched its teeth.

"..." Song Shuhang.

This powerful senior was a rather mischievous creature, and it actually wanted to sleep for 300 years...

But after 300 years, Song Shuhang might be already dead, and Sixteen couldn't wait for so long either!

Therefore, Song Shuhang asked cautiously, "How can I obtain the skeletal dragon's withered vine a little earlier?"

The Lightning Pig opened its eyes faintly and sighed. "By leaving me alone."

Song Shuhang clenched his teeth and said, "I request Senior to instruct, what does that mean?"

"It means literally what it means!" The Lightning Pig sighed with emotion.

Song Shuhang obviously knew the meaning of the pig's words, but he couldn't afford to wait for 300 years. Therefore, he started to stare at it intensely, without even blinking.

"..." The Lightning Pig.

In the next instant, the pig stretched its leg and reached out to the remote control once more.

Song Shuhang's scalp went numb, that was the same remote control that had created a huge hole beneath Nine Lanterns' feet, making her fall down. Song Shuhang quickly jumped to a side as to avoid ending up like her!

"Naive." The Lightning Pig smiled coldly.

The floor of the entire hall disappeared, revealing a huge abyss beneath, too deep to see its bottom.

"Aaaaah..." Song Shuhang called out in alarm as he fell into the hole.



"Ah... now I can finally have a good sleep. This time, I'll surely sleep for 300 years," the Lightning Pig muttered. Afterward, it pressed a few buttons of the on the remote control, restoring the floor of the hall to its previous condition.

Thereafter, it closed its eyes and fell into a deep slumber.

Twinkling lightning was still crackling on its round body.

But as the lightning disappeared, the other side of its body became visible. There was deep wound there, so deep even its bone could be seen. Black smoke was coming out of the wound continuously, not allowing it to heal.

The lightning coiling around its body was so dazzling that even Nine Lanterns didn't notice this wound.



Song Shuhang kept falling and falling, and he felt as though there was no bottom to this hole.

I won't keep falling till I fall down from the Heavenly Island itself, right? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Just as he was in deep thoughts, he felt his body get lighter and float upward.

After floating up for a few centimeters, he slowly fell downward.

Afterward, the sound of crushed stones transmitted from beneath his feet.

Have I reached the bottom?

At this time, Nine Lanterns' dim voice reached him from a side. "You were also thrown here, huh?"

Song Shuhang turned his head in the direction of the voice; he could glimpse Nine Lanterns' bare head amidst the darkness. At this time, she was sitting cross-legged on the ground with a depressed expression on her face.

"Miss Nine Lanterns." After seeing that she was also here, Song Shuhang relaxed a bit. "How do we get out of this place?"

"The fat pig will release us once it's done taking a nap. It did the same thing the last time," Nine Lanterns muttered. She seemed rather experienced in this matter.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang said, "Speaking of which, Senior Lightning Pig said it wanted to sleep for 300 years to fight against the sloth cancer."

"300 years? What a joke!" Blue veins started to bulge on Nine Lanterns' forehead. "What did you two talk about?"

Then, Song Shuhang told Nine Lanterns of the contents of the conversation between the Senior Lightning Pig and him.

"Dammit. Even if it wants to sleep for 300 years, it could put us out first! I won't forget about this enmity. Wait till I reach the Seventh Stage Venerable Realm; at the time, I'll put that pig to an eternal slumber so that it wouldn't have to wake up anymore!" Nine Lanterns clenched her teeth in anger.

"Miss Nine Lanterns, can't we climb out of this hole?" Song Shuhang asked, somewhat confused.

"The fat pig engraved restricting formations on all walls, we can't climb our way out," Nine Lanterns said, somewhat depressed. "Moreover, the hole is covered by a powerful formation that forbids flight. Unless you're a Seventh Stage Venerable, you can't fly in this place. Even if you had ten pairs of wings, it would be still useless."

"Then, is there a secret passage somewhere?" Song Shuhang asked after pondering for a moment.

"The last time I fell here, I searched every nook and cranny and couldn't find anything that resembled a secret passage," Nine Lanterns said depressedly as she rested her chin in her hand.

"Then, how do we get out? Do we really have to wait 300 years?"

"Don't worry. Before coming here, I made some preparations," Nine Lanterns said as she pointed at her greenish-white robe. "Earlier, I changed my clothes precisely to deal with such a situation!"

Then, she started to take off her greenish-white robe.

The nearby Song Shuhang hurried to cover his eyes...

Chapter 308: The small white dragon inside the crystal coffin

"Why are you covering your eyes?" After seeing Song Shuhang cover his eyes, Nine Lanterns didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "I'm wearing other clothes beneath."

After hearing these words, Song Shuhang moved his hands away and awkwardly smiled.

Under her greenish-white monk robe, Nine Lanterns was wearing another greenish-gray robe.

After taking her outer robe off, she turned it inside out.

When the internal part of the robe became visible, Song Shuhang saw that it was littered with runes. After the robe was turned inside out, all the runes connected to each other, changing the robe into something that resembled a drill.

"Hehehe, you thought this small hole was enough to stop me? Naive!" Nine Lanterns said self-satisfied. Afterward, she stretched her hand and grabbed the drill-like robe.

In the next instant, the robe started to spin madly.

"I put together 3000 buddhist runes specialized in breaking restrictive formations to create this restriction-breaking drill. Even if these formations are arranged by that pig, I can still break them!" Nine Lanterns said complacently.

"..." Song Shuhang.

"Now then, from where should I start drilling?" Nine Lanterns looked all around, and identical restrictive runes covered the entire hole. Therefore, one could start drilling in any point.

"Miss Nine Lanterns, can you locate the position of the formation restricting flight? If you can find and destroy that formation, we can just fly out, right?" Song Shuhang asked.

"There is no need to find it. All the formations you see are flight restricting formations." Nine Lanterns pointed at the runes on the walls. "In this place, all formations are mixed up. The entire hole is made from the combination of the flight restricting, imprisoning, strengthening, and so on, formations."

"In this case, we can start from anywhere, right?" Song Shuhang took his treasured saber Broken Tyrant out and said, "How about spinning the saber and starting drilling in the direction the handle points to?"

"Fine." Nine Lanterns lifted the drill and replied.

Song Shuhang threw Broken Tyrant into the air. The blade spun several times and fell to the ground with a 'ding' sound. Its handle was pointing to the right-front of Shuhang's current position.

"We'll start from there then!" Nine Lanterns took the drill and proceeded toward that direction, starting to drill into the wall.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..." The restriction-breaking runes on the drill-like robe took the shape of a golden chain, starting to revolve around the continuously spinning drill while releasing a fearful formation-breaking power.

Under the influence of the drill, the restricting runes on the wall also lit up. After all, these defensive runes had been arranged by a Seventh Stage Venerable; it wasn't easy to break them.

When the restriction-breaking drill came in contact with the restricting runes, explosive sounds echoed throughout the whole area.

"Boom, boom, boom~" Song Shuhang could only cover his ears and bitterly smile.

In his pocket, Lady Onion was already foaming at the mouth. Since she couldn't materialize a small hand to cover her ears, she felt as though even her body had started to shake after hearing these thunderous explosions continuously.

Dammit, I have only a small mouth and not even something that resembles 'ears'... if so, why can I hear this noise so clearly?!

After a short while, somewhat worried, Song Shuhang asked, "Miss Lanterns, drilling through this wall is making a lot of noise. Won't Senior Lightning Pig realize what we're doing?"

"Of course. After all, it's not deaf," Nine Lanterns replied. "Therefore, it can choose to throw us out, or to let us keep drilling through the wall!"

Song Shuhang silently nodded.

Around ten minutes later.

"Boom, boom, boom~" Song Shuhang was looking at the wall with an expectant look on his face.

Half an hour later.

"Boom, boom, boom~" Song Shuhang was still looking at the wall with an expectant look on his face.

One hour later!

"Boom, boom, boom~" Song Shuhang stood on a side and silently started to practice the ⟨Basic Buddhist Fist Technique⟩, the ⟨Immovable Body of the Buddha⟩, and the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩.

Two hours later!

"Boom, boom, boom~" Song Shuhang sat cross-legged and silently practiced the ⟨True Self Meditation Scripture⟩. Although it was difficult to practice the ⟨True Self Meditation Scripture⟩ amidst these thunderous explosions, its effects were also better than usual.

After another hour.

"Boom, boom, boom~" Song Shuhang started to practice the

Flaming Saber and the Lightning Palm.

Another hour passed.

Those explosive sounds were still going on, and Song Shuhang had started to perform gymnastic exercises. His expression was a bit stiff at this time...

What should I do next?

He had already practiced enough for today, and if he were to practice some more, he might harm his body.

He had practiced the <True Self Meditation Scripture> too, and at this time, he was already at the third round of the gymnastics exercise.

Can Miss Nine Lanterns really do it?

* * *

Just when Song Shuhang was performing the tenth round of the gymnastics exercise, Nine Lanterns' laughter echoed from the front. "Ahahaha, success!"

At the same time, the drill in her hands exploded forward like a raging volcano and a large patch of the restricting runes crumbled, revealing a hole that was barely enough to let a person crawl into it.

"Come, let's dig a hole and get out. If the fat pig doesn't want to release us, we'll just create an underground passage right beneath its palace," Nine Lanterns said happily.

The drill in her hand danced in the air. Without the help of the restricting runes, the wall crumbled quickly. Nine Lanterns started to drill through it at high speed.

The drill pierced the wall, and crushed stones flew everywhere...

"Miss Nine Lanterns, be careful not to drill till we end up in the black sea," Song Shuhang reminded as he followed behind her. He found the black sea really weird and was rather wary of it.

"Don't worry, I know what I'm doing. If we keep drilling upwards, we'll arrive behind that fat pig and make him have a taste of this drill." Nine Lanterns giggled.

Song Shuhang paused for a moment and cautiously asked, "Miss Nine Lanterns, what's your current realm?"

"I'm at the peak of the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor Realm, and I need only a small push to break through the Sixth Stage and become a True Monarch. However, my situation is a bit special, and you can't compare me to a normal Spiritual Emperor or True Monarch," Nine Lanterns said.

"Well, even if we ignore the fact that Senior Lightning Pig already knows what we're doing, let's say you manage to let it have a taste of your drill, what do you think will happen next? A Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor against a Seventh Stage Venerable..." Song Shuhang dropped a few hints.

It was really a death-seeking behavior!

"Don't worry. At most, it will lock me up for a few years, nothing bad will happen," Nine Lanterns said full of confidence.

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva and asked the most important question, "What about me?"

"Ahaha, you can accompany me in my confinement. Don't worry, time will fly by once you start meditating," Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

"..." Song Shuhang.

There was no way Song Shuhang wanted to be locked up for a few years; his strength hadn't reached a realm where he could easily close up for several years in a row.

At this time, he was wondering if he should use Broken Tyrant and dig in a different direction. He felt that he wouldn't end up too well if he kept following Nine Lanterns.

Just as he was in deep thoughts, Nine Lanterns suddenly stopped drilling.

"Hm? There is something strange here," Nine Lanterns said.

"?" Song Shuhang looked at her, somewhat confused.

"The stone wall ahead isn't solid, there must be a secret room on the other side!" Nine Lanterns affirmed. She discovered this point through the sound the drill made when it came in contact with the stone.

"Is it really a secret room? It's not an underground river, right?" Song Shuhang asked cautiously.

"It can't be an underground river. The Heavenly Island is an island floating in the sky. How can there be an underground river?" Nine Lanterns smiled charmingly and grabbed the drill, starting to drill ahead quickly.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Crushed stones flew everywhere, and with a boom, the wall in the front was pierced through!

Just as Nine Lanterns had predicted, a huge secret room appeared before their eyes.

Afterward, she took the lead and entered the room. Song Shuhang followed behind.



Inside the secret room.

When Song Shuhang saw the complete appearance of the room, he suddenly started to feel uneasy.

If Nine Lanterns were to break through the floor of the hall and give Senior Lightning Pig a good drilling in the butt, the two of them would be locked up for a few years.

But Song Shuhang feared that the pig would lock them up for a

few decades now that they had drilled through this room!

Because what Nine Lanterns had drilled through was a tomb chamber.

Although they didn't know whose tomb they had barged into... just from the fact that Senior Lightning Pig had meticulously placed it beneath its palace, one could realize that it was the tomb of a close friend.

If you were to dig the grave of someone's family member, it wouldn't be strange if that person tried to kill you!

Song Shuhang forced a smile. "Miss Nine Lanterns, I think we should leave as soon as possible."

"I'm of the same mind." Nine Lanterns smiled bitterly—she didn't do it on purpose. Who would have thought that there was a tomb beneath the palace...

"Alright, let's go then. We might as well fix the wall while we are at it... shit!" When he turned his head, Song Shuhang noticed that the big hole they had created while drilling through the wall had started to repair automatically, returning as new in the blink of an eye.

Moreover, the glittering runes engraved on the walls of the chamber tomb were even stronger and denser than the ones on the walls of the hole.

Nine Lanterns clenched her teeth. "As expected, it was the doing of that fat pig!"

Since they were causing such a ruckus, the pig surely noticed their actions. Afterward, perhaps because it was annoyed by all that noise, he led them here and trapped them inside the tomb.

After clenching her teeth, Nine Lanterns said, "No matter what the fat pig is planning, since we're here, we might as well take a look around!"

The room wasn't too big, and there were ten coffins in total.

There was a platform in the center of the room, and on the platform was lying a huge crystal coffin with various types of white flowers on a side. Additionally, the equally huge nine bronze coffins were positioned inside the room like a formation, firmly protecting the crystal coffin in the center.

Song Shuhang and Nine Lanterns approached the platform and gazed at the transparent coffin.

Inside the coffin was a spirit beast with a tall and slender body.

It had deer-like horns, camel-like head, rabbit-like eyes, snake-like neck, clam-like belly, fish-like scales, hawk-like claws, cat-like palms, and cow-like ears. All of these elements were merged into this spotlessly white body.

"A dragon!" Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide. Moreover, it was a completely white dragon.

"It's really a dragon." Nine Lanterns also opened her eyes wide. Soon after, she muttered, "Unfortunately, it didn't turn into dragon bones and there is no vine growing on it!"

She was still thinking of Song Shuhang's wish.

"This white dragon is really beautiful." Song Shuhang sighed with emotion.



When Song Shuhang and Nine Lanterns' attention was focused on the white dragon, the lid of one of the nine coffins moved slightly.

Then, a dragon's claw appeared from under the lid...

Chapter 309: Senior White's expression package

The dragon claw slowly pushed the lid of the coffin to a side, emitting a grating sound.

Nine Lanterns and Song Shuhang immediately turned their heads and kept a close watch on the bronze coffin.

When Song Shuhang saw the dragon claw come out of the coffin, he exclaimed in surprise, "Is this a corpse coming back to life?"

"Fear not. I excel at dealing with these things," Nine Lanterns said. After all, she was the disciple of a buddhist school and was an expert at dealing with the undead.

Just as they were speaking...

"Clang~ clang~" Almost half of the ancient bronze coffin was uncovered, and a skeletal snakehead revealed itself from the opening. Red dots of light were twinkling in its empty eyes sockets, making it look very scary.

Nine Lanterns didn't attack immediately. After all, it was Senior Lightning Pig that had built the chamber tomb and buried the white dragon inside. Therefore, there must be a purpose to it if this skeletal snakehead was here in this place.

As long as the snakehead wasn't the going to attack first, Nine Lanterns wouldn't make a move.

After gazing at Song Shuhang and Nine Lanterns, the snakehead opened its skeletal mouth and said, "Hello, who called me just now?"

"???" Song Shuhang.

Nine Lanterns replied, "No one called you!"

Unexpectedly, this skeletal snake had developed intellect and

could even speak!

"Impossible. I clearly heard someone calling me," the snake skull said while pushing the lid of the coffin almost completely open.

At this time, Song Shuhang and Nine Lanterns discovered that there were two small pointed horns on the head of the snake. It wasn't the skull of a snake, it was the skull of a flood dragon!

"Two fellow daoists, my name is Dragon Bone. Now, are you sure you didn't say my name earlier?" The flood dragon pushed the lid of the coffin away and revealed half of its body.

The flood dragon looked very scary from its appearance, but after exchanging a few words with it, they discovered that it was rather gentle-natured.

Dragon Bone? Nine quietly wiped the sweat from her face. Just now, she had indeed unconsciously mentioned the two words 'dragon' and 'bones'.

In a way that only Nine Lanterns could hear, the nearby Song Shuhang said in a low voice, "Miss Nine Lanterns, is this skeletal flood dragon an undead or a specter?"

Nine Lanterns didn't even have time to reply that the skeletal flood dragon itself started to explain, "Little fellow daoist, I'm neither. Although there are indeed things like zombies in this world, I'm not such an existence."

Song Shuhang blinked. The skeletal flood dragon had heard him even though he lowered his voice...

"Let me introduce myself—I'm the sentient flood dragon puppet 'Dragon Bone', pleased to meet you. I can be classified as a magical treasure, and I'm a different species than zombies." The skeletal flood dragon cheerfully waved its claws at Song Shuhang. Although it had been mistaken for a zombie, it wasn't angry.

"..." Song Shuhang.

"My name is Nine Lanterns." Nine Lanterns joined her palms together as she replied to Dragon Bone.

"My name is Song Shuhang," said Song Shuhang after cupping his fists; he felt that this situation was rather strange.

"Fellow daoists, may I ask you why you came here? It's been a long time since we've had guests here." The lower jaw of the skeletal dragon was moving up and down, as though it was laughing.

"We were digging, and we carelessly dug a hole in the wall of this room," Nine Lanterns replied.

The red dots of light in the eyes of the dragon glittered, and he replied, "So that's how it is. You carelessly barged into this place, huh?"

After a short pause, it smiled and added, "You were thrown into the hole by Lightning Pig, right?"

"..." Nine Lanterns.

Some things mustn't be mentioned! If you didn't understand this principle, many a friendship would be ruined!

The skeletal dragon used its claw to knock on the lid of the bronze coffin, saying, "Well, why were you looking for Lightning Pig?"

Nine Lanterns didn't speak. She took a step backward and allowed Song Shuhang to get in the front.

Song Shuhang cleared his throat and, after cupping his hands, he said, "We came here to request Senior Lightning Pig to give us the 'skeletal dragon's withered vine'. However, Senior Lightning Pig wanted to sleep, and since it found us too noisy, it threw us here."

"So, your objective was the skeletal dragon's withered vine! I should have some of that weed growing on my body." The skeletal dragon smiled. "Whenever I wake up, I'll have that thing growing

on my body; it's rather annoying. However, plucking it off of my bones is very comfortable. It's just like extracting a thorn pricking in your skin, a very good feeling."

After hearing this much, Song Shuhang's eyes lit up. "Fellow daoist Dragon Bone, can you give me some of that skeletal dragon's withered vine?"

"Sure, it's not a problem. Moreover, I can give you a quite a lot of those vines... wait, let me see how many are there." The skeletal dragon quietly returned inside the coffin.

Then, its voice echoed from the coffin. "One, two, three, four, five... ten... fifteen, sixteen."

After counting them, the skeletal dragon showed half of its head and said, "This time, there are sixteen vines. I can give them to you if you want, but you also need to help me with something."

"Please say." Song Shuhang was extremely excited.

"It's very simple. Do you see that crystal coffin in the center?" The skeletal dragon pointed at the crystal coffin with the small white dragon inside.

Song Shuhang silently nodded.

"Good, do you see that groove beside the coffin? I'll have to trouble you to go over there and pour a bowl's worth of blood into that groove. If you do it, I'll give you these vines." The skeletal dragon laughed.

Song Shuhang gazed at that groove, somewhat confused. Then, his face became a bit paler. If they were talking about a 'bowl' from the perspective of a dragon, it was something equivalent to a small washbasin! If he were to lose this much blood, he would die directly!

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva. Then, he turned his head and asked, "Do I have to fill it up?"

"No need, no need. If you pour a bowl's worth of blood inside it will be fine," the skeletal dragon said with a laugh.

Song Shuhang looked at Nine Lanterns. He was worried whether pouring blood into the groove beside the crystal coffin would activate some hidden mechanism or something of the sort.

"Don't worry. With Senior Lightning Pig watching over us, nothing bad will happen," Nine Lanterns said.

Song Shuhang nodded and arrived beside the groove. Then, he stretched his arm and prepared to use Broken Tyrant to cut his wrist to pour his blood into the groove, just like those cool scenes in movies.

But when he was about to cut his wrist, he started to have doubts as to where he should cut.

After all, he had no experience in his matter. If he were to cut too deeply and lose too much blood, it would be a problem. And if the cut was too shallow and no blood where to come out, it would also be a problem.

"Miss Nine Lanterns, can you help me with the cut?" Song Shuhang said with a hollow laugh.

"Sure!" Nine Lanterns happily took Broken Tyrant from Song Shuhang's hands and cut above his wrist without second thoughts.

As long as it wasn't your own arm, you wouldn't care too much when leaving a cut on it.

Blood started to flow... and after seeing this endless stream of blood flow out of his body, Song Shuhang's heart twitched a little.

In the blink of an eye, a bowl's worth of blood had gathered in the groove.

Next, Nine Lanterns stretched her hand and grasped Song Shuhang's wrist lightly, immediately stopping the stream of blood.

After the fresh blood poured into the groove, it flowed through

the various channels all around the crystal coffin, wrapping the coffin completely.

At this point, something inside the crystal coffin should have changed, right?

* * *

The red dots of light in the skeletal dragon's eye sockets flickered again and again. It seemed it was looking forward to some change.

But even after a long time... the crystal coffin had no changes.

The skeletal dragon silently heaved a sigh.

Song Shuhang turned his head around and asked, somewhat confused, "Did I fail?"

"It wasn't a failure... but it wasn't a success either." The skeletal dragon faintly sighed.

"Do I need to pour more blood into it?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Thank you, fellow daoist, but there is no need." The red lights in the dragon's eyes regained calm. Next, it stretched its claw and passed those sixteen withered vines to Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang took the vines in his hands.

These withered vines were very small. Each of them had the length of a palm and was as thin as a strand of hair.

If one were to carefully examine them, they would notice that these thin vines were like small lifelike sculptures of a flood dragon. They had horns, claws, and looked very pretty.

"The transaction is complete. Now, I'll allow you two to leave this place. Although I would like to chat with you a bit more, this place is full of dragon corpse aura... it would harm your bodies if you were to stay here for too long," the skeletal dragon said gently.

In the next instant, without waiting for Nine Lanterns and Song Shuhang to reply, it gently moved its claws, causing the duo to

hover midair. Afterward, a passage suddenly appeared on the ceiling, and the two of them were shoved into it.

After they were gone, the skeletal dragon shot a gaze at the crystal coffin, sighing.

In the end, it wasn't 'that guy'...

After sighing, the dragon stretched the upper part of its body and knocked on the bronze coffin next to him. "Dragon Claw, wake up! It's your turn to keep a watch next, I'm going to sleep for a while."

"Hm... let me sleep for a few more centuries..." A pure and lovely voice echoed from the nearby bronze coffin.

"Sleep your a*ss, get up now!" The skeletal dragon started to knock on the coffin repeatedly, producing a deafening sound each time.

After a while, the lid of the nearby coffin slightly moved, and a sharp claw came out of it.

The skeletal dragon nodded satisfied. Then, it retreated inside its own coffin and firmly sealed it—it was planning to have a good sleep.



At this time, in the Chu Family.

Soft Feather was sitting on the grass with her long and slender legs slightly bent, creating a beautiful and charming arc. From time to time, she would move her little toes, looking very adorable.

There was a laptop on her legs, and a lot of beautiful pictures were displayed on the screen.

Amongst these pictures were Senior White twin-tails edition, Senior White ponytail edition, Senior White double braid edition, Senior White hair-up edition... with all kinds of different hairstyles. There were even pictures of Senior White with what resembled ox horns and pigtails coiling up on the top of the head.

Soft Feather typed on the keyboard quickly and started to scroll through these pictures, trying to decide which ones to choose. There was no need to apply filters to these pictures to beautify them. Therefore, she was merely resizing them and storing them away.

"Ah! I was thinking to choose several pictures and send them to Senior Song. But each of these pictures is so beautiful... I'll have to send them all!" Soft Feather muttered.

Then, she decided to organize Senior White's pictures orderly.

Amongst them were the [Senior White's smiling expression], the [Senior White's stupefied expression], the [Senior White's cute expression], the [Senior White's pouting expression], and so on.

Finally, she took all these expressions and put them into a package.

'I'm so clever.' Soft Feather silently nodded and praised herself.

Then, she opened the chat program and selected the account named 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books', sending him the [Senior White's cute expressions package] document in offline mode...

Chapter 310: The seventh wish

"Soft Feather, what are you doing?" At this time, a gentle voice echoed from a distant place.

Soft Feather quickly switched off her laptop and turned her head, looking at the incoming person.

This girl looked to be 25-26 years old, but she seemed far maturer than someone of her age. She was Soft Feather's good friend and the daughter of the first wife of the leader of the Chu Family, Chu Chunying.

"Elder Sister Chu, I was chatting with a senior. Hehe..." Soft Feather put the laptop away and stood up, stretching her body. Then, she trotted to Chu Chunying's side and positioned her ear on Chunying's slightly bulging belly. "How is the baby? Did it kick you? How many times did it kick you yesterday?"

Smiling, Chu Chunying said, "How can I even reply to such a question? After all, it's not like I was counting the times it was kicking me."

"Once I'm pregnant, I'll make sure to count them all and firmly keep them in mind." Soft Feather grinned. "Each time the baby kicks me, I'll note it down, and once the baby grows up, I'll make sure to make him, or her, pay the price!"

After gazing at the serious-looking Soft Feather, Chu Chunying didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "You haven't even gotten married. Isn't it a bit too earlier to talk about babies?"

"Hehe." Soft Feather glued her ear to her abdomen, trying to listen to the baby's movements.

Chu Chunying gently patted Soft Feather's head.

She was a bit envious of Soft Feather. Many years had passed, and Soft Feather's disposition had hardly changed. She was still the same naive girl full of enthusiasm and curiosity. Venerable

Spirit Butterfly really doted on this daughter of his!

On the other hand, although she was only three years older than her, Chu Chunying had experienced a lot of things. And after getting married, she felt as though she had become even older.

When she was with Soft Feather, she felt as though she was more like her 'mother' than her 'elder sister'.

In the end, the world of cultivators was a place where the one with the strongest fist would win, and the Chu Family's fist wasn't strong enough. It was precisely for this reason that they had fallen into their current predicament.



Although she had a gentle expression on her face while gazing at Soft Feather, Chu Chunying still secretly sighed.

She had no intention of involving Soft Feather in their mess. She didn't want her to see the dark side of the world of cultivators just yet.

But she hadn't expected the information network of the Spirit Butterfly Island to be so formidable. After she cut off relations with her, Soft Feather came to her place directly to help her.

"Thank you, Soft Feather," Chu Chunying said in a soft voice.

"Why are you thanking me? I haven't even helped you yet." Soft Feather raised her head and conveniently asked, "How are things going with that school? They can't deal with the Chu Family by staying in the dark and playing tricks, right? If they want the sword technique, they would have to show their faces, right?"

"They indeed want the sword technique. However, they want us to bow our heads and gift it to them," Chu Chunying said softly.

The opposite party's behavior could be described as such: leading the life of a whore and wanting a monument put up to one's chastity.

Soft Feather clenched her teeth in anger. "Elder Sister Chu, how are your seniors planning to deal with this situation?"

"The family leader said that if they want face so much, we'll not give them any." The corner of Chu Chunying's mouth rose, and her eyes narrowed. "The family leader wants to force them to fight it out on the Grievance Settling Platform."

In the world of cultivators, when two factions had an unsolvable conflict, and things hadn't reached the point where they would start killing each other, they would send their representatives to fight on the Grievance Settling Platform to resolve their grudges.

On the Grievance Settling Platform, no one would be held responsible for deaths. And after the match was over, all gratitude and grudges would be written off—of course, they were written off just in name. If one of the two parties still harbored hatred in their hearts, there was nothing that could be done.

"The Grievance Settling Platform? I want to go, I want to go!" Soft Feather's eyes lit up as she clenched her fist. "Elder Sister, let me go on stage. I'll wipe out their entire school."

Soft Feather's confidence came from her strength—after all, the opponent was only a small school. This school was much weaker than the Moon Saber Sect that had been wiped out during the incident with Su Clan's Sixteen. Actually, it was even weaker than the Immortal Farming Sect.

In that small school, the strongest person was an elder that had barely reached the Fourth Stage Realm. Moreover, their lifespan had almost come to an end.

Amongst those that had reached the Third Stage Realm were the head of the school, the vice-head, as well as three protectors. The rest were mostly disciples that had reached the Second Stage.

As long as that elder didn't join the fray, Soft Feather alone could kill every person in their school.

But even if that elder were to intervene, Soft Feather wasn't afraid—her father had prepared several treasures for her. Let alone a cultivator of the Fourth Stage, even if a Sixth Stage True Monarch were to attack her, she could still escape.

"I understand how you feel," Chu Chunying said gently. "However, no one is accountable for eventual deaths on the Grievance Settling Platform. Moreover, only the members of our Chu Family and the opposite school can fight on the platform. All external aid is forbidden."

If one of the factions were to summon helpers to represent them on the Grievance Settling Platform, the supervisor wouldn't stand there doing nothing. If someone that wasn't part of the two factions dared to go on stage, the supervisor would surely give them a good beating.

"It's fine. Before I left the island, my father gave me a magical treasure that allows me to change my appearance. With that, I can impersonate a disciple of the Chu Family and fight on the platform on your behalf. Once your two factions apply to use the platform, the supervisor they'll send over there shouldn't be strong enough to see through my treasure," Soft Feather said self-satisfied.

There were many supervisors, with different levels of strength. The supervisor would be chosen according to the strength of the factions that were applying to fight on the Grievance Settling Platform.

Soft Feather felt her chest, looking for her brooch.

"..." Soon after, somewhat depressed, she said, "I forgot that I lent that magical treasure to Senior Song and that it is still in his possession..."

"Thanks for your support, Soft Feather. But there is no need for you to meddle in this matter. We can solve this problem on our own," Chu Chunying said with a smile.



In the East China Sea, Venerable White was sitting on top of a huge whale.

Doudou and the small monk had already woken up. However, they couldn't move any part of their bodies except for their eyeballs.

On the huge whale, Venerable White was arranging some bamboo slips into a formation.

"Let's give it a try and see how it goes. I really want to explore this mysterious island; it would be good if I could find it," Venerable White muttered.

The formation he had arranged seemed to be related to divination.

This time, Senior White was serious about finding the mysterious island.



On the Heavenly Island.

Song Shuhang and Nine Lanterns rowed the lonely boat once more and returned to the temple.

Nine Lanterns sat in her original position and rested her chin in her hand while tapping on the table with her fingers.

"Miss Nine Lanterns, do you have a paper and a brush?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Yes, what do you need them for?" Nine Lanterns passed Song Shuhang a white paper and a brush.

Song Shuhang took the brush and the paper. Afterward, he wrote on the paper in shaky handwriting the following words: skeletal dragon's withered vine. Once the ink had dried up, he used the paper to wrap the sixteen withered vines.

After he was done, Song Shuhang suddenly thought of something and asked, "Miss Nine Lanterns, after my memories are sealed and I leave the island, there would be no need to delete these few words, right?"

After all, these withered vines were as fine as strands of hair... if he were to forget about them after leaving the island and casually throw them away, he would probably cry to death.

"Don't worry. Those words have nothing to do with the Heavenly Island. Therefore, they won't be deleted," Nine Lanterns assured him.

"That's good. Thank you very much!" Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief.

"Ahaha, I really like the sentence 'thank you very much'!" Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

"I'm happy that you like it!" Song Shuhang tried to continue the conversation.

Nine Lanterns replied stiffly, "Why did you say that? My happy feelings were instantly halved!"

"..." Song Shuhang.

Nine Lanterns gave him a supercilious look and took her notebook out, crossing out another line.

6) Fulfill a not too big and not too small wish of his. (Just crossed out)

This wish seemed very troublesome, but in the end, she completed it pretty easily.

Now, only one last wish was left! Nine Lanterns was a bit agitated—what would her last wish be?

After the sixth line was crossed, the last wish finally started to appear.

7) Lastly, I want to be a happy bride...

As soon as she read the first part, Nine Lanterns complexion changed, becoming deathly pale. She clenched her teeth and kept reading.

...then, I want to bear two children for him, a boy and a girl...

Nine Lanterns rubbed her cheeks and slammed her head against the table.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

A portion of that table made of an unknown material was smashed into pieces.

Song Shuhang gazed at the convulsing Nine Lanterns and asked, "Miss Nine Lanterns, what happened?"

Nine Lanterns raised her head and revealed a charming smile. "It's nothing, I was just trying to calm down."

Song Shuhang opened his mouth, but no words came out.

Nine Lanterns plucked the pieces of the table stuck on her forehead off and kept reading.

Getting married and giving birth to children? Nine Lanterns felt that this wish was very scary.

As if that wasn't enough, she had to give birth to a boy and a girl... how could she even choose the gender of the child? Well, maybe cultivators had some means to do it, but it wasn't the main problem!

The main problem was giving birth to a child! This wish was really fearful!

Next, I want to age with him slowly, looking at our son grow up and get married. I also look forward to seeing our daughter grow up; I want her to grow long hair, and maybe a cute fringe. I also want to dress her up in pretty clothes and make her wear cute little shoes.

I remembered! Long hair!

At the time, when I discovered that I had to shave my head, I must have hated it, right? Dammit, what's wrong with being bald, why did I hate it so much at the time?

Being bald has many good points! For example, I don't need to take care of my hair, and I don't need to worry about pressing it beneath my body while sleeping!

Nine Lanterns kept reading.

Then, once our daughter grows up, I want to see her getting married. After the wedding, we will both snuggle against each other in a sleeping bag and cry copiously.

"..." Nine Lanterns.

Chapter 311: Did someone carelessly press a button to fast-forward my life?

Nine Lanterns died a little inside after reading this wish.

Why would I want to cry copiously?! Moreover, why the hell inside a sleeping bag? What kind of wish is that?! Why the hell did I make so many long-term plans when I was just a kid? Why... just why...?

The heart of a young girl, huh? What heart of a young girl?! Isn't it more like the heart of a wife? Still wrong, it's more like the heart of a mother or a grandma at this point! This monstrosity has no relation whatsoever with the heart of a young girl!

Nine Lanterns smashed her head against the table once more.

The thick table couldn't take it anymore, and cracks started to appear on its surface... at last, it finally collapsed!

Song Shuhang stayed silent and looked at the convulsing Nine Lanterns carefully; he was too scared to stop her.

Nine Lanterns raised her head, with pieces of the table still glued to it, and looked at Song Shuhang—was she really going to marry this man and bear two children for him?

How did it end up like this? Moreover, the children must have different genders!

How can I make this wish disappear?



"Crack, crack, crack..."

The sudden sound of firecrackers echoed in Song Shuhang's ear; the surrounding area was bustling with excitement.

Eh? What's happening?

Song Shuhang blinked a few times. At this time, he was sitting in

front of a mirror, a little stupefied.

Next to him were several makeup artists, putting makeup on his face.

On his right side was a row of formal attire, and he too was wearing a black suit...

Behind him were a smiling Mama Song and a pleased Papa Song.

...Just what the hell is happening?

"At last, even our Shuhang is getting married." Mama Song smiled, her eyes teary. From time to time, she would wipe the tears from her corner of the eye.

"Indeed! Eh? Wife, why are you crying? Our son is getting married today, quickly wipe those tears off. Otherwise, people will make fun of you," Papa Song said in a low voice.

Eh? I'm getting married???

Are my ears having problems? How come I'm suddenly getting married?

Wait, let me recall what happened!



Song Shuhang faintly remembered that he was with Tubo, Gao Moumou, and the Zhuges. Together, they accompanied Lu Fei and her elder sister to an island in the East China Sea.

Immediately after, the plane they had boarded had problems, making them crash on the mysterious island. Afterward... well, there was no afterward because he didn't remember anything past this point.

Were my memories sealed?

Song Shuhang frowned and tried to recall what had happened—but it was useless. No matter how much he tried to recall, he couldn't remember anything. It seemed his memories had been

really sealed!

Alright, even if I don't have any recollection of what happened on the mysterious island... just what the heck is happening right now?

Why are these people putting makeup on my face? And what did my mother just say? I'm getting married?

What joke is this?! I haven't even fallen in love yet. How come this important step was skipped, and I'm getting married directly?

Did someone carelessly press a button to fast-forward my life?

There is something very wrong with this situation!

Song Shuhang immediately recalled the Nine Provinces Number One Group. Where is my mobile phone? I have to go in the group chat and ask the seniors what's happening!

Just as he was thinking this, he overheard Mama Song and Papa Song's conversation.

Mama Song said, "But how can I not be excited?"

She wiped her tears off and continued, "Four years ago, when Shuhang went on that trip with his friends, the plane crashed. And since he returned home, he has been acting like a lunatic. Back then, I had no idea what to do. All the boys in the neighborhood were getting married one after another, building their own families. And when I thought that our Shuhang couldn't get married even if he wanted to, I was very depressed. I was so sad that I couldn't sleep at night."

Eh? Four years? It's already been four years since I've come back from the mysterious island?

Moreover, I've been acting like a lunatic for the whole time?

Did something unexpected happen when my memories were sealed, turning me into a fool?

What a horrible situation, whole four years spent as a lunatic!

Mama Song was choking with sobs. "But I didn't know that our foolish Shuhang had dated a girl four years ago. Moreover, this girl doesn't care about Shuhang's state and is still willing to marry him. I'm so happy... sob, sob... if Shuhang could recover from his current state, it would be even better, sob sob..."

Papa Song hugged Mama Song, he patted her back gently and tried to calm her down by whispering something to her.

"..." Song Shuhang.

I dated a girl four years ago, and she is still willing to marry me?

Who might she be?

Song Shuhang racked his brain and tried to remember the girls he was close to four years ago.

The first one he recalled was his classmate Lu Fei. After all, she was the first girl to confess to him. However, it was unlikely that she would marry him if he was currently a lunatic. Their relationship wasn't that good.

Next was Soft Feather. Although Song Shuhang really hoped it was her... as before, the possibility wasn't big. After all, she regarded Song Shuhang as a kind senior of the Nine Provinces Number One Group that had helped her. Moreover, they had met only twice. They weren't really in love with each other.

Then, there was Su Clan's Sixteen, and just like Soft Feather, Song Shuhang met her only a few times. Although the relationship between the two was slightly more complicated than Soft Feather's, the chances of Sixteen being the bride were still low. After all, the Spirit River Su Clan was a very powerful family, and its influence wasn't inferior to that of a big sect such as the Limitless Demon Sect. If Sixteen wanted to get married, it wasn't easy, especially if the groom was blockhead-mode Song Shuhang.

Except for these three, there was Lady Onion who was still stuck on the enlightenment stone. But Lady Onion wished she could bite

him to death. Let alone marry him, she was probably hoping for him to die as soon as possible.

Wait, where did Senior White go when I lost my memory four years ago?

Does it mean that even Senior White couldn't cure me in my state and had no choice but to leave?

In this case, did he leave behind a message or something?

What a headache... after all, he had lost four years' worth of memories.

Just as Song Shuhang was in distress, Papa Song stepped forward and changed into a formal attire. Then, he pulled Song Shuhang up.

"Let's go, son. Today is your big day. Remember, don't cause a scene!" Papa Song patted Song Shuhang's shoulder and brought him downstairs.

Song Shuhang bitterly smiled and followed Papa Song.



The wedding was held at Wenzhou City's cathedral.

Song Shuhang hadn't misheard, the wedding was really held in Wenzhou City's church. The church was a very famous spot in Wenzhou City, and a lot of people would choose to hold their weddings there.

However, Song Shuhang felt a bit awkward at the thought of getting married inside a cathedral.



Papa Song accompanied Song Shuhang to the wedding car. Afterward, they headed toward the cathedral together.

When he got out of the car, Song Shuhang saw that there were already a lot of people waiting beside the cathedral.

There were grown-up versions of Tubo, Gao Moumou, Yangde, Zhuge Zhongyang, Zhuge Yue, and so on. On a side, there were also Lu Fei and her elder sister. As expected, Lu Fei wasn't the bride.

Except for this group of people from his university, there were also a lot of his childhood friends and people from the neighborhood, as well as a large number of relatives.

After seeing Song Shuhang appear, these close relatives and friends came forward one after another to congratulate him!

After following the long red carpet, Papa Song and Song Shuhang entered the church. Since Song Shuhang's mental state wasn't normal, Papa Song had to lead him personally.

As he entered the big church, Song Shuhang saw even more relatives and close friends.

At the same time, a woman wearing a white wedding dress came toward him while being led by a middle-aged man.

A white veil was covering her face. This veil was rather uncommon; it wasn't transparent, but was made of white gauze cloth, and series of pearls were attached to it. They covered her face completely, and Song Shuhang couldn't tell who she was even after carefully looking at her.

Although he couldn't see her face, he noticed that this woman had a very good stature. Her silhouette was a perfect double S. The parts that had to be big were big, and the parts that had to be slim were slim.

With such a good stature, as long as her face wasn't too bad, she would be regarded as a beauty.

But what was her real identity?

Song Shuhang was very curious as to who this woman that had decided to marry him regardless of his current state was.

She wasn't just using him as a scapegoat, right...?

When the woman arrived in front of him, Song Shuhang restrained his curiosity and stretched out his hand, taking the hand of the soon-to-be bride from the middle-aged man. Then, he supported her by the arm, just like a proper bridegroom.

Mama Song cried tears of joy.

Papa Song was also very happy.



The wedding march continued.

"Papapa~ papapa~"

Song Shuhang pulled the hand of his soon-to-be wife and arrived in front of the priest presiding over the wedding ceremony.

Perhaps because he knew about Song Shuhang's mental state, the priest didn't waste time on useless talk. He didn't ask any of those classic questions, such as, 'Do you promise to be faithful to her in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health, to love her and to honor her all the days of your life?' or 'Do you promise to be faithful to him in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health, to love him and to honor him all the days of your life?'.
Or such as, 'Do you take her to be your wife?' or 'Do you take him to be your husband?'.

After getting on the altar, the priest opened the Bible and started to pray for the newlyweds and blessed them to stay together till death did them apart.

Afterward, he didn't waste further time, and the scene immediately jumped to the exchange of rings.

They were doing things in the simplest way possible.

Song Shuhang restrained his curiosity and exchanged rings with the bride.

Both he and the bride were wearing rings with huge diamonds on top of them.

But even at this moment, Song Shuhang couldn't believe what was happening. His current state of mind could be summed up with the following sentence: Shiet, I'm really getting married!

"I pray to God to give you two happiness." The priest gave his blessings to the newlyweds.

But the most important moment was finally approaching.

Song Shuhang stretched out his hand and gently lifted the veil decorated with pearls the bride was wearing— I really want to see who this woman is, the woman that has decided to marry me regardless of my state for the past four years!

Chapter 312: A series of pregnancies just by holding hands

When Song Shuhang lifted the veil, he saw a delicate small face that was very pale due to all the makeup. Anyway, she was indeed a beautiful woman, and although she had a valiant look in her eyes, her gentle features helped to mitigate this feeling.

After seeing her face, Song Shuhang was a bit confused—he had no memory of this girl. What was her real identity?

Song Shuhang found her face familiar, but he couldn't remember where he had seen her.

Wait, does she have something to do with the memories I lost on the mysterious island? Perhaps she is someone I met during those four years I don't remember anything of?

Although he was in deep thoughts, Song Shuhang kept lifting the veil slowly... Eh? There is something wrong...

Where is her hair?

Where was the hair of the bride? Although he had lifted the veil enough to uncover her ears, there was still no trace of her hair. Usually, shouldn't you see the long and pitch-black hair of the bride by this time?

There is indeed something wrong!

Song Shuhang kept lifting the veil slowly. Originally, one would lift the veil and hang it on the hair of the bride, making the spouse look even more beautiful.

But when Song Shuhang lifted the veil, there was no hair to hang it on. Therefore, he had no choice but to uncover her whole head.

In the next instant, a bald, shining head appeared in front of his eyes. When the lamps inside the church shone on the bald head, it refracted light in all directions, looking very dazzling.

Cough... no bright pitch-black hair?

Song Shuhang was flustered and grabbed the veil, covering half of the head of the bride.

The beautiful bride was very calm, and a mysterious smile was hanging on her face.

"Let's give our blessings to the newlyweds!" The priest took the lead and started to clap his hands. Afterward, all the friends and relatives applauded and gave their blessings to the couple too.

Song Shuhang's mind was completely blank at this moment. The shining bald head in front of his eyes was confusing his mind with the ray of light it was refracting, making him unable to concentrate.

But in the next moment, he had an epiphany.

Now, he remembered! He finally remembered where he had met his soon-to-be wife.

She was the same buddhist nun he met in Lady Onion's memories!

How come she suddenly appeared in front of me, and as my wife at that?! This must be a joke! I only saw her once, and it was inside a dream... Although Lady Onion and I enjoyed her body inside the dream, it was still a dream!

Anyway, what's happening? And why are we getting married? Author, who the hell wrote this chapter? Cut, cut, cut! This is like beating a dead horse!

...Ok, let's calm down first.

Did I meet her when I landed on the mysterious island?

From what he remembered, there was a string of karma linking him to Lady Onion, and Nine Lanterns who was at the time in the city in the sky.

Then, did I decide to spend my life with her while I was on the

mysterious island?

It must be something like that. Dammit, why did I lose all my memories? If there were some small fragments left behind, I wouldn't be in such a bad situation!

* * *

Song Shuhang's mind was in confusion, and from beginning to end, the soon-to-be wife—wait, more like 'already married wife'—didn't utter a word.

And just in this fashion, the wedding ceremony concluded.

Afterward, Song Shuhang and the wife entered the nuptial chamber under the escort of relatives and close friends—originally, the groom and the bride should offer toasts and the likes, but given Song Shuhang's current state, these parts were skipped.

So, we're going into the nuptial chamber?

It should be snu-snu time, right? But won't such a scene get censored? I've heard that rules have gotten pretty strict lately.

At this time, the wife said in a gentle voice, "Shuhang."

"Yes?" Song Shuhang replied stiffly.

"This is a very important moment, let's have a child." The wife's face was expressionless, but her cheeks were red; she seemed very embarrassed.

"Isn't it a bit too early for that? Having children is something that will affect our whole lives." Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva. "At the very least, I would like to know what happened in these past four years. For example, what happened between us on the mysterious island? You should be aware of the fact that I don't remember anything."

"This isn't a big deal. I have a lifetime to explain to you what happened. Come, hold my hand first." The wife took her white glove off and placed her hand in front of Shuhang.

"I have to hold your hand?" Song Shuhang was a bit confused but still took the hand of his wife.

"Yes. After you hold my hand, we'll be able to have a child," the wife replied.

"What?" Song Shuhang was baffled.

"This is the best way to proceed. Even if we go inside the nuptial chamber, all the action will be censored. The best thing to do is hold our hands, and that'll be enough to have a child," the wife said shyly. "Right, I want a boy first and a daughter next."

F~~~~~ck!

Song Shuhang felt that his head was about to explode.



Time... flew by?

In the blink of an eye, nine months had passed.

In this case, it happened literally 'in the blink of an eye." Song Shuhang blinked only once after holding the white and tender hand of his wife, and in the next instant, he was inside the delivery room of a hospital.

His wife was weakly lying on the bed and looking at him with a gentle gaze.

On the side, Papa Song and Mama Song had exaggerated smiles on their faces.

Mama Song smiled happily. "Shuhang, Husband, it's a boy. We have a grandson now."

"Indeed... look at the nose of the child, it's very similar to Shuhang's! His round face is also very cute!" Papa Song gently hovered his hand above the head of the baby, not daring to touch him for fear of harming him.

"..." Song Shuhang.

F~~~~~ck!



Time kept flying by.

After another blink of his eyes, Song Shuhang discovered that his son had grown up; he was two years old now. The boy was riding Song Shuhang piggyback and happily shouting.

Afterward, Shuhang stood absentmindedly in the courtyard and accompanied his son who was playing with bamboo leaves. On a side, his mysterious wife was smiling calmly.

At this time, she had grown black hair. It wasn't too long, but it still reached her shoulders and looked very pretty! This long hair reduced the valiant aura she was giving off and added a point of gentleness on her face.

"Shuhang," the calm wife said gently, "hold my hands again. This time, I want to give birth to a cute daughter."

"..." Song Shuhang.

Then, he steeled himself and stretched his arm out, firmly grabbing his wife's small hand.

Next, he blinked of his own volition.

Time flew by once more, and literally in the blink of an eye, nine months had passed.

He was once more inside a hospital, and his son, who was still riding him piggyback, was already three years old. At this time, he was curiously looking at his mother, who was lying in bed, with his bright and big eyes.

The wife lay on the bed weakly, her face full of happiness. "Shuhang, it's a daughter this time. Isn't she beautiful?"

"..." Song Shuhang.

On a side, Mama Song laughed happily. "It's a girl, it's a girl. We

have a granddaughter now."

"Good, good. We have a lovely granddaughter now. Hopefully, she won't be as mischievous as our grandson." Papa Song rubbed his hands and carefully gazed at the baby in Mama Song's arms.

F~~~~~ck!



Song Shuhang blinked once more, and this time, the time skip lasted three years.

His six years old son was already going to school, and his wife was making their three years old cute daughter wear pretty clothes. She tied her a long ponytail and made her wear a pair of lovely shoes. Their daughter was holding a balloon in her hand, happily playing in the courtyard.

The wife gently stood beside him. At this time, her hair had already reached the waist.

'It's not over yet?' Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh. Although he didn't know what was happening, he knew that there was something wrong with this world.

He tried to pinch his thigh secretly, but nothing happened. What he was experiencing wasn't a dream...

"Papa, Papa. Why do you look so unhappy?" At this time, his three years old cute daughter ran over and held Song Shuhang's leg. Then, she raised her head and looked at Song Shuhang with her sparkling eyes.

"Eh?" Song Shuhang looked at his daughter, somewhat confused.

"If you're unhappy, let Little Miao smile at you. Afterward, you should become happy right?" the daughter said while revealing a bright smile.

It was like the smile of a goddess!

Song Shuhang felt as though his body and mind had been healed.

He felt that as long as he had such cute children, he could keep living in this world even if it was full of strangeness!

It feels good to have a daughter.

Song Shuhang bent down and picked his daughter up.

Then, just as he was preparing to enjoy some quality time with his cute daughter, the world before his eyes went black.

In the next moment, he found himself in the middle of a familiar church.

Mama Song and Papa Song were also standing beside him; they had aged considerably.

Papa Song sighed with emotion. "Time sure flies by. In the blink of an eye, even Ren'er is getting married. I remember Shuhang's marriage as though it was yesterday."

Mama Song also sobbed. "Time is unforgiving. In just an instant, even Ren'er is about to have a child. We'll hold a great-grandson soon!"

Dammit, I was just about to enjoy some time with my cute daughter, how come there was a time skip and my son is getting married?! This time skip was too big—what about my cute little daughter!

Moreover, there is something wrong with what my mother said. Ren'er, who should be my son, is just getting married, right? How come they are already talking about holding a great-grandson? It makes no sense!

But very soon, Song Shuhang obtained his answer.

After his son Ren'er stepped on the red carpet and went toward the bride, who was currently in a pretty wedding dress, Song Shuhang noticed that her belly was bulging—his son got the bride pregnant first, and they were marrying only now!

F~~~~~ck!

Shuhang's wife held his trembling hands and flashed a gentle smile. At this time, her hair had grown very long, reaching her legs!

Chapter 313: Shaving her head and exchanging the gray robe for a white dress

He unexpectedly got the girl pregnant before marrying her... look if I don't give this boy a good beating after the wedding ceremony, Song Shuhang thought to himself.

After heaving a sigh, he entered the church with his wife, getting ready to attend his son's wedding.

But just as he took a step forward, his position shifted, and he found himself beside the 'bride'.

What happened? Why did I suddenly appear beside the bride? Shouldn't the father of the bride be standing here?

Song Shuhang shot a look at the bride and saw a grown-up version of his daughter, Little Miao. At this time, he was supporting her by the arm, and they were both walking on the red carpet with smiles plastered all over their faces.

Then, the door of the church opened, and a handsome man came in while passionately looking at his daughter, Little Miao.

F~~~~~ck!

In a mere instant, we went from my son getting married to my daughter getting married!

Dammit, who is this dirty pig eying my cute daughter Little Miao?! Boy, come here. I promise I won't kill you!

In the evening of the same day, Song Shuhang and his wife Nine Lanterns snuggled against each other inside a sleeping bag and cried copiously.

Song Shuhang was rather confused and couldn't understand why he was crying inside a sleeping bag...

When did I become so attached to this strange world? After all, haven't I only gone through a bunch of time skips?

However, he had no way to control his tears that kept flowing copiously. He felt as though he had really spent more than twenty years with these children of his before seeing them getting married.

This feeling was really strange.



"Buzz..."

Song Shuhang suddenly felt his head become heavier and his body trembled all over.

In the next instant, when he opened his eyes, he discovered that he was still squatting down in the corner of the temple. He was holding a buddhist scripture in his hands, and on top of this scripture were water marks left behind by tears...

Just what happened?

Song Shuhang quickly wiped his tears. The scene of a grown man squatting down in a corner and crying was just too disgraceful.

Was it a dream? But can a dream be so realistic and weird? Moreover, why did I dream about getting married to Nine Lanterns?

This was simply unscientific! Whether it was Soft Feather, Sixteen, or even his classmate Lu Fei, they were all more suitable than Nine Lanterns to become his brides!

Was it a strange phenomena caused by the string of karma attached to Lady Onion's body?

Song Shuhang quietly shot a glance toward Nine Lanterns, but she wasn't in the room at this time.

'Did she leave while I was dreaming?' Song Shuhang closed the book and sat on the ground, leaning against the wall and resting.

Why do I feel so tired? And why is my body aching?

Even after he rested for a while, Nine Lanterns didn't return. Song Shuhang was a little confused at the moment.

After pondering for a moment, he decided to look for Nine Lanterns in the back of the temple.



Inside a small room in the back of the temple.

Nine Lanterns stretched her hand and used it to cut her hair... the pitch-black hair that had grown till reaching her calf gently fell to the ground, sprinkling all over the floor.

Strands of hair fell one by one, and soon, she returned to being the bald buddhist nun Nine Lanterns.

After all her hair fell to the ground, she joined her palms together and chanted a scripture, "All phenomena are like an illusion, dew, and lightning..."

When she started to read the scripture aloud, a red hand appeared in front of her out of nowhere.

This red hand was holding an exquisite crystal ball.

On the crystal ball, something that resembled the river of time could be faintly seen... it seemed as though time and space were all within the grasp of this hand!

Many scenes were appearing one after another on the crystal ball—it was precisely the contents of Song Shuhang's dream!

His marriage, having a son and a daughter, aging with his wife, seeing his children getting married...

All these scenes... were they nothing but an illusion?

No, that wasn't the case.

Just from the fact that Nine Lanterns' hair had grown till reaching her calf, one could understand that it wasn't merely an

illusion.

Song Shuhang's tired and aching body could also confirm that it wasn't an illusion.

In that case, was it real? That wasn't the case either. After all, his son, Song Ren, and his daughter, Song Miao, weren't real entities.

Then, what had exactly happened?

Was it reality, or was it illusion?

What was certain was that this experience was vastly different from the 'illusory reality' unleashed by Seventh Stage Venerables, to the point that they were almost opposite concepts.

One could perhaps call this experience... a 'real illusion'?

Even Nine Lanterns, who had experienced it first-hand, couldn't properly explain what had happened. Her realm wasn't high enough.

"Your wishes from back then are completed. Do you understand now?" The dignified voice of a man echoed in Nine Lanterns' ear.

Nine Lanterns slightly lowered her eyes and said calmly, "Although I have completed those wishes, my understanding of things hasn't become clearer. On the other hand, I feel even more confused."

The man with a dignified voice heartily laughed and said, "Nine Lanterns, what a strange answer. Do you even know what I was referring to?"

Nine Lanterns replied with a smile, "I don't know for sure, but there is still something I was able to understand from his experience!"

After she said this much, the gray robe she was wearing fluctuated.

In the next instant, it disappeared and got replaced by a white dress. Her straw sandals also caught fire and were reduced to

ashes.

Nine Lanterns stepped into the air barefooted and golden lotuses appeared beneath her jade-white feet at each step, allowing her to walk in the air as though she was walking on earth.

Not a single speck of dust could dirty her feet!

Her strength had increased exponentially, and as long as she wanted, she could transform the Golden Core inside her body into a Spirit Lake, and after crossing the heavenly tribulation, she would finally break through the Sixth Stage True Monarch Realm!

However, Nine Lanterns wasn't in a hurry to break through.

She gently waved her hand and the long hair scattered on the ground suddenly caught fire, instantly changing into ashes.

At the same time, the red hand that had appeared in front of her also disappeared.

Then, she smiled and turned her head around.

And just as she turned around, Song Shuhang appeared at the entrance of the small room.

"Miss Nine Lanterns, I've finally found you. Eh...?" Song Shuhang looked at Nine Lanterns and blinked a few times.

He saw the picture of a fairy maiden in a white dress floating into the air, with her bare feet stepping on golden lotuses. Her overbearing stature created a sharp contrast with the golden lotuses and the white dress, making her appear pure and holy.

Unfortunately, it was a bald fairy maiden...

After seeing Nine Lanterns wearing this white dress... Song Shuhang unconsciously thought of the Nine Lanterns in the dream who was wearing a white wedding dress.

At this time, he wondered if he still dreaming and had yet to wake up...

"Do you find it attractive?" Nine Lanterns looked at Song Shuhang and narrowed her eyes, smiling brightly.

Song Shuhang gave her the thumbs up. "It's very pretty. You almost look like a different person with this white dress on. It's so dazzling that I almost got blinded."

"Ahahaha!" Nine Lanterns laughed loudly. "The term 'dazzling' seems very appropriate, I like it!"

Song Shuhang didn't say anything this time. He was somewhat used to Nine Lanterns' frequent brain convulsions by now...



"You have stayed on the Heavenly Island for quite some time," Nine Lanterns said. "At first, I was thinking to let you stay here for many days and act as a host, but now... my realm has advanced and I'm about to break through. I can't tend to a guest anymore."

"Miss Nine Lanterns, it doesn't matter. You've already helped me a lot, and I really don't know how to thank you for that! Since you're about to break through, I won't keep bothering you. I hope you can lead me to that mysterious place where I can seal my memories and leave." Song Shuhang didn't dare to use pleasantries to try to convince Nine Lanterns otherwise.

What if she really decided to let him stay here for a few more days...?

"Don't be in a hurry." Nine Lanterns faintly smiled. Then, she snapped her fingers and said, "Before you leave the island, I'll offer you a present provided by someone else. Take Lady Onion out of your pocket. 300 years ago, she stole a volume of the 'Buddhist Roaring Lion's Technique' from my hands, and now that your Mouth Aperture is about to open, this technique will come in handy. Lady Onion, hand over the technique so that I can teach it to Song Shuhang. At the same time, I can also give you one or two pointers."

Song Shuhang took Lady Onion out of his pocket.

Lady Onion was trembling all over as she produced a volume out of nowhere, handing it over to Nine Lanterns.

Song Shuhang silently gazed at the volume. This volume contained the Roaring Lion's Technique... a buddhist technique! Song Shuhang felt that the number of buddhist techniques in his possession kept increasing steadily!

But for the sake of opening his Mouth Aperture, he had to endure!

At worst, after reaching the Second Stage Realm, he would cleanse his soul by practicing daoist and scholarly techniques!



In the East China Sea, a huge whale was slowly moving on the surface of the sea.

"The formation is pointing southwest, huh? Song Shuhang must be in that direction!" Venerable White received the formation and pointed his finger southwest, saying, "Let go in that direction!"

The huge whale spurted out some steam and headed southwest, as though it had understood the meaning of Senior White's words.

"If I keep going in this direction, even if I don't find the mysterious island, I should be able to find Shuhang who is on the island," Venerable White muttered to himself.

Of course, if he could find the mysterious island itself, it would be even better. After all, he was very interested in that place!



At the time, on a lone island in the East China Sea.

A black-haired girl wearing a black dress was dashing forward at high speed. Her body was very agile, and she was jumping around in the forest of the island like a small cat.

In the rear, a bull-like stocky man was chasing after her. "Chu Chu, this island is so small and you have nowhere to run. Why don't you just surrender? After all, we three brothers are tenderhearted toward beautiful women, we might give you a way out of this predicament."

On the left side of this stocky man was another person with very long arms. This man somewhat resembled a monkey, and his speed in the forest was very quick, even faster than the nimble black-haired girl in the front.

On the right side was instead a wolf-like man that was running on the ground with his four limbs. He had a cold look on his face as he said in a grave tone, "Bull Two, enough with this nonsense! Let's separate and surround her; we can't let her escape and return to the Chu Family!"

If you pay someone, you can have them do the dirty work for you.

These three brothers had similarly received a payment and were now trying to stop this talented girl of the Chu Family from returning to her clan and participating in the competition on the 'Grievance Settling Platform'.

Chapter 314: The damaged Southern Heavenly Gate

The black-haired girl clenched her teeth and dashed forward.

The bull-like stocky man wasn't too quick-witted—although the island was small, the ocean was vast and boundless! Moreover, Chu Chu wasn't like those resentful spirits that were anchored to a place, she could leave the island without problems.

As long as she could leave the island and get into the sea, she was confident in escaping them by relying on her excellent swimming ability. While dashing toward the sea, Chu Chu tore part of her skirt off as to avoid getting hindered by it while running.

"Ape Four, stop her, quick!" the wolf-like man running on his four limbs bellowed.

Next, the man with long arms sped forward, quickly reducing the distance between him and Chu Chu.

However, he was still a tad slower than her.

Chu Chu closed in on the sea. Afterward, she jumped and submerged in the water like a beautiful mermaid, disappearing beneath the surface of the sea. Her swimming ability was indeed top-notch...

Although the three men chasing her could also swim, they were no match for Chu Chu's speed.

"What a pity, she managed to get into the water. We were so close to enjoying that little girl," Bull Two said while standing on the shore and picking his nose.

The wolf-like man gave him a supercilious look. He really didn't know how to deal with this idiotic Bull Two.

Next, he stretched out his hand and tapped on the communication device beside his ear, saying, "Shark Nine, Whale

Eight, that girl managed to run into the sea. Gather a few people and go catch her."

After saying this much, he tapped on the device once more to change the channel. "Fox Ten, preparations are complete; you should also get ready to go into action. We'll try to force that girl into a hopeless situation and give you a chance to befriend her and obtain the sword technique from her hands. Remember, you'll have only one opportunity."

They too were coveting the sword technique of the Chu Family.

Those guys from the 'Illusory Sword School' thought they had sealed all information off, but there were already quite a few sects and schools that knew about the Chu Family's sword technique. However, most of these sects and schools were very strong and had no use for this small sword technique.

As for the Illusory Sword School, it was precisely that small school that was trying to create difficulties for the Chu Family.



In the Heavenly Island, inside that beautiful sea of flowers with missing patches beside Nine Lanterns' temple.

"Roar~" The deafening roar of a lion echoed throughout the surrounding area. This roar was capable of intimating and scaring whoever listened to it.

This technique was precisely the <Buddhist Roaring Lion's Technique>.

Song Shuhang received a few pointers from Nine Lanterns and started to practice the technique. At this time, his roar already carried a hint of the demeanor of the king of the beasts.

Nine Lanterns sat cross-legged in midair, with two golden lotuses supporting her body. "Not bad. I barely taught you anything and you've already grasped the fundamentals of the technique. Now, you only need to practice diligently. Moreover, if you obtain an

innate skill after opening your Mouth Aperture, it should have a pretty good effect if you use it together with the Roaring Lion's Technique."

After saying this much, she shot a glance at the nearby Lady Onion, who was still stuck to the enlightenment stone. "Come, you should also give it a try."

A small mouth appeared on her green onion sprout. Afterward, she also roared, "Meow~"

"..." Song Shuhang.

"..." Nine Lanterns.

"Were you trying to act cute just now? What I taught you is the Roaring Lion's Technique; therefore, try to roar like a lion!" Nine Lanterns tried to keep her emotions under control. "Try once more. This time, be sure to roar as loudly as you can!"

On the enlightenment stone, Lady Onion swayed left and right, as though she was gathering power.

In the next instant, she opened her mouth and roared, "Meow, meow, meow~"

Bulging blue veins appeared on Nine Lanterns forehead.

"Stop fooling around, what I taught you is the Roaring Lion's Technique, not the Roaring Cat's Technique! If you dare to meow again, I'll pluck your green onion sprout! I'll give you one last chance, try to copy what Song Shuhang did and roar with all your strength!" Nine Lanterns threatened Lady Onion while wearing a scary smile on her face.

Lady Onion's body trembled all over.

Then, her green onion sprout swayed once more. This time, she seemed to have accumulated enough energy to perform the technique. "Meow, sob~ meow, sob~ sob, sob~"

Toward the end, Lady Onion had started to cry...

The bulging blue veins on Nine Lanterns forehead increased thricefold.

Seeing the situation, Song Shuhang tried to save Lady Onion. "Ahem. Miss Nine Lanterns, restrain your anger. Seeing Lady Onion's appearance, I don't think she's doing it on purpose. Maybe this technique isn't compatible with her? Moreover, she's still very small right now. Perhaps she'll be able to use it correctly once she reverts to her previous state?"

Nine Lanterns furrowed her brows. "Forget it. Lady Onion can learn the Roaring Lion's Technique from you later. I don't care anymore."

Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh and put Lady Onion and the enlightenment stone away.

Lady Onion was moved and was on the verge of tears.

Nine Lanterns beckoned with her hand and said, "Alright, you already understood the fundamentals of the Roaring Lion's Technique. Be sure to carefully practice it after leaving the island; it will be of great help in opening your Mouth Aperture."

After saying this much, she stood up and arrived in front of Song Shuhang by walking on the golden lotuses appearing beneath her feet at each step. Then, she stretched her hand toward Song Shuhang and said, "Come, it's time for you to leave the island."

Song Shuhang got excited immediately—he was finally going to leave the Heavenly Island.



Unknowingly, a huge red moon had appeared in the sky of the Heavenly Island.

Nine Lanterns pulled Song Shuhang's hand and stepped on the golden lotuses, rising into the sky with each step.

After each step, the golden lotuses beneath her feet would

disappear and reappear in the place she was about to step on.

Golden lotuses were blooming and withering with her each step.

So cool! Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Unfortunately, it was a buddhist technique, and you would turn bald if you kept using it. On the other hand, just how cool would be the scene of a scholarly man stepping in the air with golden lotuses blooming under their feet?

"Miss Nine Lanterns, are we headed toward the most mystical place on the island?" Song Shuhang asked.

To his understanding, it was time for him to seal his own memories.

But he was very curious as to why the seniors in the group had decided to seal their own memories before leaving the Heavenly Island.

What secret was the island hiding? Even the seniors in the group were willing to have their memories sealed to protect it...

"The place we're heading to is the real 'Heaven'," Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

The real 'Heaven'? Is it a place somewhere in the sky? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

While he was rising higher and higher in the sky, he saw a few black dots on the edge of the forest—it was the group of the old professor that had separated from them earlier.

"Miss Nine Lanterns, can I ask you a favor? Could you help those people come out? After all, the Heavenly Island is a very dangerous place, and it's very easy for a mortal to lose their life here," Song Shuhang asked Nine Lanterns a favor.

It was the best he could do to help those passengers. If Nine Lanterns was unwilling, there was nothing he could do.

"Don't worry. Mortals aren't in danger in this place. We usually

don't force mortals to leave. Only if they go into the ancient city and carry out the transaction in the Starry House will they be able to leave the island," Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

After hearing her reply, Song Shuhang was immediately relieved.

Afterward, the two of them kept rising higher and higher in the sky.

They kept going till they arrived in front of that huge red moon.

At this time, Song Shuhang discovered that the huge red moon in the sky was in truth the entrance to a long, long tunnel.

The insides of the tunnel were full of red light. Therefore, if one were to look at it from below, they would mistakenly believe that it was a circular red moon.

"Let's enter." Nine Lanterns took the lead and entered that red-colored passage.

Song Shuhang also entered the tunnel, since he was being led by the hand.

Speaking of which—Nine Lanterns has been holding my hand for quite some time now, she won't get pregnant, right?

Bleah, bleah, bleah!



After entering the tunnel and traveling for a hundred or so meters, Song Shuhang felt the scenery before his eyes brighten.

What appeared before his eyes was a paradise filled with magical mist and a myriad of glittering golden rays, and above the thick layer of clouds was a gigantic gate.

The gate was deep-green in color and seemed as though it was made of glass; it was shining very brightly, as though it had been adorned with precious stones!

There was also a signboard on top of the gate and three dazzling

words were engraved on it: Southern Heavenly Gate.

But these three words were written with two different handwritings.

The words till 'Southern Hea-' were written by one person, while the following '-venly Gate' was written by another person with different handwriting.

It almost seemed as though someone had cleaved the signboard in two and the missing part had been added later by a different person.

It wasn't only the signboard, the huge and magnificent gate also seemed to have been fixed several times.

It was easy to neglect at the first glance due to the blinding light the gate was emitting, but if you were to examine the gate closely, one would notice that it was damaged in many spots.

"The Southern Heavenly Gate? The same Southern Heavenly Gate of the Heavenly City in legends?" Song Shuhang turned his head around and looked at Nine Lanterns.

The Southern Heavenly Gate itself wasn't a big deal since there were tons of 'Southern Heavenly Gates' in China. However, the Southern Heavenly Gate Shuhang saw right now reminded him of the Southern Heavenly Gate of the legendary Heavenly City. Moreover, this place was called 'Heavenly Island'. Was it possible that this Heavenly Island was in truth the Heavenly City in legends that ruled over the whole world?

"This is indeed the Southern Heavenly Gate. However, we aren't in the Heavenly City you think of." Nine Lanterns looked at the dazzling gate before her eyes and sighed with emotion.

"Just... what's happening?" Song Shuhang asked while looking at the badly damaged and patched Southern Heavenly Gate.

"Each cultivator would ask the same question after coming here," Nine Lanterns replied.

Let alone cultivators, every man that knew about Chinese legends would ask this question, Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Nine Lanterns started with her explanation. "According to what a senior told me... the Heavenly City was blown to smithereens in the past. Anyway, the Heavenly City in legends and the Heavenly City I'm talking about are two completely different entities. The fact that this gate is also called 'Southern Heavenly Gate' is merely a coincidence."

Chapter 315: The conversation suddenly became serious

The Heavenly City was blown to smithereens?

Although Nine Lanterns said that this Heavenly City and the one mentioned in legends weren't the same, Shuhang was still shaken after hearing this sentence.

"How was it destroyed?" Song Shuhang asked out of curiosity. Since it was called Heavenly City, even if it wasn't as powerful as the Heavenly City in legends, it should have been still a huge influence, right? How could such a place be blown to smithereens?

Nine Lanterns replied, "There are many theories. Theory No. 1: The person who established the Heavenly City, the Heavenly Emperor, was researching a fearful magical technique. Later, the power of the technique went out of control, and the entire city was blown to smithereens. According to this theory, even the Heavenly Emperor himself was reduced to ashes during the explosion! Although the top-cultivators in the world think that someone as powerful as the Heavenly Emperor wouldn't die due to a mere explosion, the fact that the Heavenly Emperor hasn't shown himself since then is still true. Therefore, people started to think that something might have happened to him."

"..." Song Shuhang.

He carelessly made the city explode while researching a powerful magical technique? Couldn't he have conducted this research in a better place? This is as stupid as developing an atomic bomb in your courtyard, was this Heavenly Emperor trying to seek death?

"Theory No. 2: According to this theory, the Heavenly City was encircled and attacked by several powerful influences. Amongst these influences were the Netherworld Realm, the Beast Realm, the Ghost Realm, and several others. After being besieged from

several sides, the Heavenly City finally fell and was destroyed." Nine Lanterns raised two fingers as she explained.

Song Shuhang silently nodded. This theory actually made sense! Next, Shuhang imagined a scene where monsters, demons, ghosts, evil spirits, and beasts were besieging the Heavenly City. At last, the Heavenly City fell under the attack of the enemy. What a shocking scene!

"Theory No. 3: According to this theory, the current Will of the Heavens plotted against the Heavenly City, and the city was blown to smithereens in the span of a night. The previously bustling city vanished into thin air in a mere instant." Nine Lanterns raised the third finger.

After saying this much, she narrowed her eyes and asked, "Then, which of the three theories do you find more reasonable?"

Song Shuhang shook his head and replied honestly, "Miss Nine Lanterns, I was an ordinary boy not too long ago, and I've been cultivating only for a few months. I don't even know what the Heavenly City is. I'm afraid I can't answer your question."

"What a party pooper. Can't you casually guess?" Nine Lanterns said as she finally let Song Shuhang's hand go.

At this time, Song Shuhang discovered that the cloud beneath his feet was actually solid and that he could stand on it without falling down.

After taking a few steps on the cloud out of curiosity, he thoughtlessly replied, "It's pointless to make a casual guess... moreover, rather than the three theories, I'm more interested in this 'current Will of the Heavens' you mentioned in the third theory. If there is a 'current' Will of the Heavens, is there a 'previous' one too?"

The 'Will of the Heavens' represented the ultimate truth, the origin of things, the noumenon, the law, the principle of things,

and so on. It was the principle and foundation of all the things in the universe. It also had a very close relation to cultivation in general.

However, could something like the Will of the Heavens be divided into 'current' and 'previous'?

If the 'Will of the Heavens' was frequently changing, how could cultivators even cultivate?

To explain it with an example: If you want to reach immortality today, you'd have to eat a watermelon. But the next day, the rule would change and you could reach immortality only by eating a pumpkin. The day after it would change again and now you had to eat a wax gourd to reach immortality. Wouldn't cultivators go insane if this were to happen?

"The Will of the Heavens is eternal and never changing. However, the Wielder of the Will has changed several times during the course of history." Nine Lanterns looked ahead and said calmly, "The goal of us cultivators is to reach immortality. After practicing to the peak and suppressing all the cultivators in the universe, one would carry the Will of the Heavens and become the Wielder of the Heavens' Will and the ruler of all. From that moment, they would surmount immortality and become eternal and everlasting. You can say that they would become the embodiment of the Will of the Heavens itself!"

Somewhat confused, Song Shuhang asked, "Since the Wielder of the Will is eternal and everlasting, how come it changed several times during the course of history?"

Nine Lanterns shrugged her shoulders and said, "I don't know either. I'm just telling you what I heard from a senior. The more quick-witted you are, the more things you will understand."

Song Shuhang nodded and asked about another thing, "Then, why would the current Wielder of the Will decide to destroy the Heavenly City?"

Nine Lanterns smiled happily. "This is a good question! Now, you're finally asking questions pertaining to the conversation. What you said earlier was rather unpredictable and almost threw me off. You really pushed me into a corner, you know? Sorry, I had to let out these pent-up feelings."

"..." Song Shuhang.

"Cough. Now then, you asked why the current Wielder of the Will would want to deal with the Heavenly City, right? At the time, the strongest influence amongst the world of cultivators was exactly the Heavenly City, and if one wanted to deal with cultivators, they had to attack their strongest foothold." Nine Lanterns sighed with emotion.

"Deal with cultivators and attack the Heavenly City? For what reason?" Song Shuhang furrowed his brows and suddenly thought of something. "Is it possible that the current Wielder of the Will isn't a cultivator?"

Aside from cultivators, this world had other existences, such as monsters, demons, ghosts, etc.

If the current Wielder of the Will wasn't a cultivator and even had a grudge against them, it was reasonable for him to attack the Heavenly City.

"Your brain works pretty fast, huh," Nine Lanterns said with a bitter expression. "You guessed the right answer so easily that my happy feelings were reduced by at least 80%."

"I'm sorry," Song Shuhang immediately apologized.

"Anyway, your guess is correct. The current Wielder of the Will isn't a cultivator. Even up to this day, we are unaware of the origin, race, or affiliation of this new Wielder of the Will. The previous Wielder of the Will, who was friendly toward cultivators, 'retired' overnight and was replaced by the current one. By the way, this change in authority took place in remote times, but those old

seniors that survived the ordeal always have a bitter and painful expression on their face when the topic is brought up," Nine Lanterns said, somewhat depressed.

Song Shuhang rubbed his temples.

Why did this conversation suddenly turn so serious?

This situation was somewhat similar to that of an employee that was giving his all and working overtime to please his boss and get a promotion, and the boss also appreciated this hard-working employee of his. But in the next days, just when the employee was getting ready to enjoy his bright future, the old boss would be suddenly replaced with a new one that hated the employee to the core.

Moreover, Song Shuhang was just a small cultivator of the First Stage; knowing this big secret shocked him quite a bit!



While explaining these matters of the past, Nine Lanterns led Song Shuhang through the Southern Heavenly Gate.

After entering the gate, Song Shuhang saw a boundless sea of clouds. Amongst the sea of clouds were many 'drifting' palaces. However, in most cases it was only the foundation that'd been laid down, the upper part had yet to be built.

"This place is the real 'Heaven', and that powerful senior resides inside that bronze palace at the end." Nine Lanterns pointed toward the depths of the sea of clouds, in the direction of the huge bronze palace.

"Heaven Island... Heavenly City... Miss Nine Lanterns, is it possible that you're trying to rebuild the Heavenly City?" Song Shuhang asked.

Song Shuhang was quite sure of his guess. If one were to see this scene, they would immediately guess what Nine Lanterns and the senior behind her were trying to do!

"Yes, we're indeed trying to rebuild the Heavenly City," Nine Lanterns replied honestly. It was something she would have to tell him sooner or later.

After leaving the Heavenly Island, Song Shuhang's memories would be temporarily sealed. And in the future, if he were to make a certain decision, the seal would come undone automatically, allowing him to visit the island again.

At that time, Song Shuhang would have the opportunity to become a member of the Heavenly Island.

"I see. Since you can't let the current Wielder of the Will know that you're rebuilding the Heavenly City, all cultivators that leave this place have to seal their memories. Is that right?" Song Shuhang guessed.

"It's not so simple," Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

This information alone wasn't enough to convince them to seal their memories.

After all, a memory seal could easily damage their minds, making it very difficult for them to advance their realm in the future.

"The reconstruction of the Heavenly City is something that concerns the future of every cultivator. If you want to know more about it, you can ask the senior yourself," Nine Lanterns said as she brought Song Shuhang toward the palace.

In the next instant, Song Shuhang felt as though he had passed through an invisible barrier and entered another world.

"An illusory reality!" Song Shuhang blurted out.

He was familiar with this feeling because he felt the same way whenever he had entered Venerable White's illusory reality.

"Yes, it's indeed an illusory reality. It seems you have come in contact with a cultivator of the Seventh Stage," Nine Lanterns said with a faint smile. "Moreover, this illusory reality was one of the

greatest secrets of the Heavenly City back in those days."

While speaking, they kept going forward and arrived in front of the gate of the ancient bronze palace.

Song Shuhang took a deep breath.

Next, he made up his mind... he decided that he wouldn't talk or ask too many questions after entering the ancient palace. He would merely have his memories sealed and leave the island.

He felt that knowing more about this matter would only bring him troubles.



Meanwhile, in that big forest in the Heavenly Island.

The old professor bent down and cut some tree leaves cautiously before putting them in his bosom. He seemed very satisfied.

But right at this time, a huge earthworm-like monster drilled out from the ground and opened its mouth wide, biting towards the old professor.

Fresh blood spurted out... and the old professor cried out again and again.

The other passengers were scared to death and held each other tightly, screaming and crying.

And just when the old professor was about to die, blazing light covered his entire body. After an instant, his body turned into particles of light and disappeared.

This was the third method to leave the Heavenly Island—if you were to 'die', you would be automatically sent home. Moreover, you would also receive a powerful healing spell as a complimentary gift while leaving the island, filling your entire body with vigor and energy.

Of course, you would have to pay a small fee in exchange for this healing spell. After all, the Heavenly Island was a place where the

'equivalent exchange' reigned supreme.

This was the reason Nine Lanterns said that mortals weren't in danger in this place.

Chapter 316: Sorry, wrong page!

After approaching the ancient bronze palace, Song Shuhang felt a bone-piercing cold. However, it wasn't the weather, but the cold-type spiritual energy surrounding the place that caused this sensation.

The qi and blood energy inside Song Shuhang's apertures started to churn on its own to ward off the cold. Song Shuhang immediately felt a little more comfortable.

Nine Lanterns took a step forward and pushed the door of the palace open. Immediately after, a gust of cold mist blew against their faces. Shuhang felt as though he had stepped into a freezer.

Song Shuhang's entire body was shivering. He activated the qi and blood in his body and tried to resist the cold. "It's very cold in here."

Is the senior inside this ancient bronze palace specialized in ice-type techniques? The whole palace feels like a huge freezer...

"This place is always like this. If anything, you're lucky that it's warmer than usual today. The last time I came here, the entire area was already covered with a layer of ice." Nine Lanterns stepped on the golden lotuses and arrived in front of Song Shuhang. Afterward, she gently waved her hand and split the cold mist ahead of them in two. "Come, let's enter."

With Nine Lanterns in the front to ward off the cold, Song Shuhang felt much better.

The insides of the palace were full of cold mist, and the visibility was extremely low.

The cold mist contained a large amount of spiritual energy, and even someone like Song Shuhang who had opened his Eye Aperture couldn't see farther than three meters ahead. Therefore, he had no choice but to follow Nine Lanterns closely. Otherwise, if

he were to get lost inside this palace, he would turn into a chunk of ice, freezing to death.

"We're here." Nine Lanterns' voice echoed from ahead.

At this time, she had stopped in front of a small platform.

"Achoo~ achoo~" Song Shuhang sneezed a few times and hugged himself to resist the cold.

"Open your mouth," Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

Song Shuhang opened his mouth obediently, and soon after, a medicine pill entered his mouth. After swallowing the pill, he felt his body become warmer and unknowingly let out a groan.

Afterward, he asked, "What kind of medicine pill was that?"

"It's the cold resisting pill. It's not really a medicine pill, but it can come in handy if you're exploring cold secret realms or immortal caves," Nine Lanterns said.

Song Shuhang couldn't help but shoot a resentful gaze at her. "Miss Nine Lanterns, if you had this incredible pill, why didn't you give it to me earlier? I almost froze to death!"

"Ahaha, I really like the expression 'froze to death!'" Nine Lanterns gave Song Shuhang thumbs up.

"Anyway, if I were to give you the pill earlier, you would regret it." Nine Lanterns pointed at the mass of cold mist and said, "Although this mist can indeed freeze you to death, it's also pretty good to temper your body. And the spiritual energy inside the mist has a great enhancing effect on your physique. Young man, only through hardships can you rise to the top!"

"Achoo~ achoo~" Song Shuhang didn't even have the time to reply as he sneezed another two times. Although he had taken that pill and his body had become warmer, he still had to face the bone-piercing cold.

Song Shuhang shot a glance toward the place the cold air was

coming from—without him noticing, a figure wearing a white robe had appeared on the small platform three meters away from him.

The wide white robe completely covered the body of this person, while an exquisite metallic mask covered their face. Except for their two hands, nothing else was visible.

Song Shuhang unconsciously looked at the hands of this person. One hand was as white as jade, and the other crimson red.

"Little friend, I hope you'll excuse me for the low temperature of this place." The dignified voice of a man came from beneath the metallic mask. This person was the senior Nine Lanterns mentioned earlier.

At this time, a white rabbit with long fur drilled out from behind the figure of the man. The man squatted down and picked the white rabbit up, lightly caressing it with his white hand.

"Hello, Senior," Song Shuhang said while curiously looking at the metallic mask on the man's face. This mask had a great attraction to Shuhang, making him feel the urge to lift it and look at the senior's appearance.

The nearby Nine Lanterns gently patted Song Shuhang shoulder. "Youth, don't stare at that mask for too long. This senior has already peeked at the secret of immortality; if you stare at him for too long, you would be influenced by him even when he is wearing a mask. This might negatively impact your will as a cultivator."

This senior has already peeked at the secret of immortality? Song Shuhang knew from Nine Lanterns' explanation that the highest level a cultivator could reach was the Immortal Realm. After that, one could only carry the Will of the Heavens and become the eternal and everlasting Wielder of the Will!

Only one person at a time could become the Wielder of the Will, and unless the old wielder didn't disappear, a new one would not arise. Therefore, the Immortal Realm could be considered as

highest realm an ordinary cultivator could reach.

This powerful senior before his eyes had already come in contact with the secret of immortality, and although he hadn't reached the Immortal Realm yet, one could still understand how terrifying his strength was.

Song Shuhang quickly averted his gaze and didn't look at the face of the senior anymore.

"Little friend Shuhang, forgive me for not showing you my face." The powerful senior's dignified voice echoed once more. Afterward, he tried his best to sound as gentle as possible and asked, "Is fellow daoist Scarlet Heaven doing well?"

"Senior, are an acquaintance of Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven?" Song Shuhang looked at this powerful senior, somewhat surprised.

"Although there is a huge difference in age between fellow daoist Scarlet Heaven and me, we can still be considered good friends. I saw that you inherited his special Flaming Saber Technique. Is he still active in the mortal world?"

"He should be," Song Shuhang replied. He knew from Lady Onion and Li Tiansu's memories that he planted Lady Onion 300 years ago and took Li Tiansu as a disciple in an unknown ancient era.

The powerful senior nodded slightly and didn't ask further. As long as he knew that his old friend was still around and doing fine, it was all good.

Scarlet Heaven chose a completely different path for him, but there were myriads of paths that one could take while walking on the Great Way, and there was no telling which one was correct and which one wrong.



Afterward, the powerful senior sat cross-legged on the ground and placed the white rabbit on his lap, saying to Song Shuhang, "Little friend Shuhang, after coming here, you must have guessed

that we're trying to rebuild the Heavenly City, right?"

Song Shuhang nodded.

"In that case, you must be also wondering why we're placing ourselves at risk and trying to rebuild the Heavenly City under the nose of the new Wielder of the Will, right?" the powerful senior asked.

After hearing this much, Song Shuhang shook his head fiercely—after all, curiosity killed the cat!

Therefore, he didn't want to know more about this story. He just wanted to have his memories sealed and get the hell out of this place, continuing to lead his happy life with Senior White, Doudou, and the small monk.

But just as he was shaking his head, two snow-white hands grabbed his head and started to move it up and down, making him nod a few times.

It was Nine Lanterns.

No! I don't want to listen! Sometimes, too much knowledge can be dangerous!

Song Shuhang struggled with all his might. However, the difference in strength between was too big, and in the end, he wasn't able to break free from Nine Lanterns' grip.

"It's a nod! Very good, I'll tell you in detail why we took such a large risk and decided to rebuild the Heavenly City!" The powerful senior sounded very pleased.

Hey, hey... powerful senior, have you gone blind? Can't you see that someone is holding my head and forcing me to nod?! Song Shuhang ridiculed in his heart—he didn't say it out loud because this senior would likely turn a deaf ear anyway, ignoring him. It seemed that he was hellbent on giving him a thorough course about the 'sneaky reconstruction of the Heavenly City'.

Moreover, he wanted to impart this knowledge by force.

"This part of your memory will be sealed in a while. Therefore, you might as well listen to the explanation of the powerful senior. Over the course of the year, he can explain things to visitors only a few times, and if they too refused to listen, he might really go insane." Nine Lanterns laughed and said to Song Shuhang via secret sound transmission, "Once you're done listening to his explanation, you might receive something good. And if you can throw away your dignity and chat with him on own initiative and clap a few times, you'll gain something even better."

After saying this much, Nine Lanterns released Song Shuhang's head and sat crossed-legged on her golden lotus, hovering on Shuhang's right side.

I'll receive some benefits if I coordinate with this senior? Song Shuhang thought to himself. These 'benefits' Nine Lanterns was talking about shouldn't be too bad, right? If he could really obtain some good benefits, he had no use whatsoever for something as useless as dignity!

Moreover, he would forget everything, and upon waking up, he would recover his dignity again.

"Cough, cough." At this time, the powerful senior on the platform cleared his throat.

This scene reminded Song Shuhang of those team leaders that would go on stage during school activities at the start of their performance. After coughing twice, they would say something like: I'm here to say a few words.

"I just want to say a few words." As expected, the powerful senior used a similar sentence.

"..." Song Shuhang.

"First, I would like to ask you a question—do you know why all cultivation techniques, regardless of their type, can only be

practiced till the Ninth Stage Tribulation Transcender Realm and never to the Immortal Realm?" the powerful senior said in a grave tone while stroking the fur of the white rabbit.

"..." Song Shuhang remained silent.

After a short moment, he said, "Senior, you're asking this question to the wrong person. I'm just a small cultivator of the First Stage that has yet to learn techniques of the Second Stage... therefore, I've got no idea about how a technique of the Ninth Stage looks like."

After hearing this much, the powerful senior was stunned.

Soon after, he stretched his hand and started to flip... air? It seemed as though he was flipping the pages of an invisible book.

"Cough, cough. This is rather embarrassing. I actually read the text of the wrong page. I was supposed to ask this question to cultivators of the Sixth Stage or above." The powerful senior coughed and flipped several pages of the invisible book.

Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide—the wrong page?

Senior... you looked so profound and mysterious, but you were actually reading the text of a book? It is really so hard to use your own words?!

"Cough, cough. Anyway, how about guessing the answer of the previous question?" The powerful senior tried to save some face as he asked Shuhang.

"A guess?" Song Shuhang held his chin. Did all the people on the Heavenly Island like to make others guess things?

After pondering for a moment, Song Shuhang replied, "Alright. If I only have to guess—is it possible that you can't practice a technique to the Immortal Realm because you need to 'realize' something instead of just performing a series of fixed movements?"

Chapter 317: The size-reducing purse made from the shed skin of the Little Finger Snake

"For example, let's say there is a peerless sword technique with eight styles. Although everyone believes there are eight styles, only seven are listed on the scroll used to pass the technique down. Hence, the practitioner has to rely on the first seven styles and their own intuition to create their custom-made eighth style," Song Shuhang guessed.

Although he hadn't seen a cultivation technique of the Ninth Stage, he had read a lot of cultivation-related novels, fantasy novels, and watched many movies! Song Shuhang felt that he was very knowledgeable in this field.

"..." After a short pause, the powerful senior said, "Forget it, pretend I didn't ask that question."

Afterward, he flipped through the pages of the invisible book and started to read the text aloud—since Song Shuhang already knew about the book, there was no need to hide it anymore!

"..." Song Shuhang.

Senior, you were too direct. I came up with that answer with great difficulty, and you dismissed it like that... you hurt my feelings!

"Cough. Cultivation techniques can't go past the Ninth Stage Tribulation Transcender Realm because the Ninth Stage is already the limit of cultivators. If the Will of the Heavens didn't have a wielder already, all Tribulation Transcenders would fight among themselves to decide who would carry the Will of the Heavens!

Amongst them, only the one capable of defeating all the others, becoming unparalleled in the world, would be able to carry the Will of the Heavens and become the new Wielder of the Will, eternal and everlasting. In other words, after the Ninth Stage, one

could only become the Wielder of the Heavens' Will itself!

But here comes the problem... what if there was already another Wielder of the Will present? In that case, since only one person at a time could carry the Will of the Heavens, the others could only stop at the Tribulation Transcender Realm. Although a cultivator of the Ninth Stage was already incredibly powerful and could live up to tens of millions of years, they weren't immortals; they would die once their time was up!" the powerful senior said vehemently. Song Shuhang believed that he would have been already drowning in saliva if the senior wasn't wearing a mask.

Senior, you're only reading a book! Still, it's praiseworthy that he can get so excited while reading something he's probably read countless times already!

Although he was thinking this in his heart, Song Shuhang had a very excited expression on his face and even clapped his hands—dignity was useless after all. You could easily throw it away if there was a need to.

As the saying goes: If it's dignity, you can recover it after a good sleep.

Speaking of sleep, Song Shuhang shot a glance at Nine Lanterns.

Nine Lanterns had a solemn expression on her face as she was sitting on the golden lotuses; she looked holy and beautiful in that white dress. However, Song Shuhang could see that her eyes lacked focus and drool had started to leak from her mouth.

This was the wondrous trash-level skill—Open Eyes Sleeping Technique. At this time, Nine Lanterns was sleeping soundly.

When she held my head earlier and made me nod forcefully, she was trying to send me into a trap, right? She even told me to clap my hands so that she could peacefully sleep while I was keeping the powerful senior busy...

Song Shuhang had made an unexpected discovery...



Meanwhile, after seeing that Song Shuhang was clapping his hands, the powerful senior got even more excited.

"Therefore, all those ancient Tribulation Transcenders started to look for a way to increase their realm of one step and become 'immortals'. Their object wasn't to become eternal and everlasting like the Wielder of the Will, but to reach immortality and obtain an unlimited lifespan.

In the end, those ancient Tribulation Transcenders researched many ways and those that were extremely powerful and capable of carrying the Will of the Heavens found their own way to immortality. In normal circumstances, all these extremely powerful Tribulation Transcenders would have fought amongst themselves to become the embodiment of the Will of the Heavens! One of those people would be my old friend Scarlet Heaven. In my life, I've only seen a small number of people that were strong and talented enough to carry the Will of the Heavens, and he's definitely one of them. When he was still an Eighth Stage Profound Sage, Scarlet Heaven had already found his way to immortality. Unfortunately, the methods developed by these extremely powerful Tribulation Transcenders to reach immortality were suitable only for themselves."

After saying this much, the powerful senior closed the invisible book and prepared to give the final speech.

"As for me... my talent couldn't be compared to that of those people, and even after spending God knows how many years trying, I wasn't able to find my own way to immortality. At last, I set my eyes on the Heavenly City.

After hearing this much, you might have started to realize it. The Heavenly City was precisely the Heavenly Emperor's way to reach immortality! The Heavenly Emperor created the whole structural frame of the city by merging countless natural treasures with an

illusory reality. Afterward, many powerhouses of the Seventh Stage Venerable Realm and above that had pledged allegiance to the Heavenly Emperor used their illusory reality to help him complete the structural frame of the city.

With the illusory reality, you can create the illusion of an object. However, this object is also at the same time somewhat real. After the structural frame of the Heavenly City was completed, it became an existence separated from the rest of the world; it became an independent realm that wasn't influenced by the Will of the Heavens. After cutting off the interference of the Will of the Heavens, the Heavenly Emperor finally finished developing his way to immortality. But he wasn't the only one to benefit from it; all the powerful cultivators that had pledged allegiance to him also had the opportunity to come in contact with the secret of immortality and gained the qualifications to reach the Immortal Realm in the future. To be honest, the Heavenly Emperor really deserves to be known as the Number One cultivator throughout the ages besides the Wielder of the Heavens' Will himself. His way to reach immortality wasn't limited only to himself, but it could also be shared with others. He and the Heavenly City were like one entity. The greater the number of powerful cultivators that joined the Heavenly City, the greater would become the strength of the Heavenly Emperor himself!"

After saying this much, the powerful senior caressed the white rabbit in his hands and sighed deeply.

"They all had the opportunity to come in contact with the secret of immortality?" Song Shuhang couldn't help but shoot a glance at the powerful senior.

The powerful senior looked at Song Shuhang and laughed. "You listened carefully. Anyway, I was indeed a dweller of the Heavenly City a long time ago, and I was lucky enough to come in contact with the secret of immortality when I was a Seventh Stage Venerable. After all, the Heavenly City was destroyed overnight—

as a consequence, many denizens of the city weren't there at the time and managed to avoid the calamity and survive. I'm precisely one of them. However, none of us knows how the Heavenly City was destroyed."

Song Shuhang nodded in understanding.

Since he was previously a denizen of the Heavenly City, it wasn't strange that this senior would try to carry out the incredibly difficult task of rebuilding the city after getting his hands on one of the fragments.

At this time, Nine Lanterns wiped the drool from the mouth and said, "Is the explanation over?"

"Did you sleep well?" the powerful senior said. However, he copied Song Shuhang's voice while saying so!

Song Shuhang couldn't help but touch his throat. If not for the fact that he didn't even open his mouth, Song Shuhang would have really thought that it was him speaking.

"Hm, I had a good sleep," the sleepy Nine Lanterns unconsciously replied after hearing Song Shuhang's voice.

But after replying, she returned to her senses.

She quickly turned her head just to see Song Shuhang touching his throat with a strange expression on his face. Nine Lanterns expression immediately turned ugly and she turned her head, looking at the powerful senior with a pitiful expression.

"Hehe, too late." The powerful senior laughed lightly.

Then, he just flickered his finger, and a bullet of invisible energy hit Nine Lanterns.

"Aaaaah~" Nine Lanterns called out pitifully as she was sent flying at high speed. Her figure quickly disappeared from the ancient bronze palace.

"This girl always forgets she is not allowed to sleep during my

lecture! She never learns from her mistakes," the powerful senior muttered.

Song Shuhang secretly swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

"Alright, young man. The lecture is over, and it's time for you to leave the island." The powerful senior stood up and picked the white rabbit up. Soon after, he took out a scroll with rune-like writings on it and gave it to Song Shuhang.

After receiving the scroll, Song Shuhang asked, "Is this the technique to seal one's memories?"

In the instant he took the scroll, a bright light flashed on his face.

The runes on the scroll split into many smaller runes that rushed inside his head. The combination of these runes would give birth to the memory sealing technique. However, these were currently awaiting activation, and only after Song Shuhang personally activated them would they seal his memories.

"These runes will allow you to seal your memories. There is also a special condition incorporated that will allow you to undo the seal. Anyway, after you activate the technique, you'll forget all the matters regarding the Heavenly Island," the powerful senior explained. "As for whether you'll be able to satisfy the necessary condition and undo the seal, it's mostly up to fate.

Lastly, here is a reward for listening to my lecture for so long. Give me the snakeskin of the Little Finger Snake, I'll personally make a small size-reducing purse for you," the powerful senior said with a laugh.

After hearing this much, Song Shuhang's eyes immediately lit up.

He finally received a reward after listening to the lecture of this senior for so long. Although he had obtained the shed skin of the Little Finger Snake, looking for someone that was capable of manufacturing a size-reducing purse wasn't an easy matter. Moreover, he would need to spend a lot of money for it. Hence, he

was unlikely to get his hands on a size-reducing purse in the near future.

Therefore, he was very happy when the powerful senior offered to solve this problem for him.

Song Shuhang quickly took out the case Nine Lanterns gave him and handed it over to the powerful senior.

The powerful senior took out the shed skin of the Little Finger Snake and joined his palms together.

Then, the white rabbit with long fur spat out some material from its mouth that merged together between the palms of the senior.

Magic runes flashed in the palms of the senior one after another.

Soon after, the powerful senior stretched his hand out, and a cute rabbit-shaped purse appeared on his palm.

"It's had been a long time since I've created these kinds of low-level magical treasures; I'm a bit out of practice." The powerful senior gave the rabbit-shaped purse to Song Shuhang, his face very satisfied. "There is a formation on its left ear, and if you hold it and pour qi and blood energy inside, you'll be able to shrink all the object you touch with the purse."

Song Shuhang took the purse with his trembling hands.

"Senior... why does it have the shape of a rabbit?" Song Shuhang asked cautiously. If possible, he wanted to exchange it for a crocodile-shaped purse.

It wasn't a problem for a man to go around with a purse; the problem was to go around with a cute rabbit-shaped purse!

"Because rabbits are very cute and I like them," the powerful senior said solemnly.



In the East China Sea, above the huge whale.

"I've finally found some clues!" Venerable White's eyes suddenly lit up.

Chapter 318: Fellow Daoist, wait a moment!

"As expected, as long as I'm serious about it, I can definitely find the mysterious island!" Venerable White said full of confidence.

After following the direction pointed out by the divination technique, Senior White arrived at a certain place in the East China Sea. After pondering for a moment, he stretched his hand out and pricked the void, trying to reach the coordinates of the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique on Song Shuhang's arm.

Venerable White tried to grab at Song Shuhang's position.

However, Shuhang was in a strange state right now. It felt as though he wasn't in the real world but some illusory place instead.

"This feeling... is it an illusory reality?" Venerable White muttered.

In other words, there was someone on the island that was a Seventh Stage Venerable, if not stronger. Through the coordinates of the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique, Venerable White could faintly induce Song Shuhang's state. At this time, he seemed calm and uninjured.

"Now then, how can I reach Song Shuhang?" Venerable White thought a bit and immediately remembered the disposable flying swords that disappeared while chasing after Song Shuhang.

At that time, Doudou and the small monk were blocked by the barrier protecting the mysterious island, but the two disposable flying swords were able to bypass it and get on the other side.

Perhaps he could use a disposable flying sword to create a path that would lead him to Song Shuhang's side...

And given Venerable White's strength, he was indeed capable of following the flying sword and finding an opportunity to pass through the barrier together with it.

It wouldn't hurt to give it a try, right?

However, Senior White was in the middle of the sea right now. Where would he find a tree branch to manufacture a disposable flying sword?

Perhaps he could try to look for other materials and use those to manufacture the flying sword.

Venerable White looked all around, trying to look for something to use instead of the tree branch... and it was exactly at this point that he saw a figure in a white suit with hands crossed behind their back and feet stepping on a tree branch, elegantly riding the wind and cleaving through waves.



My code name is Fox Ten.

I belong to a mysterious organization specialized in handling all kinds of troublesome matters. Killing, kidnapping, swindling, and so on are like our daily bread. However, I rarely kill since I'm in charge of another set of tasks inside the organization. For example, replacing a person and fulfilling their wife's wish, getting her pregnant. Or tricking little girls into bearing my children and so on. I'm very skilled at dealing with such matters.

Today, Wolf One gave me the task to trick a girl.

She's Chu Family's little talent, Chu Chu, and she's carrying the volume of an ancient sword technique with her.

I have to coordinate with Whale Eight and Shark Nine and play the role of the hero, rescuing Chu Chu from the hands of the duo. Afterward, I'll use my best techniques and trick her into giving me that ancient sword technique.

To complete my mission, I've come to the East China Sea.

Thereupon, I decided to enter the scene in the coolest way possible.

I wore my favorite white suit and decided to use a tree branch as a surfboard, riding the wind and cleaving through waves.

Unfortunately, I can't ride a flying sword yet. Otherwise, I would have been even cooler!

However, entering the scene while sailing the across the weaves is still quite cool!

I'm Fox Ten, do you want to bear my beautiful children? Please contact me, I'll be happy to bestow upon you my exquisite genes.

Eh? What's that thing in the front? Is that a whale? Above the whale are also a beautiful girl, a small monk, and a pekingese?

Is that beautiful girl looking at me?

Her eyes are beautiful, they are like an oasis for a thirsty traveler in the desert.

As expected, a handsome man like myself will draw attention wherever he goes.

"Fellow Daoist, wait a moment!" Oh, that beautiful girl called me. It seems she wants to have me as a guest?

Unfortunately, I can't keep you company today.

Better stroke my hair with my hand, I'll look even more handsome if I do that.

Goodbye, beautiful girl.

If I didn't have this mission to complete, I would have gladly accompanied you and let you bear my children. The best I can do is assume the most dashing pose possible and let you remember it forever.

Eh? Wait, how come I can't move anymore?

Eh? My body is being drawn toward that beautiful girl on its own?



Venerable White's luck was unrivaled.

'This guy riding a tree branch came just at the right time. Moreover, it's even my favorite type of tree branch, the branch of a willow tree.' After seeing the other party, Venerable White stretched his hand out and made a grabbing motion with his palm.

In the next moment, the man in a white suit and the tree branch below his feet were seized by an invisible force and brought over to Senior White's position.

Fox Ten opened his eyes wide—the situation wasn't looking too good; he had met a powerful expert!

"Bang!" Fox Ten disorderly fell in front of Venerable White, rolling several times on the back of the huge whale. Fox Ten kept his eyes on Venerable White while maintaining a half-kneeling position and put a hand on his belt—his belt was in truth a flexible sword coiled around his waist.

"Fellow Daoist, what is your name?" Venerable White asked with a faint smile.

Fox Ten swallowed a mouthful of saliva. At first, he was planning not to reply, but after seeing Senior White's smile, he fell in a confusional state and blurted out, "Fox Ten."

"You're surnamed Fox and named Ten? So unexpected, to think there are people named like this..." Venerable White said while holding his chin.

"..." Fox Ten.

The organization took him in when he was still a child. Therefore, he had no other name besides Fox Ten. However, he wasn't surnamed Fox and named Ten!

"Alright, Fellow Daoist. There was something I wanted to ask you." Venerable White made a grabbing motion with his left hand, pulling the tree branch beside his body and grabbing it. "I wanted to know if you could lend me your tree branch."

Fox Ten's heart was in turmoil—he was picked from the sea and brought here... due to this tree branch?

This senior brought him over here with just the movement of their hand. He was like an infant in front of this person and had no way to revolt.

If the opposite party wanted something as irrelevant as his tree branch, he certainly didn't dare to refuse.

He wasn't so stupid to anger this powerful cultivator over a simple tree branch.

Fox Ten made a hollow laugh and said, "Senior, if you need this tree branch, you can take it. After all, it's only a very ordinary tree branch."

Venerable White's eyes immediately lit up. "Fellow Daoist, I like our straightforwardness; I won't forget this favor. However, without the tree branch, you lost your means of transportation... I should give you something in return!"

"Senior, you're too polite," Although Fox Ten said this, he was rather excited. What kind of precious means of transportation was this senior going to give him in return?

Just as he was in deep thoughts, he saw Venerable White stretch his hand out and make a grabbing motion toward the sea.

Soon after, a two-meter-long huge fish with a spear-like mouth was grabbed and brought out of the water.

After being seized, the big fish struggled incessantly.

This fish seemed to be a... 'swordfish'?

What was Senior White planning to do with the fish?

Fox Ten saw the beautiful senior stretch out their hand and pat the fish, making the fish lose consciousness.

Afterward, a shocking scene took place.

He saw the senior stretch out his finger and use it as a brush, starting to draw on the fish. Spirit energy surged, and a formation magically appeared on the body of the fish.

Just what kind of strength one had to possess to draw a formation like that?

Fox Ten got a huge scare.

"Good, it's finished." Venerable White clapped his hands and said, "I engraved the following formations on the body of this fish: speed increasing, mind controlling, water barrier, and spirit gathering. The effects will last for a month.

Fellow Daoist Fox Ten, when you step on the fish to ride it, you'll be able to control it through your thoughts. And thanks to the water barrier formation, you won't have to worry about the sea water dirtying your clothes or the swordfish dying of dehydration due to the strong wind. Additionally, the spirit gathering formation will keep filling the fish with energy and vigor."

After saying this much, Venerable White smiled proudly and added, "At last, there is the speed increasing formation that I'm so proud of. This formation will increase your speed by ten times. It's much cooler than the tree branch you were riding before, right?! How about it? Do you like this new means of transportation?"

Venerable White was very skilled in formations pertaining to speed. Unfortunately, the innate talent of this fish was too low. Otherwise, it might have even developed intellect after having all those formations plastered on its body.

Fox Ten forced a smile and nodded.

"Anyway, I have still some matters to attend to. Therefore, we should part ways here, Fellow Daoist!" Venerable White said to Fox Ten.

Then, he didn't wait for Fox Ten to reply and pushed forward with his hands lightly.

In the next moment, Fox Ten and the swordfish were thrown into the sea once more.

The swordfish regained consciousness and wagged its head in complacency; it seemed very lively. Fox Ten stood on its body and was now capable of telling the fish in which direction to go through the mind controlling formation.

And just in this fashion, Fox Ten stepped on the swordfish and kept riding the wind and cleaving through waves...

Fox Ten looked as handsome as before. But after exchanging the tree branch with a swordfish... even if he were more handsome, he wouldn't look as cool as before.

It was like seeing a prince riding a husky instead of a white horse—the prince would inevitably lose some of his charm even if he was handsome.

However, Fox Ten felt this swordfish had a very strong point.

Its speed was extremely quick.

Thanks to the speed increasing formation engraved on its body, the swordfish reached a speed of 100 km/h in a very short amount of time! And with the spirit gathering formation, it wouldn't get tired either! It could continuously shuttle back and forth in the sea at a speed of 100 km/h.

But the most important thing was... that there were no brakes. Indeed, there were no brakes to reduce the speed!

And just like this, the swordfish dashed forward with a whizz, unable to stop even if it wanted to.

"Aaaaaaah~" Fox Ten's scream of 'joy' echoed in the East China Sea.

Senior~ you forgot to install the brakes!



After seeing off fellow daoist Fox Ten, Venerable White stretched

his hand out and started to fiddle with the tree branch, quickly creating a disposable flying sword 004 edition.

"And now... let's unleash the illusory reality!" Venerable White opened his hand, creating a huge illusory desert.

Doudou and the small monk opened their eyes and could only watch helplessly as they were being drawn into the illusion.

Likewise, the poor whale beneath Venerable White's feet was also drawn into the illusory desert.

After suddenly finding itself in the middle of the desert, the whale was stunned and started to struggle up.

"Ah! Forgive me for bringing you here. Don't worry, we'll leave this place soon," Venerable White comforted the whale and patted its body with his hand, applying the effects of the 'floating technique' to it. With this technique, the whale would be able to 'swim' through the air as though it was water, allowing it to ignore the gravitational force crushing its body.

Immediately after, he poured a large quantity of spiritual energy inside the disposable flying sword.

"Go!" Venerable White activated a sword technique and locked onto the coordinates of the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique on Song Shuhang's body.

Chapter 319: What kind of monstrous human is this?

"Do your thing!" Venerable White activated the sword technique and launched the disposable flying sword. Now, he could only wait and see whether the sword could create a passage and lead him to Song Shuhang. If it could create a passage, he would immediately seize the opportunity and follow behind it closely.

The instant the disposable flying sword was launched, perhaps due to the surging sword qi, the huge whale got a bit agitated.

It cried out and dived, making a beautiful jump into the air!

At the same time, Doudou and the small monk were thrown off the whale's body.

This development had been rather unexpected. The corner of Venerable White's mouth twitched as he dashed forward, grabbing the falling Doudou and small monk.

Next... something even more unexpected happened.

While leaping, the huge whale came in contact with the disposable flying sword 004 edition.

Afterward, the huge whale disappeared with a whizz, heading toward Song Shuhang's coordinates.

Along the way, one could still hear the whale's pitiful cry.
"Whooo~ whooo~"

If the whale had human-like intelligence, its current thoughts would certainly be: "You might think that I'm very happy, but these tears are not tears of joy..."

Senior White blinked a few times. Afterward, he unconsciously stretched his hand out and bid farewell to the whale.

"Eh? Why I'm waving at the whale, I should follow it!" Venerable

White muttered.

He grabbed the small monk and Doudou and closely followed behind the disposable flying sword.



At this time, in the ancient bronze palace in the Heavenly Island.

"Because rabbits are very cute and I like them." The powerful senior's reply was still echoing inside Song Shuhang's ears.

Song Shuhang held the rabbit-shaped purse and deeply pondered for a while.

At last, he mustered his courage and asked, "Senior, is it possible to change its shape?"

As soon as he said those words, the rabbit sitting on the powerful senior's leg opened its red eyes and stared at Song Shuhang, its expression very disgruntled.

"Eh? You don't like that rabbit-shaped purse?" The powerful senior was temporarily at a loss. Afterward, he unexpectedly agreed, "Sure, changing its shape isn't a problem. Which shape do you like? However, aside from rabbits, I'm not too familiar with other animals."

He isn't too familiar with other animals?

Song Shuhang thought for a moment and said, "Senior, do you think a crocodile is feasible?"

"Pfff... Junior, you think I didn't see a crocodile before? Although I haven't left the Heavenly Island for the past thousand years, I traveled all around the world before settling in this place." The powerful senior laughed. Then, he stretched his hand out and started to draw into the air.

Very soon, the picture of a crocodile appeared midair.

As soon as he saw this 'crocodile', Song Shuhang was sure that he would have never guessed the species of this thing if he didn't

already know that it was a crocodile.

If a crocodile were to grow into something with such an appearance, would its parents even recognize it?

Thereupon, Song Shuhang held the rabbit-shaped purse tightly and said with a radiant smile, "Senior, on second thought, I too think that white rabbits are quite cute. Not only they have snow-white fur, but they also have those cute ears pointing upward. Moreover, they're even cuter when roasted..."

After he said this much, Song Shuhang felt a murderous intent come from the red-eyed white rabbit sitting on the senior's knee.

F*ck, I sang the wrong praise.

"If you like it, all the better. That being the case, time to send you home." The powerful senior nodded his head in agreement.

"I'll trouble Senior then," Song Shuhang said as he activated the magical technique—it was precisely that technique to seal one's memories.

When he operated the sealing technique, the runes inside his mind also activated, using the qi and blood energy inside his apertures as a source of power to start sealing the memories pertaining to the Heavenly Island and those slightly earlier.

No matter what, the things happening in the Heavenly Island couldn't be divulged in the outside world.

If the current Wielder of the Will were to discover something amiss and find clues about the Heavenly Island, they would erase this entire place.

Therefore, it was best for everyone to forget everything that had happened if they were to leave the island.

Although he didn't stay on the Heavenly Island for too long, many interesting things happened to Song Shuhang here. Thanks to a stroke of luck, he almost opened his Mouth Aperture. Now, he

was only one step away from being able to jump through the dragon gate.

Unknowingly, he was only one step away from the last small realm of the First Stage, and after jumping through the dragon gate, he would finally reach the Second Stage.

Additionally, he also obtained the skeletal dragon's withered vine and a purse made from the shed skin of the Little Finger Snake. He had gained a lot of things from this trip. Of course, Nine Lanterns as well...

Anyway, he would soon forget everything these matters pertaining to the Heavenly Island.

Unfortunately, his time was limited. Otherwise, he would have really wanted to catch one of those gorillas and gift it to Senior White. Song Shuhang was sure that Senior White would have been very interested in these gorillas with high-learning skills.

But his time here was over.

The seal started to take effect, and Song Shuhang started to forget about these matters bit by bit.

The seal started to seal his memories, starting since the time he boarded the plane...



In the sky above the ancient bronze palace, Nine Lanterns was standing on two golden lotuses and fiddling with her prayer beads.

She looked at the palace, and her vision pierced the thick fog, gazing at Song Shuhang who was now having his memories sealed.

Nine Lanterns sweetly smiled and stepped into the air, leaving the 'Heaven' and returning to the Heavenly Island below.

The knot of karma had been solved, and everything was settled now. It was time for her to advance to the Sixth Stage True Monarch Realm!



Still on the Heavenly Island, on the other shore of that deathly still black sea.

The Lightning Pig turned its body and half-opened its eyes, piercing through space and looking at the underground tomb.

Inside the chamber tomb, the small white dragon was still lying inside the crystal coffin, motionless.

In the groove beside the crystal coffin, Song Shuhang's blood was still flowing. Although it didn't react with the crystal coffin... it wasn't rejected either!

'It wasn't a success, but it wasn't a failure either.' This is what the sentient puppet Dragon Bone said at the time.

"Just what's the meaning of this...? There was no reaction, but also no rejection... dammit, you could have reacted a little, you know?!" The Lightning Pig heaved a sigh. The wound on its body was as bad as before, it didn't seem it was going to heal anytime soon.

"By the way, just how long have I been a pig already...?" The Lightning Pig closed its eyes, falling into a deep slumber.



In the forest on the Heavenly Island.

A bloody massacre took place in the forest, and even the nearby branches and tree leaves were covered in blood.

The group led by the old professor was completely 'killed' by the huge earthworm-like monster. However, just before dying, the passengers were sent home and given a powerful healing spell... as well as a free-of-charge memory wiping effect.

The huge monster chewed again and again in confusion.

It had just swallowed eight snacks, but why was it still feeling hungry? It felt as though it had eaten nothing but empty air...

The strange monster was wondering whether its appetite had increased lately...

Song Shuhang memory-sealing process was proceeding smoothly.

But right at this time, the coordinates of the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique on his arm faintly lit up.

"Eh?" The powerful senior looked at Song Shuhang, somewhat confused. Given his strength, it was easy for him to induce if someone was trying to lock onto Shuhang's coordinates.

Therefore, he shot a look at the coordinates on Song Shuhang's arm.

"Are those the coordinates of the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique? But the Heavenly Island is in a separate space, and there is even my 'illusory reality' acting as protection... how did this person lock onto the coordinates of this kid?" The powerful senior was stunned.

After all, the Heavenly Island was established using a fragment of the Heavenly City as a base and was usually in a completely undetectable status. Even the current Wielder of the Will was unable to locate its position.

But now, someone had locked onto Song Shuhang position using the coordinates of an ordinary Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique?

This matter was both terrifying and absurd.

It was as scary as using a walkie-talkie with a hundred-meter range to communicate with someone on the other side of the galaxy.

"Although I would like to meet this mysterious fellow daoist face to face, it's not the right time... I can't let you step into the

Heavenly Island," the powerful senior said with a smile.

Since the objective of the opposite party was Song Shuhang, he just had to send him back. Moreover, the memory-sealing process was almost complete.

The powerful senior flicked his hand, and a blazing light appeared on Song Shuhang's body.

In the next instant, a 'space gate' visible only to the powerful senior appeared beside Song Shuhang's body. It was a space-related technique that only a Ninth Stage Tribulation Transcender could use.

The space gate enveloped Song Shuhang's body, turning him into particles of light that started to dissipate slowly.

"Goodbye, kid. Perhaps you'll have become a powerhouse of your own the next time we meet." The powerful senior offered Song Shuhang his best wishes.

His voice had yet to fade when a wooden sword appeared out of thin air beside Song Shuhang, as though it had passed through space itself.

But that wasn't all, a huge whale was riding the wooden sword.

The huge whale cried out pitifully, it was very scared at this moment.

"A space-related ability?" The powerful senior opened his eyes wide.

His guess was correct. The wooden sword and the whale riding it came here by passing through space. However, the power of space was supposed to belong only to Ninth Stage Tribulation Transcenders...!!! No, something was off. This wasn't a magical technique... because the way the sword and the whale traversed space was different than a 'space gate'. It looked more like an innate skill...

Moreover, it seemed as though the owner of this skill wasn't very adept at using it?

"..." Even the powerful senior was speechless after witnessing this scene.

What kind of monstrous human was this? A human with a space-related innate skill...

After making their appearance, the huge whale and the wooden sword bumped into Song Shuhang lightly.

In the next instant, flame-like radiance appeared both on the whale and the wooden sword. They too changed into particles of light and started to dissipate like Song Shuhang.

"Whooo~ whooo~" Before disappearing, the whale cried pitifully once more. The poor thing was extremely scared.



In the East China Sea.

Venerable White had a confused look on his face as he withdrew his illusory reality.

After he launched the disposable flying sword toward Song Shuhang's coordinates, the sword flew and flew before bumping into something and disappearing with the huge whale.

Since the flying sword disappeared without any warning, he lost the possibility to open a passage between him, Song Shuhang, and the mysterious island.

"Did I fail? This mysterious island really is a tricky place!" Venerable White muttered.

Chapter 320: I'm dashinglly sinking toward the bottom of the sea

Maybe I should try to enter the mysterious island forcefully. There seems to be no other way... Venerable White thought to himself.

Just as he was in deep thoughts, Venerable White exclaimed in surprise, "Eh?"

The coordinates that he had locked onto suddenly disappeared!

And around three seconds later, he could feel Song Shuhang's aura once more. This time, he was somewhere in the East China Sea.

"Did little friend Shuhang come out of the mysterious island?" Venerable White immediately understood what had happened.

In the next instant, he unsheathed Meteor Sword.

Immediately after, he brought the small monk and Doudou along and stepped on the flying sword, heading toward the coordinates of the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique.



In the middle of the boundless East China Sea.

The girl named Chu Chu was swimming in the water with all her strength. Behind her were two detestable fellows, closely following her. The duo was intentionally forcing her toward a certain route.

"We agreed on this place, right? Fox Ten isn't here yet?" a man with sharp teeth said in a grave tone.

"It's indeed strange. I don't see Fox Ten around; I'll ask Wolf One about it," the other man, who had a stocky build but nevertheless was extremely fast, replied.

Then, he contacted Wolf One through the communication

device.

Fox Ten was a special existence in their organization, and except Wolf One, the other members were unable to contact him directly. Therefore, they had to contact Wolf One first, who'd contact Fox Ten later.

After the call connected, Whale Eight immediately asked, "Wolf One, is Fox Ten already at the scene?"

"What? Fox Ten isn't there yet? Dammit, I told him to get there earlier and wait for you guys! Wait a moment, I'll try to contact him." After saying this much, Wolf One hung up and called Fox Ten.

Very soon, Fox Ten picked up.

But as soon as he picked up, a strange sound came from his end. "Brrr~ brrr~"

Wolf One furrowed his brows and asked, "Fox Ten, where are you?"

"Brrr~ brrr~ ...I don't know? My current speed is simply too fast, I can't clearly see the surrounding scenery... however, I feel really cold," Fox Ten said while shivering.

"You feel cold? Idiot, where the hell did you run to? Immediately come back! Whale Eight and Shark Nine put so much effort to drive that girl from the Chu Family into a hopeless situation, and now it's your time to enter the scene!" Wolf One said in a grave tone.

"Brrr, brrr... Wolf One, I fear... I won't be able to come back in a short amount of time... sniff..." Fox Ten said while half-weeping.

Right now, Fox Ten was still riding that swordfish, and his speed was getting faster and faster. On top of it, he couldn't stop because there were no brakes.

Under the power of inertia, the speed of the swordfish had

surpassed 100 km/h, and if we add the effects of the constantly active speed increasing formation, it had already reached 1000 km/h. You could say that it was deadly fast.

The fearful thing was that there was no way to decrease the speed since Venerable White didn't install the brakes.

However, this wasn't the most fearful thing, because even if there were no brakes, a Second Stage True Master Realm cultivator such as Fox Ten could just jump down from the swordfish.

Instead, the most fearful thing was that 'water barrier formation'—that formation protected Fox Ten from the splashing water and the fish from the strong wind. However, maybe because the speed was too fast, the formation 'warped', firmly locking Fox Ten on the swordfish and not allowing him to move.

At this time, Fox Ten was stuck on the back of the fish and was unable to get away from it.

He could still use the mind controlling formation to control the direction of the fish, but unfortunately for him, it had no option to stop. As if that wasn't enough, the swordfish wasn't exhausted at all and was full of energy thanks to the spirit gathering formation.

Finally, there was another major problem—Fox Ten had no idea what his current position was.

Although he could tell the swordfish to turn left or right, the speed was so fast that he had unknowingly lost his way and didn't know where he was right now.

The only thing he knew was that this damned place was incredibly cold; it was so cold that even a cultivator of the Second Stage such as himself was trembling. One had to know that only the North and South Poles were cold enough to make a cultivator of the Second Stage feel this cold!

At this time, he had two options.

- 1) Wait for the formations engraved on the swordfish to lose their

strength... but he would have to wait a month for that!

2) Wait to meet a good man that would help him kill this goddamn swordfish... Ah, wait a moment...

"F*ck, I can kill this stupid swordfish myself!" Fox Ten said, somewhat depressed.

Since he couldn't get off the fish, couldn't he just kill it and stop it?

"Wolf One, there was an unexpected accident, and I can't return right now. I'll contact you in a while and update you on the situation!" After saying this much, Fox Ten closed the communication channel.

Soon after, he grabbed that flexible sword coiled around his waist and injected true qi into it.

The flexible sword immediately straightened, becoming a lethal weapon that could cut through steel as though it was butter.

Fox Ten held the sword and slashed toward the head of the swordfish.

Although it had four formations engraved on its body, this swordfish was only an ordinary fish at the end of the day, and the strength of its body wasn't enhanced. Therefore, the attack directly pierced its head and fresh blood flowed out.

And just in this fashion, the first swordfish in history to reach the speed of 1000 km/h passed away...

After its death, the speed of the swordfish sharply fell. Even if the speed increasing formation was very powerful, it couldn't magically change a base speed of 0 km/h into 100 km/h.

Fox Ten heaved a sigh of relief and called Wolf One once more to update him on the situation.

But right at this time, the corpse of the swordfish sank into the water, heading toward the bottom of the sea... as if that wasn't

enough, the water barrier formation was still active.

Fox Ten didn't even have time to enjoy his freedom when he was dragged toward the seafloor...

* * *

In the meantime, Wolf One had just turned his communication device off.

Damned Fox Ten, he actually screwed up at such critical moment!

F*ck, once this mission is over, I'll tie him to a boulder and throw him to the bottom of the sea!

As a long-time member of the organization, he had a poor opinion of this stylish fool—wasn't he just a little more handsome than the others? On what basis did he and the other powerful seniors have to do all those dirty and tiring jobs while this fool had duties such as impregnating young wives, cute girls, and mature women?

This stupid world where only your looks mattered was really annoying.

Just as Wolf One was cursing him in his heart, Fox Ten contacted him through the communication device once more.

Wolf One furrowed his brows but still answered the call.

"Wolf One, I'm in a bad situation. Gurgle~ gurgle~" Fox Ten's frightened voice came from the other end. "I'm sinking toward the bottom of the sea, Gurgle~ gurgle~ I'll contact you again in a while, gurgle~"

"..." Wolf One.

Bastard, sink and die!

After hanging up, Wolf One contacted Whale Eight and said in a grave tone, "Old Eight, Fox Ten had an accident. The plan has changed, it's up to you and Shark Nine to catch that Chu Chu now.

You absolutely can't let her run... if there is a need to, you can use violent methods!"

Chapter 321: Look, a flying whale!

"I understand." Whale Eight giggled and hung up.

Then, he turned toward Shark Nine and said, "Old Nine, let's go! Wolf One said we absolutely can't let that girl escape. We can use violent methods too!"

"We have to use violent methods? I see." Shark Nine silently nodded.

What they used to communicate was a sound transmitting technique.

Each time the sound was transmitted, words would get slightly distorted, and after the message passed through three people, the original meaning had significantly changed.

Shark Nine who had just received the erroneous message to use violent methods made his move.

His speed increased as he dashed toward the girl in a black dress in front of him.

Chu Chu was very good at swimming, but her skills weren't worth mentioning in front of two experts specialized in this field such as Whale Eight and Shark Nine.

Since they were trying to force her into a hopeless situation and had no intention of killing her, the duo was just playing around earlier. But now that Shark Nine had received the command to kill, he used his real strength and quickly swam forward.

In the time it takes to blink twice, the distance between Shark Nine and Chu Chu had reduced to mere five meters.

A cold light flashed through Shark Nine's tiny eyes as he frantically pounded the water with his hands.

While hitting the water, he released his true qi, creating several razor-toothed sharks with bodies of water and true qi mixed in it.

They almost seemed real as they wagged their heads and charged toward Chu Chu.

"Instant kill move! Hundred Sharks Palm!"

It was a move designed to kill the opponent directly.

Shark Nine was a respectable Second Stage Realm cultivator. Moreover, he was an established True Master with an abundant reserve of true qi.

Chu Chu, who was in the middle of her escape, felt a powerful killing intent coming from behind as well as a strong fluctuation of true qi. Under these circumstances, she had no choice but to stop. If she kept swimming, the attack would hit her back, and with the terrifying quantity of true qi imbued in this attack, even if she weren't to die, she would receive a severe wound!

Although she was considered a talent, she hadn't cultivated for a long time and had just recently reached the Second Stage True Master Realm. She hadn't reached a level where she could directly use her body to resist an all-out attack from another True Master.

After stopping, Chu Chu put her right hand inside her silk stocking, pulling out a short sword.

Next, she jumped, leaping out of the water.

The moment she came out of the water, she muttered an incantation in a voice only she could hear, "The sword of my life, appear."

As soon as she finished her chant, the short sword in her hand sent out a sword cry.

In the next instant, she turned around and stabbed with the sword toward the rear.

Behind her, thirteen lifelike sharks with rows of sharp teeth came out of the water, charging toward her.

"Riiip!"

The short sword in Chu Chu's hands moved quickly, and in the next moment, twenty-six sword lights shot out from her hand toward those sharks. On average, it took two sword attacks imbued with sword qi to destroy one shark, turning it back into water, which mixed with the ocean once more.

Chu Chu took advantage of the strength of the attack to put some distance between her and her pursuers, jumping into the water once more and trying to get away as fast as possible...

She knew that these two guys enjoyed home advantage in water and thus were much faster than her in the sea. Therefore, she had to find a way to get out of this place. Otherwise, her situation would get worse and worse.

When Chu Chu turned around, preparing to flee... she bumped into a thick wall of meat.

"Hehe." Next, a powerful laughter resounded in her ears.

Two thick arms tightly hugged her body. The strength of these arms was incredible, and Chu Chu felt her bones cracking.

"I really enjoy hugging girls with soft bodies like you. Now, I'll hug you until you are reduced to a meat pulp." The man laughed.

This man was precisely Whale Eight. He had stealthily blocked Chu Chu's path of retreat, making her walk into a trap.

"Aaaaaah!" When she was hugged, Chu Chu felt as if her bones were about to break. "Bastard, die!"

She spun her wrist and used her short sword to stab Whale Eight.

"It's useless. Your short sword cannot penetrate the defense of my body." Whale Eight revealed a smiling face.

"Clang!"

When the short sword bumped into his body, it felt as though she was stabbing a mass of elastic rubber. The sword sank into his body until the hilt, but no blood came out.

This thick and elastic rubbery layer was precisely the defense Whale Eight was boasting about. Unexpectedly, even a short sword was unable to pierce through his skin.

"As I said, it's useless." Whale Eight laughed strangely and increased the strength of his grip.

"Crack, crack, crack..." Chu Chu felt her bones shatter. Moreover, two streams of tyrannical true qi entered her body from Whale Eight's arms and started to destroy her body from the inside.

"I really like seeing delicate girls like you die in my arms. It's such a sad and at the same time beautiful scene. Therefore, even if Wolf One hoped to get you alive, you must die," Whale Eight lowered his voice and said with a grin.

But Chu Chu couldn't hear these words anymore.

Am I dying?

Her eyes had started to lose focus... and her body was becoming lighter and lighter; she felt as though her soul was about to leave her body.

Perhaps it was because she was about to die, but a strange picture appeared before her eyes.

She unexpectedly saw a huge whale flying into the sky...

"Aaaaaaah~" Song Shuhang's pitiful scream echoed in the sky.

At this time, his mind was in a complete mess.

He faintly remembered that he met Tubo, Gao Moumou, Zhuge Yue, and Zhuge Zhongyang at the airport. Afterward, he also met his disciple in name, Joseph, and his daughter, Shuangxue, who was continuously staring at him resentfully.

Next... I should have boarded the plane, right?

I can't seem to clearly remember what'd happened afterward...

did I fall asleep?

Anyway, after sleeping for an unknown amount of time, Song Shuhang discovered that he was in midair, quickly falling toward the ground.

What happened? Was there an airplane accident? What about the plane and the other passengers?

Many thoughts flashed through Song Shuhang's mind.

And in the next instant, they all merged together, turning into a pitiful yell. But his scream didn't last for long and was soon broken by another scream.

"Whooo~ whooo~" A loud cry transmitted from above his head.

It was the cry of a huge whale... and just like Shuhang, the whale was also confused.

This whale had already experienced many incredible things that other whales wouldn't experience in a lifetime—it had traveled to the desert, rode a flying sword, passed through space itself and, right now, it was doing ropeless bungee jumping!

These experiences where one was more incredible than the other! If whales also had the ability to communicate like humans, who knew how many female whales it could conquer by relying on these incredible experiences?

When he heard the pitiful cry of the huge whale, Song Shuhang was stunned.

What the f*ck... I might be falling from the sky because my plane crashed, but what's the deal with this huge whale? Was this whale also hiding on our plane?

Impossible! Where was it hiding anyway? Inside a Poké Ball?!

Song Shuhang felt that there was something wrong with his memory... and that he had forgotten a few things.

He frowned and tried to recall the previous events.

Just as he was pondering, a piece of memory suddenly flashed through his mind.

"Papa, Papa. Why do you look so unhappy?" In the memory, a cute little loli ran toward him and said after raising her head, "If you're unhappy, let Little Miao smile at you. Afterward, you should become happy, right?"

This smile was like that of a goddess! Just a glance was enough to heal one's heart and dissipate all worries.

It was Song Miao... his daughter!

This weird memory had suddenly flashed through his mind.

F~~~~~ck! What kind of joke is this?! My daughter? And who is the mother? I haven't even reached the legal age to get married!

Just as he was thinking this, another piece of memory flashed through his mind.

In this memory, he was standing with a woman with a blurry face while watching his son, Song Ren, getting married. In the front was a big-bellied woman in a wedding dress; that was his daughter-in-law.

In the next instant, he was leading by the hand his grown-up daughter, Song Miao. This time, she was the one getting married...

F~~~~~ck! What's wrong with these memories?

Was it something I dreamt of in the plane?

No... that's not it.

All of it felt very real, as though I had experienced it firsthand... did I lose my memories after I boarded the plane?

Wait, a loss of memory?

The East China Sea... the mysterious island...!!!

Song Shuhang immediately remembered the mysterious island. Was it possible that he carelessly entered the island? However, he

had decided not to enter the island even if he was given the opportunity. How did he exactly end up there?

Anyway, it seemed he had left the island after losing his memories.

* * *

"Whooo~ whooo~" The cry of the nearby whale made Song Shuhang return to his senses.

Ugh... I almost forgot that I am still in the middle of the sky and falling down!

What should I do now?

"Aaaaaah! Save me!" Song Shuhang screamed loudly—he had no idea what to do in such a situation. Therefore, he instinctively screamed.

Just as he was screaming, another scene flashed through his mind.

In this scene, a woman with blurred facial features was teaching him a cultivation technique. It seemed to be a pretty powerful technique.

In the next instant, Song Shuhang unconsciously used the technique.

"ROAR~" A thunderous and deafening roar echoed throughout the sky of the East China Sea.

It was a special-type technique, the ⟨Roaring Lion's Technique⟩. When the technique was used, a powerful roar exploded in the surrounding area like a muffled thunder. It was a technique capable of frightening the enemies out of their wits and intimidate them.

After roaring, Song Shuhang noticed that his throat had become much clearer, just as though he had eaten one of those refreshing throat lozenges.

Thereupon, he decided to roar once more. "Roar~"

Wait a moment, am I not a bit too relaxed? Although there is water beneath, I'm technically falling from the sky!

Just as he was thinking this, Song Shuhang felt the qi and blood in his Mouth Aperture seethe with excitement; it was filled to the brim!

At last, Song Shuhang's Mouth Aperture was finally open!

Chapter 322: Time for my fapping arm to enter action! (2 in 1)

Song Shuhang's luck wasn't bad, and after opening the Mouth Aperture, he obtained a second innate skill!

After opening the Eye, Nose, Ear, and Mouth Apertures, each cultivator would at least obtain one innate skill, and those that were lucky would obtain two. If the skill obtained was decent, it could come in handy throughout one's whole life.

Just like innate skills related to the Eye Aperture, innate skills related to the Mouth Aperture could also be divided into several types. For example, some skills allowed you to make lotuses blossom with your mouth, use words as swords, attack with sound waves, or even launch light beams from your mouth.

The innate skill obtained by Song Shuhang was somewhat special and belonged to the sound wave-type, its name was: Illusory Sound.

Whenever the owner used the skill, all the people hearing the sound would see a certain illusion.

"Roar~" When Song Shuhang used the <Roaring Lion's Technique>, the innate skill 'Illusory Sound' was also activated.

The roar of a lion echoed throughout the surrounding area like a rolling thunder, and its sound carried illusory properties.

Below, Chu Chu, Whale Eight, and Shark Nine all suffered the effects of the Roaring Lion's Technique and the Illusory Sound.

Since she was already in a semi-unconscious state, Chu Chu saw the road to the netherworld appear before her eyes. Am I going to die?

Whale Eight and Shark Nine felt their brain spin and saw the blurry picture of a galloping-horse lantern.

Song Shuhang had just opened his Mouth Aperture and acquired an innate skill. Therefore, he was still unable to control the 'Illusory Sound' properly and influence people with a strong will.

However, if used in conjunction with the ‹Roaring Lion's Technique›, the Illusory Sound could influence even cultivators of the Second Stage. There were many places where this innate skill could come in handy.

For example, if Song Shuhang were to use the Illusory Sound in conjunction with the ‹Roaring Lion's Technique› in a big battle, he might even be able to change the course of the war.



As soon as the lion's roar faded, the effects of the Illusory Sound also disappeared.

Chu Chu looked toward the sky absent-mindedly. "It wasn't an illusion... a whale is really flying into the sky?"

Whale Eight and Shark Nine shook their heads and revolved the true qi inside their bodies, shaking off the lingering effects of the Illusory Sound. Afterward, they also looked toward the sky.

In the next moment, they felt their scalps go numb.

They saw a huge whale falling from the sky. Since they were both Second Stage True Masters and had exceptional eyesight, it took them only a glance to see the wooden sword below the belly of the whale.

This wooden sword seemed very simple, but both the sword qi and sword intent it was emanating were terrifying.

Was that a flying sword?

Did it mean that this huge whale was a monster whale that had learned how to ride a flying sword?

However, there wasn't too much time to think. The duo quickly rushed to a side—regardless of the status of the whale, it seemed

like it wanted to submerge in the sea.

And since they were standing precisely in the spot it was going to land, wouldn't it be foolish to stay there and just wait to become minced meat?

Thanks to the whale's appearance, Whale Eight's grip on Chu Chu loosened a bit, giving her the chance to gasp for breath.



Shortly after.

Due to the acceleration effect of the disposable flying sword 004 edition, the whale fell into the sea slightly earlier than Song Shuhang.

"Whooo~ whooo~" The whale called out pitifully.

"Splash!" A huge amount of water sprayed in all directions.

If not for the disposable flying sword and the floating technique Venerable White had used on its body acting as a cushion, the whale would have died from the impact of colliding with the water.

Next, it was Song Shuhang's turn to fall in the water.

"Green Breeze Speed Boost!" Song Shuhang activated his pendant just as he was about to fall into the water.

A green-colored gentle breeze engulfed his body and slowed down the speed of his descent, allowing him to gently fall into the water.

Song Shuhang had already used the Green Breeze Speed Boost pendant three times on the Heavenly Island, completely depleting its energy. The reason he could activate it now was that twenty-four hours had already passed from the last usage.

Today, it was already July 15th, 2019. Monday.

'I landed safely! Even today, I somewhat managed to survive.'
Song Shuhang came out of the water and wiped the seawater from

his face, his eye sockets still slightly damp.

It feels good to be alive...

After falling into the sea, the whale didn't hesitate and immediately swung its tail, rushing toward the depths of the ocean. It felt the need to find a peaceful place to calm down... moreover, its instinct was telling it that it was better not to resurface for a while.

After the whale disappeared, the wooden sword floated on the surface of the sea, drifting toward Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang casually picked it up and said, "Eh? Isn't this a disposable flying sword 004 edition?"

He was very familiar with this type of a flying sword.

Because it was Senior White's sword!

So... was it Senior White who sent the whale by his side?

Song Shuhang gently touched the wrist with the coordinates of the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique'. It seemed that Senior White was headed toward his position and would be there soon.

After pondering for a moment, he picked the disposable flying sword up and hung it around his waist.



The waves created by the crashing whale finally subsided.

After the sea regained its calm, Song Shuhang saw that there were three forms not too far away from him.

One was a scary man with shark-like teeth.

One was a stocky man with an idiotic smile on his face.

And the last one was a woman in black dress, tightly hugged by the stocky man...

It was a rather weird combination.

From the looks of it, those two big men were in the middle of bullying a weak girl...

Soon after, Song Shuhang sensed fluctuations of 'true qi' coming from the trio. He had already opened his Mouth Aperture and reached the peak of the First Stage, being only a step away from jumping through the dragon gate. In his current state, he could already faintly induce the fluctuations of true qi coming from Second Stage True Masters.

The three people in front of him were all Second Stage True Masters.

And Song Shuhang was the 'weakest' person on the scene...

Now then... were cultivators this common nowadays? He fell from the sky and casually met three cultivators?

Did it mean that he was specifically sent to this place after he was thrown down from the mysterious island?

Since he had no idea what these guys wanted to do, Song Shuhang cautiously grabbed the talisman inside his pocket; this was the last 'sword talisman' in his possession.

At the same time, he held Broken Tyrant tightly with his other hand. Aside from the sword talisman, the 'Flaming Saber Technique' on the ancient bronze ring was also capable of bringing harm to a cultivator of the Second Stage.

Song Shuhang wasn't the only one observing the situation and getting ready, the others were also observing him carefully.

Shark Nine shot a look at him and discovered his cultivation level. "It's a cultivator of the First Stage."

"Better to avoid potential problems," Whale Eight said slowly. Afterward, he added, "Kill him."

What the f*ck, what kind of logic is that? If you don't want problems to arise, shouldn't we peacefully resolve the issue with

words and part ways?

Song Shuhang didn't even have time to ridicule them when Shark Nine grinned and pounced toward him, aiming at Shuhang's chest with his right palm.

At this time, Shark Nine had a cruel smile on his face and that row of sharp teeth looked very scary—God knew how painful it would be to bitten by this dude.

Killing intent surged; this move aimed for an instant kill.

"You're quite the violent type, huh?" Song Shuhang sighed and took out the sword talisman, aiming at Shark Nine while placing his finger on the trigger of the sword formation.

Shark Nine's tiny pupils suddenly shrank.

"Bang!"

Shark Nine smashed his hands against the surface of the water and used the strength of the impact to stop, quickly retreating.

After stopping, he gazed at Song Shuhang carefully. When he approached him earlier, he felt a dangerous aura coming from Shuhang's body.

At last, his gaze fell on the object in Song Shuhang's hand.

A talisman?!

That dangerous aura was coming from the talisman? Is that a talisman with the attack power of a Third Stage cultivator or above?

It's not going to be easy to deal with him if he can casually take out such a powerful talisman!

Shark Nine licked the corner of his mouth. As long as they could kill this guy, they would surely obtain some excellent loot. His tiny eyes stared at Song Shuhang stubbornly, waiting for an opportunity.



"Sword!" Song Shuhang narrowed his eyes and didn't hesitate to activate the sword talisman.

Although Shark Nine had retreated, he was still within the range of the talisman! That being the case, Shuhang wouldn't stand on ceremony.

When the sword talisman was activated, an illusory figure appeared behind Song Shuhang's body. That figure was standing proudly and looking down on Shark Nine and Whale Eight.

Whale Eight and Shark Nine immediately felt a terrifying pressure. They felt like small frogs that were being stared at by a snake, not even daring to breathe.

"Shark Nine, run!" Whale Eight bellowed.

But it was too late...

The figure behind Song Shuhang used its finger as a sword and followed Song Shuhang's will, slashing toward Shark Nine.

Dazzling sword light exploded and locked onto Shark Nine's position.

Except for the sword, everything disappeared in Shark Nine's line of sight.

After sensing the fearful sword qi emanating from the sword, Shark Nine already knew that he would end up either dead or critically injured after taking the attack.

Therefore, he didn't hesitate and drilled underwater. At the same time, he frantically struck against the water with his palms, creating around thirty sharks made of water that charged toward the sword light.

But the sword light completely ignored them and just flashed past them. The water sharks charged toward the empty space till they lost the true qi powering them, changing into water once

more.

The sword light passed through the thick mass of water in the blink of an eye, slashing at Nine Shark's body.

"Aaaah!" Shark Nine screamed in pain. Bubbles came out of his mouth, and the entire surface of the sea was dyed red with his blood.

After struggling for a bit, he sank toward the bottom of the sea. It was unknown if he was dead or alive.

* * *

"A talisman." Whale Eight stared at Song Shuhang gloomily.

When cultivators were fighting amongst themselves, their actual strength wasn't the only determining factor, their equipment was also very important. A First Stage cultivator with a powerful talisman in their hands could potentially kill a Second Stage cultivator.

And it wasn't limited to a Second Stage cultivator. In the past, Song Shuhang even killed a Fourth Stage cultivator by relying on the weapon Senior White manufactured for him.

"Hehe." Song Shuhang smiled radiantly and took out another talisman from his pocket, pointing it at Whale Eight. "Your guess is correct, it is indeed a talisman. Hm? Do you have something to say?"

At this time, Song Shuhang had the smile of a nouveau riche plastered all over his face, and this other talisman also had an aura comparable to that of the Third Stage— If you have something to say, come here and say it to my face!

Whale Eight's face darkened as he kept staring at Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang narrowed his eyes and dangled the talisman in front of Whale Eight. "Let that girl go. Otherwise, I'll let you have a

taste of my talisman. In case you didn't know, I have several of these toys with me!"

He indeed had several of them... but they were evil-warding talismans!

Song Shuhang's objective was to free the girl in a black dress.

That girl was also a Second Stage cultivator, and if Whale Eight were to let her go, Song Shuhang could use the healing spell on the ancient bronze ring to let her recover her strength. At that time, if they were to join forces, they might be able to fight against this Whale Eight evenly.

This was Song Shuhang's plan.

Unfortunately, in most cases things wouldn't go the way you wished.

Whale Eight clenched his teeth and didn't let Chu Chu go. Instead, he wrapped his arms around her even tighter, trying to crush her.

"Crack, crack, crack..." A grating sound suddenly transmitted from her body.

"Blerch..." Chu Chu spat out a mouthful of blood. Many of her ribs were broken, and her internal injuries were even worse. Whale Eight's true qi rampaged inside her body, destroying her meridians and damaging her internal organs.

Chu Chu felt the world fade into black and fainted. The difference in strength between the two of them was too big.

"You're courting death!" Song Shuhang bellowed.

"Hehe... what's so scary about death?" Whale Eight grinned. "Who do you think I am?! Inside the organization, I'm the multi-awarded Whale Eight, and even if I have to die, I'll complete my mission. The mission is way more important than my life!"

"Crack, crack, crack..." Whale Eight's deathly hug almost

flattened Chu Chu's body.

Her fresh blood dyed Whale Eight in red.

"Ahahaha!" Whale Eight laughed hysterically. He really enjoyed this feeling, the feeling of crushing delicate girls amidst his powerful arms. He liked this feeling so much that he was addicted to it.

Three breaths later, when Chu Chu's aura disappeared, Whale Eight threw her in the sea like a piece of garbage.

Her blood dyed the surface of the sea red, and her body sank into the water—just like Shark Nine, it was unknown whether or not she was still alive.

Whale Eight licked the bloodstains on his face and grinned, saying to Song Shuhang, "Hehe... what now, kid? Why didn't you take advantage of the situation and killed me with your talisman?"

Song Shuhang didn't reply and grasped his treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

"Perhaps... the talisman in your hand isn't an attack-type talisman?" Whale Eight laughed loudly. "Then, what type of talisman is that? Let me have a look!"

As soon as he finished speaking, his stocky body moved, leaping toward the surface of the water.

In the next instant, he used a technique to increase his speed and directly stepped on the water, dashing toward Song Shuhang at high speed.

"Boom, boom, boom..." He looked like a bulldozer when he was rushing forward on the surface of the water.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh and put the evil-warding talisman away. After all, Whale Eight wasn't a ghost cultivator, the evil-warding talisman was useless against him.

Soon after, Shuhang also leapt forward, stepping on the water.

The effects of the Green Breeze Speed Boost were still active, and with the help of the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>, he could also run on the surface of the water.

Song Shuhang didn't retreat and decided to face Whale Eight head-on. He spun his wrist and activated the 'Flaming Saber Technique' on the ancient bronze ring.

"Swoosh~" Raging flames started to burn on the blade.

Even if he didn't have sword and armor talismans, Song Shuhang wasn't a small cultivator that would let the enemy toy with him.

Moreover, he was wielding the treasured saber Broken Tyrant, a one-meter long saber forged from heavy metals inside a thunder pond; it was an extremely solid and sharp blade that could cut even the body of a Fourth Stage cultivator.

As long as he could land one hit, even the big fellow in front of him would be injured.

"An ordinary technique such as the Flaming Saber cannot harm me!" Whale Eight grinned; he wasn't scared by the flames burning on Song Shuhang's blade. Afterward, he put a knuckle duster made of tempered steel that had precious stones engraved on it on his right hand. This gadget wasn't an ordinary knuckle duster; it was a magical treasure.

"Spray of the great whale!" Whale Eight waved his first frantically. True qi exploded, and the picture of a whale appeared above his fist.

Next, he bent down and used his fist to punch at the blazing saber—he was so tall that he had to bend down to hit Song Shuhang, what a pain.

"Clang!"

The Flaming Saber clashed against Whale Eight's fist, and Song Shuhang felt a powerful burst of energy transmit from the saber to his body.

The flames on the saber immediately scattered and the area between his thumb and index finger was torn, fresh blood gushed out and he almost let Broken Tyrant slip through his fingers.

However, this was only the initial impact.

Soon after, the huge illusory whale that had appeared above Whale Eight's fist also came forth, charging toward Song Shuhang's chest after breaking the qi of the Flaming Saber. This illusory whale was the physical manifestation of true qi.

"Boom!"

Song Shuhang was sent flying by the power of the illusory whale, falling into a distant place amidst the sea.

"Ouch!" When the seawater came in contact with his wounds, Song Shuhang cried out in pain.

At this time, a small golden shield had appeared in front of his chest.

He had managed to defend against that illusory whale thanks to the innate ability of his ghost spirit... this small golden shield had saved Shuhang's life a lot of times now that he had used up his armor talismans.

"A Second Stage True Master in perfect conditions is actually so strong..." Song Shuhang muttered to himself. In hindsight, he felt fortunate for defeating the weakened Altar Master at the time.

The difference in strength between him and a Second Stage cultivator was too high, and the difference between 'qi and blood' and 'true qi' was similar to that of water and ice. 'Qi and blood' was simply unable to ward off the 'true qi' because when the two came in contact, the water-like 'qi and blood' had simply no hopes of blocking the icicle-like 'true qi', getting pierced easily.

"Weak, simply too weak." Whale Eight chuckled. "Now then, let me give you a warm hug before sending you your way. I'm sure I will love that 'crack crack' sound as you get crushed within my

arms."

"Disgusting, I have no intention of dying in the arms of a big man. I would rather prefer a cute girl!" Song Shuhang raised his head and laughed.

Song Shuhang was very calm, and there was no fear in his eyes.

"Hehehe... weaklings don't have the right to choose." Whale Eight approached Song Shuhang with a grin on his face—however, he was extremely vigilant in his heart. This small cultivator seemed very calm. Perhaps he had another trick up his sleeve. So, it was better to stay prepared.

"What you said is reasonable, weaklings don't have the right to choose. Then—let me give you a taste of my true power." Song Shuhang rolled up his sleeve, revealing a strange pattern on his arm. "Time for my fapping arm to enter in action!"

"Fapping arm?" Whale Eight looked at Song Shuhang's arm.

His arm was thin and whiter than a girl's, and on this arm was the tattoo of a... Calabash Brother?

The Calabash Brothers... this tattoo reminded Whale Eight of those happy memories from twenty years ago.

However, what was the connection between the tattoo and the fapping arm? Wasn't a fapping arm supposed to be strong and powerful?

Just as Whale Eight was in deep thought, he saw the Calabash Brother tattoo on Song Shuhang's arm emit a faint red light.

"Now, I'll show you what despair is!" Song Shuhang said in a grave tone, his face enigmatic. "I suggest you to properly enjoy your last moments in this world because you might have to leave it very soon."

F*cking hell... buying time isn't easy! Luckily, we're almost there.

The secret skill he wanted to display was— Ding~ Your friend

Venerable White is now online.



In the meantime.

Venerable White grabbed Doudou and the small monk with his hands. Right at this time, the light of the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique' was covering his body. According to the coordinates, Song Shuhang was somewhere in the East China Sea.

Since he knew that Shuhang had already returned from the mysterious island, Venerable White didn't waste time and activated the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique, heading in his direction.

Venerable White kept flying and flying till he got somewhat bored.

"Should I meditate a bit?" Venerable White thought to himself.

But then, he saw that he was still holding Doudou and the small monk in his hands. If he were to close up, he wouldn't be able to keep an eye on these two.

Thereupon, Venerable White got an idea and another six hands suddenly came out of his back. It was a technique he had learned after becoming a Venerable, the **《Eight Arms of the Buddha》**.

Now that he had these additional six arms, he used two to take the phone out of his pocket and unlock it.

But there seemed to be no signal in this place.

Venerable White was unfazed. He stretched out his hand and pulled something resembling an antenna out of the smartphone.

In the next instant, the phone suddenly had signal again.

Venerable White had been secretly performing experiments, and after seventy attempts, he had finally managed to create this magically enhanced mobile phone. Although it seemed no different than a normal smartphone, it had a big set of extra features.

Venerable White opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group and started to scroll through the chat logs.

Today, Medicine Master had sent several messages: " @Su Clan's Seven , Fellow Daoist Seven, are you still hunting down the Limitless Demon Sect? How many of their branches have you destroyed?"

Su Clan's Seven: "A few days ago, I got my hands on a Branch Leader of the sect thanks to little friend Song Shuhang. Although it took a while, I finally managed to obtain useful information from him. Just now, I was planning to go and destroy another branch."

Medicine Master: "That's good news. If you have time, can you capture several tens of their disciples and bring them to my place? I need cultivators of the Second or Third Stage to perform experiments on. I want to see if I can find a way to break the seal blocking the memories of Thrice Reckless and the others. PS: It is Riverly Purple Mist typing." Purple Mist was mischievous as always.

Su Clan's Seven: "Brother Medicine Master, please stop joking. 😊 If there are ten disciples of the Second and Third Stage inside a branch, it's already a miracle. Moreover, it's not easy to capture them alive."

Medicine Master: "Dammit. In this case, just send over the ones you manage to capture. Moreover, if everyone else chances upon hostile cultivators of the Second and Third Stage, don't kill them. Send them to my place instead. 🙄"

Great Master Profound Principle sent a praying emoji 🙏 and an ok emoji 🆗 afterward.

Medicine Master: "Indeed, buddhist monks are merciful after all. This just happens to let you avoid committing unnecessary killings."

Great Master Profound Principle: "👍"

Venerable White: "Understood, if I meet anyone that fits the description, I'll try to capture them. 😊 Fellow Daoist Seven, I found some clues about the Limitless Demon Sect's whereabouts. If possible, I would like to collaborate with your Spirit River Su Clan."

After sending the message, Venerable White put away his phone. He was about to arrive at the destination.

Chapter 323: I'm not crying, sand just got into my eyes

Whale Eight was intimidated by Song Shuhang, and all he could do was to stare blankly.

But after two breaths, he saw that apart from giving off red light, the tattoo of the Calabash Brother on Song Shuhang's fapping arm didn't do anything else—he immediately understood what was happening.

"Bastard, making a fool out of me!" Whale Eight flew into a rage out of humiliation.

Whale Eight was someone who looked simple and honest, but as for his true nature, he was meticulous and treacherous.

When he dealt with Shark Nine earlier, Song Shuhang casually took out a sword talisman and defeated him, and later he also took out another talisman of the Third Stage. As if that wasn't enough, he also used a technique of the Second Stage, the Flaming Saber, while being a cultivator of the First Stage. Hence, when Song Shuhang used the fapping arm to scare Whale Eight, he really managed to scare him out of his wits.

Whale Eight was not to be blamed in this case. After seeing Song Shuhang's talismans and magical treasures, any cultivator who had a brain and not just muscles would be fearful of his so-called fapping arm.

The angry Whale Eight bellowed and spread his arms wide open, pouncing in Song Shuhang's direction. He wanted to squeeze this weakling with delicate skin as tight as he could, turning him into minced meat and not even leaving behind a single bone!

"Hehe." Song Shuhang's eyes glistened, without a tinge of fear.

He raised his arm and put Broken Tyrant back on his back. Then, he crossed the hands behind his back and stood in place... or

rather, he crossed the hands behind his back and bobbed up and down in the water, with more than half of his body submerged underwater. Unlike Whale Eight, he did not have the capability of stepping on water when he was stationary.

"You are still trying to be pretentious and put on airs!" Whale Eight laughed coldly and spread his arms wide open with the intent of giving Song Shuhang a warm hug.

But right at this time, Whale Eight felt as though someone had just kicked his back, making him feel a stabbing pain!

And along with this pain came the strength of a powerful impact. He felt as though his back was breaking.

Are these the effects of the fapping arm technique of this First Stage weakling? But if it was the fapping arm, how could it have gone around and attacked me from behind? Whale Eight was very puzzled.

As he was thinking to himself, his entire body was sent flying upon impact. "Aaaaaah~"

In midair, Whale Eight's painful cry echoed as his body flew over Song Shuhang's head in a parabola.



"Oops, I did not brake in time." At this time, a calm voice came from the position where Whale Eight was hit.

Thereafter, a figure with snow-white clothes lightly landed on the surface of the sea, like an immortal descending onto earth.

The figure in white clothes stepped on the surface of the water, but the sea water did not wet his shoes... and beside him were a young monk and a pekingese, supported by two invisible hands and floating in the air.

It was indeed Venerable White, who was 300 meters away when Whale Eight pounced towards Song Shuhang.

"Senior White!" Song Shuhang wore a big smile on his face and gave a thumbs up. "The term 'did not brake in time' was perfectly used, I liked it!"

Venerable White was speechless.

What's up with the way Shuhang is speaking today—it is not only weird but also feels provocative. I keep feeling as though he was making fun of my 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique' not braking in time!

"Senior, you came just in time!" Song Shuhang laughed cheekily. "If you were a second late, I would have been squashed into minced meat by that huge bloke."

"Is it an enemy?" Venerable White raised his eyebrows, his gaze shifted to Whale Eight who got sent flying from his kick.

Whale Eight was afraid that his back was broken, but right now, he didn't have the time to think about his injury. He swallowed his saliva and looked fearfully at the figure dressed in white.

Especially when the figure in white looked at him, Whale Eight could feel the aura of death starting to seep out from his own body.

At that moment, Whale Eight suddenly realized he wasn't as fearless as he thought he was—after all the awards he received in the organization, Whale Eight thought that he had stopped caring about life or death, but only now did he discover how wrong he was.

Whale Eight didn't waste time, he ignored the extreme pain in his back and dived back into the sea. He wanted to get away by relying on his excellent swimming ability.

"Plonk!"

Just as he was about to dive back into the sea, he felt as though his body hadn't slammed into water but a slab of metal instead.

Without him noticing, the sea water had condensed and turned

into a solid wall—it wasn't a wall made of ice but solidified water. Whale Eight was unable to get through it.

Whale Eight frightfully turned his head around and looked at the figure in white.

The figure was stepping on the water surface, and lightly pointed his forefinger at his position—indeed, the change in the sea water was done by him.

With a move of his finger, the sea water became hard like metal—it said a lot about how scary his capabilities were.



At this time, Song Shuhang swam next to Venerable White, turned his head around and smiled at Whale Eight. "What do you think of the power of my fapping arm? Scary, isn't it?"

Scary your sister! Whale Eight roared in his heart. What fapping arm, since you couldn't defeat me, you just called a senior to deal with me! If you have the balls, come here and fight with daddy!

Immediately after, when he saw the figure in white, his entire being became spiritless again.

It seemed he was done for this time.

"A cultivator of the Second Stage realm..." Venerable White stared at Whale Eight and pinched his chin. Thereafter, he looked at Song Shuhang and asked, "Shuhang, how do you want to deal with him? Kill him?"

Upon hearing Venerable White's inquiry, Shuhang thought of something. Perhaps Senior White had other uses for this cultivator of the Second Stage? Hence, he replied, "Senior, it's up to you."

"In this case, let's send him to Medicine Master's place... Medicine Master said he wanted to do some research on the memory seal and needed a few test subjects of the Second Stage or above." Venerable White nodded as he spoke.

"Sure!" As Song Shuhang spoke, he forced a smile and said, "Senior White, another thing. I suspect that I ended up on the mysterious island earlier, a part of my memories is missing."

"Yeah, you went to the mysterious island," Venerable White replied confidently.

"Senior White, you knew?" Song Shuhang asked doubtfully.

"Yeah, I initially intended to take you out of the mysterious island, but that mysterious island was stranger than what I thought and my attempt failed. But you were sent out immediately after, so I used the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique to rush over here." As Venerable White spoke, he reached out his hand and grabbed Whale Eight.

Whale Eight's body forcefully flew towards Venerable White.

Medicine Master's research needed a lot of Second Stage and Third Stage cultivators. If there were suitable test subjects, they shouldn't waste them by killing them off.

"Dammit! I am the multi-awarded Whale Eight, I will never allow you to use me as a test subject!" Whale Eight bellowed while in midair—upon hearing the term 'test subject', one would know it was something worse than death.

Compared to passing the rest of his life as a test subject, Whale Eight would rather die. He clenched his teeth as hard as he could and tried to break a fake tooth that contained the deadly poison.

It was a poison that could kill even a Second Stage cultivator. For people like them who were in this line of work, they had to prepare various tricks that allowed them to die a lot faster in order to reduce their suffering.

But right after Whale Eight broke his fake tooth, he saw the figure in white slightly moving his finger again—and just like this, the poisonous substance in his mouth was drawn out.

"I can't let you die, I need to deliver you alive to Medicine Master;

you are precious to him," Venerable White said. At the same time, his right hand made a gesture, and a ball of flame appeared out of nowhere and wiped out the poisonous substance.

The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth rose and he said, "Hehehe, weaklings don't have the right to choose... this was what you yourself said. Those words are returned to you, one by one. Big bloke."

Whale Eight silently closed his eyes, his face depressed.



After capturing Whale Eight alive, Song Shuhang remembered the girl in a black dress that was hugged to death by this guy. "Right, Senior White. Previously, there was a girl in a black dress that was heavily injured by that big bloke and fell into the sea. This big bloke had another companion, who ate my 'sword talisman' and sank into the sea as well. I wonder if they are still alive?"

Song Shuhang was not strong enough, so he could only watch her get squashed and heavily injured by the big bloke before being tossed into the sea. Since Venerable White had already rushed here, at least he could see if there was anything he could do to save her life.

"At the bottom of the sea?" Venerable White silently nodded.

Thereafter, he snapped his fingers.

After his fingers snapped, the sound seemed to have traveled very far, even to the bottom of the sea.

Approximately fifteen breaths later, the surface of the sea churned.

"Whooo~" A huge whale floated from beneath the sea with two deathly pale figures on its back.

One of them was Shark Nine, who had a huge sword wound on his body.

The other was a girl in a black dress, but her current state was very bad. To put it simply, her initially S-shaped figure was now rendered entirely flat, even flatter than a tablet.

The big bloke really used a heavy hand. His deadly hug was vicious to the extreme.

Song Shuhang asked, "Can this girl still be saved?"

Venerable White looked at the girl in a black dress and nodded. "She is still breathing, I can still save her. But we have to look for a place to settle down before administering treatment. Hmm... you can cast on her a healing spell to keep her alive!"

"Roger that!" Song Shuhang hurriedly swam next to the huge whale and lightly stepped on its back, Thereafter, he activated the spell on his ancient bronze ring and cast it on the girl in the black dress.

After he activated the healing spell, the wounds on the girl's body recovered slightly, but her entire body was almost squashed into minced meat—her injuries were not ones that could heal solely with a basic healing spell.

It could only barely keep her alive.

As for Shark Nine, Song Shuhang did not want to waste the healing spell on him.

He was a guy that wanted to kill him... and Song Shuhang wasn't like Mother Mary who loved everyone. Hence, he decided to leave him on his own. If he could survive, then he would be sent over to Senior Medicine Master's together with Whale Eight. If he did not survive, then he could just become food for the whales.

Speaking of which, this whale seemed rather familiar... wasn't it the same whale that fell from the sky with him?

"Whooo~" The huge whale's face was filled with tears— I'm not crying, sand just got into my eyes!

It was not really crying... was it?

Chapter 324: Can a virgin boy have children?

"Let's look for a small island around here to stop at." Venerable White threw Doudou, the small monk, and the newly captured Whale Eight on the back of the huge whale. Afterward, he gently patted it.

This whale that had sunk in the depths of the sea, ready to lead a peaceful whale-life, was on a new journey only a few minutes later...



The huge whale rode the wind and cleaved through waves while looking for a place to stop.

After seeing that Doudou and the small monk weren't moving, somewhat surprised, Song Shuhang asked, "Senior White, what happened to Doudou and the small monk?"

Both of them were only opening and closing their eyes, not moving their bodies in the slightest. It was impossible for them to be so well-behaved!

After hearing Song Shuhang's voice, Doudou immediately looked at him expectantly. He cutely winked and seemed as though he could communicate with his eyes.

The small monk followed suit and continuously winked his black and shiny eyes at Song Shuhang. He had the expression of someone that was trying to curry favors—he feared that Song Shuhang would spank him until making him shit all over the place, especially now that he didn't even have the strength to fight back.

"It's nothing. I used a hypnotizing technique on them. Although they have regained consciousness, they can't move their bodies. They'll recover in around two days," Venerable White said thoughtlessly—given his skills, it was easy to let them recover

immediately.

But these two had caused a lot of trouble and needed a good lesson.

"Oh..." Song Shuhang nodded and caressed Doudou's fur, saying, "Rest well, you'll be able to move in two days."

Doudou rolled his eyes, somewhat depressed. He was hoping that Song Shuhang would beg for mercy on his behalf and ask Senior White to set them free ahead of time. Unfortunately, the synergy between Song Shuhang and Doudou wasn't as good as that of Yellow Mountain and Doudou. Song Shuhang didn't understand the meaning behind Doudou's looks.

Next, Song Shuhang turned toward the small monk and asked, "Guoguo, are you trying to say something? Or is there something wrong with your eyes? Why are you continuously blinking?"

Venerable White turned around and looked at Guoguo. Then, he translated the meaning of his winks. "He's probably hoping that you would forgive him for running away from home and not spank him until making him shit all over the place. That should be it."

Senior White, you are 100% correct. Guoguo was moved to tears.

Song Shuhang furrowed his brows. "I almost forgot about that. Guoguo, you have some guts! Daring to run away by yourself..."

After hearing this much, Guoguo blinked frantically. Well, it's not like he could do something else.

Song Shuhang grabbed the small monk and turned him over. Afterward, he ruthlessly spanked him twice.

"Spank, spank!"

Afterward, he put on a serious face and got ready to scold the little monk. But even after thinking for a while, he couldn't find the appropriate words. After all, Shuhang was only a university student, and he didn't know how to educate kids.

In the end, he could only say with a serious expression, "You better not run away from home a second time. Otherwise, your family members would get very worried, understood?"

The small monk inhaled through his nose and blinked a few times, expressing his understanding.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh and returned him next to Doudou. He wasn't heartless enough to spank this cute kid until making him shit all over the place.

"Remember, this better be the first and last time," Song Shuhang reminded the small monk with a serious look.

The small monk secretly heaved a sigh—it seemed he had avoided a calamity.

After seeing Song Shuhang spoil the small monk, Venerable White smiled and said, "Shuhang, if you were to have children one day, I bet you would be the type of father that would spoil them."

The words 'father' and 'children' triggered something inside Song Shuhang.

Thus, the picture of a 'wife' with blurred facial features appeared in his mind. Afterward followed the pictures of his son 'Song Ren', and his daughter, 'Song Miao'.

Later, his son got a girl pregnant and married her, and in the end, his cute daughter also got married.

Song Shuhang rubbed his temples—these memories were very clear... and they almost seemed real!

After seeing Song Shuhang's perplexed face, Venerable White thoughtlessly asked, "Is something the matter?"

"Senior White, do you think that you and I... ugh! I mean, do you think I had children with someone?" Song Shuhang asked cautiously.

"..." Venerable White.

Venerable White felt that Song Shuhang's current state was a bit strange.

"Senior White, I'm not joking," Song Shuhang said solemnly. "I have some memories left from the mysterious island. Perhaps my strength was too low, and my memories were only partially sealed, just like the child of those two friends of Medicine Master.

From what I remember... I got married to a woman? Afterward, I had a son and a daughter. Finally, I saw both of them getting married. Soon after, I cried copiously inside a sleeping bag with my wife.

Everything felt so real, I don't think it was a hallucination. It feels as though I really experienced these matters on the mysterious island."

Song Shuhang had a worried expression on his face.

As that wasn't enough, his body had undergone many changes—for example, he was sure that he had just opened his Ear Aperture when he boarded the plane, but now, even his Mouth Aperture was open! But that wasn't the end, he felt that his body had undergone other changes too. Only, he had yet to discover them.

"Don't worry. What you experienced should be a lifelike illusion." Venerable White pondered for a moment and added, "Anyway, if you're still worried about this matter, you can tell Medicine Master to give your body a check-up when you meet him."

"Is Senior Medicine Master so incredible? He can even tell whether or not a man has children?" Song Shuhang was very surprised. After all, it was the woman that would bear the child!

Venerable White replied, "We can get our answer by checking something else—for example, by seeing whether a virgin boy can have children or not."

"..." Song Shuhang.

Although he didn't seem to mean it that way, Song Shuhang felt

as though Venerable White was taunting him.

"Whooo~ whooo~" Right at this time, the huge whale cried out.

An island had appeared in front of them!

"Come, let's stop on that island. We need to stabilize the condition of this girl," Venerable White said.

Song Shuhang nodded. The injuries of this girl in a black dress were too heavy. If they didn't treat her immediately, she might die.

Time quickly passed by.

Chu Chu was experiencing a terrifying nightmare. It was dark all around her, and although she knew that it was only a dream, she wasn't able to regain her senses and wake up.

"Dammit. Let me wake up! Let me wake up!" Chu Chu bellowed.

She was a genius amongst the younger generation of the Chu Family.

And very soon, the Chu Family would have to fight against the Illusory Sword School on the Grievance Settling Platform.

On the Grievance Settling Platform, the participants would be matched according to their ages.

Chu Chu was the hope of the younger generation of the family. As long as she could join the battle, their family would be able to secure a win. Even if she were to fight consecutive battles, she alone was enough to defeat the entire younger generation of the Illusory Sword School.

As you might have guessed, there wasn't even a single Second Stage True Master amongst the younger generation of the Illusory Sword School! It was precisely for this reason that they paid a large sum of money to have someone stop her from participating in the battle.

Let me wake up! I must go to the Grievance Settling Platform and participate in the competition... I must get there in time!

As though the Heavens had heard her plea, Chu Chu finally opened her eyes.

Soon after, she saw a young man sitting beside her with a smile on his face.

Beside the young man was a little monk with a curious expression on his face, as well as a cute pekingese—Venerable White had shown mercy, and the duo could move again. However, they were still weak, and their physical abilities were the same as that of a normal person.

"Senior Brother Shuhang, the female benefactor has woken up," the small monk said happily. For a monk, saving a life was more important than building a thousand pagodas!

Song Shuhang nodded and said to Doudou, "Doudou, go check on Venerable White. If he's done meditating, tell him to come here and check the injuries of this fellow daoist."

After setting foot on the island, Venerable White aligned Chu Chu's twisted bones, drove the remnants of Whale Eight's true qi left in her body out, and treated her serious internal injuries. However, all of this was merely not to let her injuries worsen. If they wanted to thoroughly heal her, they had to wait for Medicine Master's arrival.

Once the emergency treatment was over, Venerable White had a sudden inspiration and decided to close up for eight hours.

Venerable White wasn't a cultivation madman for nothing.

By now, Song Shuhang was already used to Senior White suddenly closing up.

"Woof." Doudou barked and went to look for Venerable White, wobbling.



"What happened?" Chu Chu said weakly.

After saying this much, she tried to recall what happened before she passed out—she remembered that she was being chased by two assassins in the sea. Afterward, this young man before her eyes and a huge whale fell from the sky...?

Later, she was almost hugged to death by that stout man and fainted.

Chu Chu gratefully looked at Song Shuhang and said, "Are you the one that saved me?"

"Senior White is the one that saved you," Song Shuhang said with a smile. "The state of your injury is very serious, you should rest well. After we meet another senior, we'll have him treat your injuries."

The state of my injury? Right, that big fellow almost killed me...

Chu Chu tried to raise her head a little to see how bad her injuries were, but as soon as she moved a little, she felt a stabbing pain all over her body.

"Don't move. Otherwise, your wounds would open again." Song Shuhang quickly held Chu Chu down.

"How much time do I need to recover from my injuries...?" Chu Chu asked anxiously. The match on the Grievance Settling Platform would start in a few days!

"I'm not sure. But that other senior we're going to meet is very good at treating people. I think you'll recover from this injury in a few months," Song Shuhang guessed.

"A few months?" Chu Chu opened her eyes wide.

By that time, the match on the Grievance Settling Platform would be already finished, and if her family were to lose their sword technique to the Illusory Sword School, she would become

the shame of the Chu Family!

Chu Chu was getting more and more worried, and soon after, she fainted again.

"Eh? Why did she faint?" Song Shuhang muttered. "Did she faint because she got over-excited after knowing she would recover in a mere few months?"

"Senior Brother Shuhang." At this time, the nearby small monk said with a serious expression on his face, "This female benefactor didn't seem too happy before fainting..."

Chapter 325: Confucius said: If you peel off the skin, only the tender meat is left!

"Is that so?" Song Shuhang held his chin and tried to guess, "So, after avoiding death by a hair's breadth and hearing that she needed only a few months to recover from such serious injuries, she wasn't happy but passed out instead? In this case, what kind of emergency was she facing? To the point that she would faint after hearing she need a few months to recover..."

"Senior Brother Shuhang is so smart." The small monk clapped his hands with a serious expression on his face; he didn't forget to do some bootlicking while he was at it.

After Song Shuhang forgave him and didn't spank him until making him shit all over the place, the relationship between the two had unknowingly got much better.

Just when the two of them were discussing, Doudou returned, wobbling. "Senior White has yet to finish his meditation. Did you ask this girl about her background?"

"I was about to when she got over-excited and fainted again." Song Shuhang shrugged his shoulders. "Should I use the healing spell and make her wake up? With that, we can ask her some questions."

"You can give it a try, and remember to tell her to write a will once you're done asking questions. Her injuries are very serious, and we have no idea when Medicine Master will come back. It would be a problem if he were to be late and she were to die in the meantime..." Doudou said.

Although these words might sound unpleasant, Doudou had a point.

"Alright." Song Shuhang nodded.

Then, he took off his t-shirt and covered Chu Chu's legs.

While escaping from Wolf One, Bull Two, and Ape Four's pincer attack, Chu Chu tore off the lower part of her skirt to improve her mobility, fleeing toward the sea... Song Shuhang used the t-shirt to cover her beautiful naked legs.

Afterward, he activated the healing spell on the ancient bronze ring and used it on Chu Chu.

Three breaths later, Chu Chu opened her eyes once more.

This time, she seemed much calmer.

She revealed a bitter smile and said, "Thank you for helping me, Fellow Daoist."

"This time, try to remain calm and don't faint," Song Shuhang said. He could use the healing spell only once more. Therefore, he couldn't carelessly waste it.

Chu Chu nodded her head—but even such a small movement made her feel a stabbing pain all over her body. The idiom 'one slight movement can affect the whole body' was really suited to this case. Luckily, she had met Song Shuhang and Venerable White. Otherwise, she would have died a long time ago.

Song Shuhang continued, "Don't move heedlessly. And since you're still conscious, do you mind telling me about your identity? Additionally, do you have any last words in case something unexpected were to happen?"

"..." Chu Chu.

After a short moment, she asked cautiously, "Earlier, didn't you say that I could be saved?"

Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh and said, "Well, it's better to prepare for the worst. I don't know for sure when that senior specialized in treating people will rush back. Given how serious your injuries are, if that senior doesn't come back in time, you might even die... Cough. Therefore, do you have any last words, just in case?"

The nearby small monk advised, "Senior Brother Shuhang, you were too direct. You should try to be more tactful next time."

"..." Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang also knew that it was a delicate matter, but it was his first time telling someone to leave behind a testament! Therefore, he had no idea how to be tactful regarding such a matter... maybe something like this: 'Hello, I'm here to tactfully remind you that you might want to write down a will, just in case, you know.'?

The nearby Chu Chu gently sighed and said, "It's alright. How can cultivators even cultivate if they aren't ready to face life and death situations?"

Next, she started to tell Song Shuhang and the others about her identity.

There was no need to lie about her identity. After all, she had a token of the Chu Family with her, and if the opposite party were to rummage through her things, they would easily discover who she was.

"My name is Chu Chu, and I'm a disciple of the Chu Family." Chu Chu took a deep breath and started to narrate her story.

The name 'Chu Family' rang a bell inside Song Shuhang's mind. "Who were those guys trying to kill you? Where do they come from?"

"They should be the members of one of those organizations willing to do all dirty jobs in exchange for money. As for why they were chasing me... it should be due to the feud between the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School. Due to some contradictions we had lately, our two factions decided to fight on the Grievance Settling Platform. The Chu Family chose me as one of the participants, and the Illusory Sword School must have decided to use underhanded tricks and have me killed before I could reach the

platform, obtaining an easy victory," Chu Chu replied.

While narrating her story, she intentionally left out the reason why the two factions were fighting—the sword technique. Although one had no intention of harming others, they would still need to be on alert if others wanted to do so. Since it was unnecessary to mention the sword technique, she would keep her mouth shut, avoiding eventual future troubles.

"So, there is a grudge between your family and this Illusory Sword School, huh?" Song Shuhang tapped on his head with his finger and suddenly recalled what Soft Feather told him a few days ago. Therefore, he asked, "Wait a moment, is your Chu Family being bothered by a nearby small school due to some disagreements over a 'sword technique', creating the grudge between the two factions?"

"..." Chu Chu opened her eyes wide.

How can this man know about these matters related to the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School if I didn't even mention them?! Moreover, the Illusory Sword School is now a 'small school'? It is precisely this small school that caused us so much trouble, pushing us into a corner!

"Judging from your expression, my guess should be correct. It seems there is fate between me and your Chu Family," Song Shuhang said with a smile. "Let me introduce myself. My name is Song Shuhang, and I'm a loose cultivator. I have a friend named Soft Feather who happens to be friends with a member of your family."

Chu Chu gazed at Song Shuhang, her expression calm—could there really be such a coincidence in this world?

At this time, the nearby small monk joined his palms together and also introduced himself, "My name is Guoguo, and I'm a disciple of the Faraway Wandering Temple."

"The Faraway Wandering Temple?" Chu Chu blinked a few times. Then, she opened eyes wide. "Are you talking about that Faraway Wandering Temple?"

According to legends, half of the temple was situated in the real world, and the other half in a different dimension. For this reason, it didn't have a fixed position and could appear anywhere in the world. It was one of strongest buddhist schools in the world of cultivators, an existence that their small family could only hold in reverence.

"As far as I know, the Faraway Wandering Temple doesn't have any branches and there is only one temple. So that must be it." The small monk joined his palms together and smiled faintly. He was very proud of his school.

After the small monk was done introducing himself, Doudou couldn't wait anymore and squeezed through them, arriving in front of Chu Chu and starting his own introduction.

"I'm the monster dog Doudou, and it's fine if you call me Big Brother Doudou. Girl, your foundation doesn't seem to be too bad, as long as you're willing to become my adoptive little sister, I'll give you helping hand! Should I completely destroy that puny Illusory Sword School for you?" Doudou raised his head and said proudly.

"Doudou, stop causing trouble." Song Shuhang gently patted Doudou's head. If Doudou were to help, he would end up causing even more trouble. Song Shuhang knew it from experience—for example, when he told Doudou to look after the small monk, he helped the small monk run away from home instead...

Chu Chu forced a smile.

"Cough, we're getting sidetracked. Anyway, Miss Chu Chu, do you have any last words?"

Chu Chu heaved a sigh and said, "If something unexpected were

to happen, I hope fellow daoist Shuhang would bring my remains back to the Chu Family."

"Sure, no problem." Song Shuhang nodded. "Miss Chu Chu, you should rest for the time being."

Chu Chu faintly nodded and closed her eyes, trying to get some rest.

Song Shuhang held his chin and pondered— Now then, what is this Grievance Settling Platform? Is it an open competition where people fight each other using martial arts?

Around five minutes later, Chu Chu entered a deep slumber again, her injuries were simply too heavy.

Doudou lay on the ground lazily and basked in the sun. His body was still weak, and even if he wanted to, he couldn't move around.

The small monk sat on top of a large stone and started to chant buddhist scriptures. Even if he was away from the temple, he was still diligently contemplating scriptures every day.

Song Shuhang, whose upper body was now naked, found a shady and cool place and started to organize the items in his possession.

He currently had with him his treasured saber Broken Tyrant, a disposable flying sword 004 edition, and a backpack.

Inside the backpack were soul beads, medicine pills, the shapeshifting brooch, talismans... and a small case.

Eh? Where does this case come from? And what's inside?

Song Shuhang curiously opened the case and found sixteen plants as fine as hair inside. These plants were shaped like lifelike dragons.

However, he didn't remember anything about these plants. Did he find them on the mysterious island?

Right at this time, he found a note at the bottom of the case. It was precisely that paper on which Song Shuhang had written the words 'skeletal dragon's withered vine' with a brush.

"The skeletal dragon's withered vine?! Isn't this the same natural treasure that Sixteen needed for her recovery?!" Song Shuhang carefully put the case away; he was extremely excited right now.

Now that he had these vines, he could help Sixteen hasten her recovery.

After putting the case away, Song Shuhang noticed another unfamiliar object inside the backpack—it was a cute rabbit-shaped purse.

As soon as he saw the purse, Song Shuhang felt a huge sense of shame well up in his heart. What was this thing doing inside his backpack?

Was it something he casually picked up on the mysterious island?

If it was something he had casually picked up, it was better to return it to the rightful owner.

But he had lost all memories concerning the mysterious island... how was he supposed to find the owner of the purse?

Should I throw it away? Or perhaps I can gift it to a girl?

After all, this purse was too cute-looking and wasn't suited for a big man like him.

While still in deep thoughts, Song Shuhang opened the purse to see what was inside.

He saw a very small note inside the purse.

Song Shuhang curiously grabbed the note and took it out.

As he took the note out of the purse, it suddenly changed from the size of a little finger to that of a table.

It became bigger?

The following line was written on the huge white paper with forceful brushstrokes: Little Finger Snake's Purse.

Below were other words written in a smaller font: Hold the left ear of the rabbit and pour your qi and blood, true qi, spiritual energy, and so on, inside to reduce all the objects the purse comes in contact with.

Then, right next to these small words, there was another set of even smaller words: Hopefully, you won't throw this cute purse away.

"..." Song Shuhang.

That was dangerous! Earlier, he was really thinking about throwing it away!

I unexpectedly gained so many interesting things on the mysterious island? I even got my hands on a purse made from the skin of the Little Finger Snake!

Just as he was thinking, he held the left ear of the rabbit and poured his qi and blood energy inside. Afterward, he used the purse to bump his backpack.

In the next instant, the backpack was reduced to the size of a fingernail and placed inside the rabbit-shaped purse by Shuhang.

"It's really cool," Song Shuhang muttered. With this gadget, he could easily carry things with him whenever he was out!

After carefully putting the purse away, Song Shuhang took out his mobile phone.

Unfortunately, there was no signal on the island.

He wanted to go in the Nine Provinces Number One Group and contact Su Clan's Seven to tell him he had those skeletal dragon's withered vines that Sixteen needed. It seemed he would have to wait to reach a place with signal to send the message.

And precisely because there was no signal, he hadn't received

Soft Feather's magnificent gift either.



In the neighboring Pacific Ocean, also on a small island.

Several huge balls of fire appeared in the space above the peaceful island.

When the first ball of fire descended to the ground, the forms of several people could be seen inside it.

Amongst these people were two men wearing the clothes of aircraft commanders, as well as several flight attendants and other men and women. The daughter of Song Shuhang's nominal disciple Joseph, Ji Shuangxue, was also amongst them. This batch of people fell on the sandy beach in a disordered manner, all of them unconscious.

The second ball of flames followed soon after. This ball was very small, and there were only two figures inside—one was that black uncle that was very good at breakdancing, the other was that boy searching for his parents. These two had pressed the YES button in front of the city gate when given the possibility.

Inside the third ball were Gao Moumou, Joseph, Tubo, Zhuge Yue, Zhuge Zhongyang, Lu Fei, her elder sister, and all those that had left the Heavenly Island after completing the transaction.

Inside the fourth ball were eight forms covered in blood. Their clothes were ripped apart and blood was dripping from their bodies, but strangely enough, they didn't seem to be injured.

All the passengers on the plane were again reunited.

After the four balls of flames descended to the ground, the fire quickly died out.

With the exception of Song Shuhang, all the passengers were now scattered on the beach, unconscious.



Around ten minutes later.

A group of people wearing animal skins and holding primitive weapons rushed over from the depths of the island. There were headed toward the sandy beach. After seeing those fireballs fall from the sky, their interest got piqued and they rushed over here.

"People, many of them!" A woman pointed at the passengers scattered on the beach and said in awkward Mandarin.

"Confucius said: 'Is it not a joy to have friends come from afar? What a pleasure, what a delight!' These people, friend! We, happy!" The man that seemed to be the leader said with a serious expression on his face.

The voice of the leader had yet to fade when a chubby man's eyes lit up. "Confucius said: 'If you peel off the skin, only the tender meat is left!' These people, food! I, long time no eat meat!"

"Slap!" The leader ruthlessly slapped the chubby man... Thinking about meat? Crazy!

Chapter 326: Primitive men reciting from memory the <Three-Character Classic>

"Don't improper use 'Confucius said'! If devil hears, our palm hit until red! Plus, we no cannibal, not go crazy over meat!" the one that seemed to be the leader said in awkward Mandarin.

After the ruthless slap, the chubby man recalled the terror of the 'devil'. His shoulders immediately shrank and he didn't dare to utter a single word.

Next, the leader waved his hand and said once more in awkward Mandarin, "First, move them!"

Thereupon, the primitive men started to carry the passengers away on their backs, shoulders, by hugging them, or by dragging them.



Soon after.

The passengers woke up one after another.

When they opened their eyes, they discovered that they were lying inside a huge shed made of straw. Next to them were standing many primitive men with brownish red skin and all sorts of pigments on their faces.

These people were wearing animal skins and holding primitive weapons in their hands; some of them even had fearful masks on their faces... it seemed as though they had directly traveled through time and come here from ancient times. They were emanating a primitive and barbaric aura.

When the passengers saw the sharp weapons these people were holding, they got a scare and swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

Soon after, the passengers silently looked at each other, not daring to speak.

"From what I remember, we were on the plane... how did we exactly end up in this strange place?" Tubo said in a low voice to the nearby Gao Moumou.

Gao Moumou forced a smile and shook his head. At the same time, he embraced his girlfriend Yayi tightly. These men wouldn't happen to be cannibals, right?

When it came to primitive men, the opinion of the average man was surely influenced by movies and TV shows. In the majority of those shows, primitive tribes would eat human meat. Therefore, as soon as they saw these people, the passenger immediately mistook them for cannibals.

"Did we travel to another world?" Lu Fei said quietly, her imagination running wild.

"..." Lu Fei's elder sister.

Song Shuhang's nominal disciple Joseph tightly clenched his fists. He was sitting beside his daughter, ready to protect her. He was in deep thought at this time.

Were these primitive men friends or foes?

If they were enemies, the odds weren't in their favor. After all, the primitive men were holding sharp weapons, while the passengers were all unarmed.

...Perhaps it was time for him to display the peerless martial technique his teacher taught him!

Joseph clenched his fists tightly.

He had absolute faith in his teacher Song Shuhang—he believed that the technique he had received from the man that could create explosive sounds just by lightly moving his palms could only be outstanding!

Although he had practiced only for a little more than a month, Joseph felt that he had gotten much stronger!

Eh? Why do I feel that I've gone through something similar before?

Joseph felt a sense of déjà-vu and had the impression that he had already gone through something similar. Was it just a dream, or did it really happen?

Why do I find this scene so familiar? Joseph thought to himself, somewhat puzzled.

Wait... where is teacher?

Teacher also boarded the plane with us!

Joseph looked all around, but he didn't find his teacher Song Shuhang.

Where did teacher go?

It wasn't only Joseph, Gao Moumou, Tubo, and the Zhuges had also discovered that Song Shuhang was missing...

"Where did Shuhang go?" Tubo asked in a low voice.

"Is he not here with us?" Gao Moumou narrowed his eyes and looked all around, not finding Shuhang. Since he had lost his glasses, he couldn't see too well.

Lu Fei said quietly, "I also don't see him anywhere. Did he get separated from us?"

Gao Moumou frowned and, somewhat worried, said, "All the passengers that boarded the plane are here, how come he is the only one missing?"

Everyone recalled those scenes in movies where primitive men were eating other humans. Song Shuhang wasn't already cooked and eaten, right?

Tubo and the others got a bit worried.

At this time, the passengers next to the captain of the plane asked him with a worried expression on their faces, "Captain, did

something happen to the plane? Why are we here?"

The captain was also baffled and shook his head. He didn't know what to say... because he too had no idea what had happened!

He was clearly piloting the plane a moment ago. Then, he fainted and found himself surrounded by primitive men. Things happened so fast that he had yet to understand what was happening.

"It doesn't seem we had an accident since we're unscathed. Maybe we did really travel to another world?" one of the air hostesses said in a low voice.

"I don't think we traveled to another world. Perhaps, after our plane crashed, we ended up on a small island in the middle of the ocean that has yet to be discovered," the old professor guessed.

Just as the passengers were discussing amongst themselves, the primitive men suddenly formed two groups, arranging themselves in lines.

Afterward, they lifted their heads high and threw out their chests.

Then, a woman opened her mouth and said, "Men at birth, are naturally good!"

It was a line from the *Three-Character Classic* of the Chinese literature. Each word was pronounced clearly, so it was very pleasant to the ear.

After she said this much, all the passengers were dumbfounded.

Next, the other primitive men recited in unison, "Men at birth, are naturally good. Their natures are similar; their habits become different. If, negligently, not taught, their nature deteriorate. The right way to teach, is with absolute thoroughness. Formerly, the mother of Mencius chose a neighborhood. When her child would not learn, she broke the shuttle from the loom..."

Blah blah blah... Although the pronunciation wasn't perfect, all

those present could see that they were reciting the contents of the <Three-Character Classic> from memory.

"Pfff..." Miss Lu Fei was really bold. When she saw the primitive men reciting the <Three-Character Classic> with proud and serious faces, she unconsciously laughed.

Her laughter was melodious and pleasing to the ear.

After hearing her laughter, a primitive man that was not too far off curiously turned his head to look at her, stopping his chant.

"Stop!" A powerful voice echoed from the outside.

Then, a 180-cm-tall man wearing a black windbreaker entered the shed, his hands crossed behind his back.

As soon as they saw this man, the natives became stiff. They were so afraid that they didn't even dare to breathe.

After entering the shed, the man wearing the black windbreaker arrived in front of the primitive man that had stopped reciting. He raised his right hand and revealed a thick disciplinary ruler.

The primitive man knew he couldn't escape his fate. Therefore, he slowly stretched out his hands with a bitter look on his face.

"Snap!" The man wearing a black windbreaker mercilessly hit the palms of the primitive man with the disciplinary ruler...

Chapter 327: Wrong subject, what to do?

"Ouch, ouch!" The primitive man's body twitched in pain when his palms were hit. However, he didn't dare to retract his hands.

He held his tears back and obediently stood in place. Each palm was hit ten times, becoming scarlet red.

The scene reminded the passengers of those old-style tutorial schools in ancient times where the tutor would hit the palms of the young student with a disciplinary ruler if the latter were to commit mistakes.

But if you were to change the tutor into a young man wearing a black windbreaker, and the young student into a tall and big primitive man, the scene would turn out rather comical.

Lu Fei looked at the primitive man with a guilty expression on her face. She didn't know that her laughter would cause so much pain to the primitive man. Had she known earlier, she would have covered her mouth with all her strength, not laughing at all.

"Get lost. You won't get a meal until you're finished writing the <Three-Character Classic> three times as a punishment," the windbreaker-clad man said in a grave tone.

As though he had just received an act of grace, the primitive man rubbed his palms and quickly ran away...probably getting ready to write the <Three-Character Classic> down.

The other primitive men looked at him with envy—he only needed to write the <Three-Character Classic> three times, and in exchange, he wouldn't have to stay here with this scary man clad in a windbreaker!

He was a lucky man.

After all, writing the text of the <Three-Character Classic> three times wouldn't take too much time, but if you were to stay here with this man and commit an even bigger mistake, you would be

hung on a big tree and beaten mercilessly, with your screams echoing throughout the whole surrounding area!

The windbreaker-clad man put the disciplinary ruler away and crossed his hands behind his back, heading toward the passengers.

After seeing his face, the passengers discovered that this man was also Chinese. Moreover, he seemed to possess a great authority amongst these primitive men. This made the passengers heave a sigh of relief... that being the case, their safety should be guaranteed, right?

At the same time, some of the glib-tongued passengers were thinking of getting close to this man to deepen their relationship with him.

But when the man walked toward them, he had a serious look on his face and his body was emanating an incredible pressure, so even the most glib-tongued passengers didn't dare to utter a word.

Soon, the man arrived in front of the white-haired professor with a majestic gait... the old professor just happened to be the closest person to the entrance.

The windbreaker-clad man nodded and said, "Hello."

As soon as he heard these words, the old professor felt his body become weak. Thereupon, he quickly replied, "Hello, Sir."

Strangely enough, when the old professor greeted this man, he even used the respectful term 'Sir'. But the windbreaker-clad man was clearly younger than the white-haired professor!

The professor had unconsciously addressed him with a respectful term due to the invisible pressure emanating from the man.

The windbreaker-clad man nodded and continued, "And you are...?"

The professor stood up on own volition and said humbly, "I'm professor Nan Tianxing from the Jichuan University of China."

"A university professor?" After hearing this much, the eyes of the man lit up!

Afterward, he enthusiastically shook the hand of the professor and said with a smile, "So, it was Professor Nan. I've heard so much of you!"

When the man smiled, all the imposing aura from before disappeared. It was as though ice had melted, becoming a hot spring. All the passengers felt their bodies become lighter, even breathing was now easier!

Professor Nan Tianxing smiled and nodded... it seemed he had still quite a bit of reputation in the Branch of Botany of the Biology Department. Even this man knew about him, and his attitude greatly changed after hearing his name!

Professor Nan Tianxing was very pleased at this time—once you were a man of his age, rather than money, you would be more interested in fame! If he could make an important discovery and have his name go down in history... how beautiful it would be.

The windbreaker-clad man said enthusiastically, "You should be responsible for teaching Chinese, right?"

"Yes! Wait... what?" Professor Nan Tianxing's smiling face stiffened.

The old professor was confused.

Teaching Chinese?

I'm not a professor of the Chinese Language Department... I'm a professor of the Biology Department, Branch of Botany!

The old professor was very distressed at this moment. So distressed that it was hard to describe with words!

"You came at the right time! I've waited for you a long time!" the windbreaker-clad man said full of enthusiasm. "Teaching Chinese language to these primitive men had really been an ordeal.

Recently, I taught them pinyin after a friend's recommendation. With that, they were able to learn the <Three-Character Classic> properly. But when I started to teach them the <Analects of Confucius>, these primitive men started to make stupid mistakes again. I still don't understand what's wrong with the way I'm teaching them..."

In the end, it was this windbreaker-clad man that taught those primitive men the <Three-Character Classic>! And now, he was planning to teach them the <Analects of Confucius>...?

When the younger passengers heard these words, they blushed with shame.

These primitive men were actually learning the <Analects of Confucius>!

Let alone these primitive men, even they who were born and bred in China didn't study the <Analects of Confucius> in its entirety! Nowadays, the students of primary and middle schools were taught only a few sentences from the <Analects of Confucius>.

Actually, many of those present didn't even finish studying the <Three-Character Classic>...

Professor Nan Tianxing was also blushing with shame—it seemed that the windbreaker-clad man mistook him for someone else. He had to clear this misunderstanding as soon as possible!

However, before the professor could explain...

The windbreaker-clad man handed the disciplinary ruler in his right hand to the professor and said, "Professor Nan! In this case, I'll leave the task of teaching these primitive men the <Analects of Confucius> to you! You can be assured that I'll not treat you unjustly. Coming to this small island in the middle of nowhere during summer vacation must have been unpleasant, but fear not, if you can teach these primitive men the entirety of the <Analects

of Confucius》 before the end of summer vacation, I'll give you a remuneration that will exceed your wildest expectations!"

After waiting for the man to finish his speech, Professor Nan Tianxing coughed and opened his mouth, preparing to clear the misunderstanding.

However, the following sentence of the windbreaker-clad man made him quickly forget about this thought!

"Don't worry, as long as you have that disciplinary ruler with you, this tribe of primitive men with over ten thousand individuals will follow your instructions without a hitch. You don't need to be afraid of them, if someone is not studying properly, you can hit them as hard as you want!" Afterward, thinking that Professor Nan Tianxing might be still worried, he also added, "Fear not, they won't eat you."

Professor Nan Tianxing's heart twitched—did it mean that if he wasn't teaching these primitive men Chinese, and didn't have the disciplinary ruler in hand, there was a chance they would eat him?

This was a rather fearful possibility!

Dammit. Isn't it just about teaching these primitive men how to read and write? The 《Analects of Confucius》, huh? In the end, I'm the professor of a prestigious university, and even if my knowledge in regards to the 《Analects of Confucius》 isn't too deep, I'm still a literate person!

"Sir, you don't have to worry. With the help of all the present, I will make sure to teach these primitive men how to read and write, making them learn the 《Analects of Confucius》 in its entirety by the end of summer vacation." Professor Nan Tianxing clenched his teeth and assured him.

The professor didn't forget about the other passengers behind him—after all, they were in this together, and since he had the ability, he decided to help them. He didn't want them to be eaten

by the primitive men because of being 'useless'.

"Good, I feel relieved now." The windbreaker-clad man nodded and smiled.

After assigning the task, he left the straw shed with his hands crossed behind the back; his mood was excellent at this time.

But just as he was leaving, somewhat confused, he thought to himself, Weird, why did fellow daoist Scholar Drunken Cloud (?) send so many people along with the professor? Are they here to help him, or is there another purpose to it?

I better log into the Nine Provinces Number One Group and ask for clarifications. Maybe fellow daoist Scholar Drunken Sun (?) has something special in mind?

While still in deep thought, he proceeded toward his dwelling.

This man wearing a black windbreaker was none other than Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman. When young, he had carelessly made too many oaths and pledged to teach the Chinese language to ten thousand illiterate people.

This island was precisely the one he mentioned in the Nine Provinces Number Group. That island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean with natives living on it.



After Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman left, the primitive men that were lined up into two rows immediately heaved a sigh of relief. But when their vision fell on the disciplinary ruler in the professor's hand, they immediately regained their composure, throwing out their chests and raising their heads high. It seemed that they were really afraid of this disciplinary ruler!

After seeing the reaction of the primitive men, the old professor and the other passengers also heaved a sigh of relief.

"Cough. Everyone should have realized what kind of situation we

are in," the old professor said as he turned his head to the passengers with a bitter smile.

Gao Moumou nodded and said, "We all saw. That being the case, we'll rely on you, professor. If you need our help while teaching these primitive men, just ask."

The old professor sighed deeply and said, "Good."

At this time, Tubo also asked, "Professor, we lot aren't really experts when it comes to teaching, but since you're a professor of Chinese language, can you reply to this question? That man wearing a windbreaker said that we have to teach these primitive men the *«Analects of Confucius»* by the end of summer vacation, but isn't that almost a race against time? Given your experience, from which part of the book do you suggest to start?"

Tubo was afraid that the windbreaker-clad man would get angry if they couldn't teach these primitive the entirety of the *«Analects of Confucius»* before the end of summer vacation.

Moreover, his imposing aura was so strong that they even forgot to ask him about Song Shuhang. In a while, he and the others would have to look for him and ask about Shuhang.

"..." Professor Nan Tianxing.

After a short pause, the old professor deeply sighed and said, "About that... I need to tell you something. I'm indeed a professor, a professor of the Biology Department..."

In the next instant, all the passengers stiffened, and a deathly silence fell on the room.

Chapter 328: I have yet to mail you the Chinese language professor

Lu Fei's elder sister broke the silence as she said calmly, "Although Professor Nan is specialized in a different field, he is still an experienced university professor. Moreover, we don't need to teach these primitive men the deep meaning of the *«Analects of Confucius»*; we just need to have them memorize it so that they can recite it from memory by the end of summer vacation. Therefore, as long as we work together, we can surely complete this task."

It was unknown what her occupation was, but whenever they were in a critical situation, Lu Fei's elder sister was able to keep her calm and find a way out.

"I agree with what this Miss said." Professor Nan Tianxing nodded his head in approval.

In the end, he was still a professor, and all he had to do was teach these primitive men how to read and write; that wasn't really a big deal. Thanks to his rich experience as a lecturer, he had already grasped the ability to explain the profound with simple terms, making things much easier to understand!

But there was another problem...

Professor Nan Tianxing coughed and said, "There is one last problem. Does any of you remember the content of the *«Analects of Confucius»*? That man wearing a windbreaker didn't give us the teaching materials related to the *«Analects of Confucius»*."

The windbreaker-clad man wasn't planning to have them teach the *«Analects of Confucius»* to the natives just from memory, right?

As soon as Professor Nan finished his sentence, the passengers shot a look toward the youngsters of the group—Gao Moumou,

Tubo, Yayi, Lu Fei, Zhuge Yue, Zhuge Zhongyang, Ji Shuangxue, and so on.

From their age, they seemed to be either in high school or university!

Gao Moumou shrugged his shoulders and said, "I'm from the Mechanical Design and Manufacturing Department, I can't help you with this."

Yayi said weakly, "I'm also from the Mechanical Design and Manufacturing Department."

Tubo smiled bitterly. "Mechanical Design and Manufacturing Department +2."

Lu Fei continued, "Mechanical Design and Manufacturing Department +3."

"Don't look at me, I'm from the News and Media Department." Zhuge Yue blinked her eyes.

Zhuge Zhongyang stroked his hair and said, "I'm a high school graduate."

"So, no one from the Chinese Language Department?" After hearing this much, the other passengers could only force a smile.

Amongst the people that had boarded the plane, no one remembered the *«Analects of Confucius»*. Such bad luck!

"Wait, is there signal here? We can look up the text on the Internet." One of the passengers took out his phone and started to fiddle with it.

But his phone wasn't magically changed like Venerable White's or a custom-made one like Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman's. He couldn't get any signal on this island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

The passengers could only bitterly smile after making this discovery.

"First, we have to resolve the problem about the textbook of the *«Analects of Confucius»*." The old professor furrowed his brows.

But right at this time, Tubo said, "Perhaps we can negotiate with that man. He didn't look like an uncommunicative person. If he wants us to teach the *«Analects of Confucius»* to the natives, he should at least provide the textbook! After all, you can't make bricks without straw."

"You have a point." Professor Nan nodded and said sluggishly, "But who is going to ask him about the textbook?"

The windbreaker-clad man seemed rather difficult to approach. At the time, when he had that serious expression on his face, the pressure emanating from his body was really something.

Tubo took a deep breath. He was preparing to take on this task—moreover, he had to ask the windbreaker-clad man about Song Shuhang. The fact that all the people that had boarded the plane were here except for Shuhang caused him great worry.

Zhuge Zhongyang put a hand on Tubo's shoulder and said suddenly, "Leave it to me!"

Zhuge Zhongyang stroked his hair with a smile and said, "I'll go ask that man about the textbook *«Analects of Confucius»*. I frequently meet serious-looking old men with sour faces. Therefore, I have experience when it comes to dealing with such people. Additionally, Tubo and the others got involved in this mess because I insisted on dragging them to this trip to the East China Sea. As if that wasn't enough, their classmate Song Shuhang is still missing. Since everything is my fault, it's normal for me to take the responsibility."

Even though he usually acted like a jerk, Zhuge Zhongyang was a rather dependable person in times of need.

"Let's go together then." Gao Moumou also stood up. "If we were to rely on your foul mouth, we might end up in an even bigger

mess. Additionally, Shuhang is our good friend, and we would like to have news about him as soon as possible. Therefore, let's just go together."

"We'll also accompany you." Lu Fei, her elder sister, Joseph, and his daughter also stood up.

"In this case, let's go all together," Tubo said with a smile.

The old professor also stood up. "I'll lead the way... with the protection of this disciplinary ruler, the natives won't dare to harm us."

And just in this fashion, the mighty group moved forward with large strides, heading in the direction the windbreaker-clad man had left.

With the old professor standing in the front, none of the natives dared to stop them.



Inside Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman's dwelling.

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman used his custom-made computer and went into the Nine Provinces Number Group.

The latest messages in the group dated to half a day ago.

From these messages, it seemed that Medicine Master was looking for enemy cultivators of the Second Stage or above to perform experiments. His objective was to restore the memories his fellow daoists lost on the mysterious island.

Afterward, there were messages from Su Clan's Seven, Venerable White, and other fellow daoists saying that they would lend a hand.

Toward the end was another message from Venerable White. According to this message, he had obtained clues on the whereabouts of headquarters of the Limitless Demon Sect and was looking to cooperate with the Spirit River Su Clan.

Next was Su Clan's Seven's radiantly smiling emoji: 😊

Seven said that the Spirit River Su Clan could get into action whenever Venerable White wished—if they were to team up with Venerable White, it was likely that they would return home with very good results. Although something unexpected might happen during the journey, the pros would surely outweigh the cons.

Immediately after was a thumbs up emoji from Great Master Profound Principle plus the small picture of a buddhist temple—the meaning was: if you need help, the Faraway Wandering Temple is also ready to help out and march on the Limitless Demon Sect together with Venerable White. While practicing, monks also consumed a great number of resources, and even if they followed the path of mercy, mercy alone wasn't enough to make them advance in strength...

Aside from Great Master Profound Principle, Northern River's Loose Cultivator, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber, Cave Lord Snow Wolf, and seven, eight other fellow daoists all expressed their interest in raiding the headquarters of the Limitless Demon Sect.

No one would refuse to accompany Senior White and pick a few treasures along the way.

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman got online.

"Hello everyone!" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman said. "Senior White, if you want to barge into the Limitless Demon Sect, I can also give you a hand!"

Afterward, he wrote: "@Scholar Drunken Star, Thank you for sending over that professor, and it was a university professor to boot! Many thanks! I won't forget this kindness for the rest of my life! PS: Are the other guys you sent over here his assistants or something?"

After Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman sent the message... no one was tagged; the name was wrong.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber laughed heartily and said, "Fool, you tagged the wrong person. Let me help you, @Scholar Drunken Turtle!"

But as just before, no one was tagged.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: Eh? It wasn't Scholar Drunken Turtle? Then, let's try with "[@Scholar Drunken King ? @Scholar Drunken Eight ! @Scholar Drunken Sun ! @Scholar Drunken Star ! @Scholar Drunken Ghost ...](#)"

Thrice Reckless tagged many names, but none of them was correct.

"..." Northern River's Loose Cultivator furrowed his brows. "Guys, stop for a moment. ☺ Here I come! [@When the bright moon appears.](#)"

This time, the tag feature worked.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator said complacently, "This is Scholar Drunken Sun's new nickname inside the group chat. Luckily, I made a short note with his dao name + online username and attached it to the corner of the monitor as to avoid forgetting about his name. With that, I can remember Scholar Drunken Sun's name even if he has yet to reach the Eighth Stage Profound Sage."

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman: "Fellow daoist Northern River is really worthy of respect! 🙏"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator sent a smiling face.

❄ ❄ ❄

Very soon, 'When the bright moon appears' made its appearance.

"Fellow Daoist Northern River, thank you for writing down my username and dao name." When the bright moon appears sighed with emotion. "But I must remind you of something, my dao name isn't Scholar Drunken Sun, it's Scholar Drunken Moon! Moon like the moon in the sky!"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "..."

"Drunken Turtle, Drunken King, Drunken Eight, Drunken Ghost... Fellow Daoist Thrice Reckless, you wrote these names on purpose, right? It was on purpose, right?!" When the bright moon appears sneered. "I'm planning to make a trip to central China in these days. If I'm not mistaken, your immortal cave should be in that area, right? 😊"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber immediately stiffened— What mistake did I commit? I was just trying to help fellow daoist Seven Lives Talisman!

At this time, Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman sent another message. "Fellow Daoist When the bright moon appears, thank you for sending over that university professor! Moreover, you even sent a bunch of people along to help him with the teachings. I didn't expect you to be so quick at handling matters!"

When the bright moon appears (Scholar Drunken Moon): "..."

When did I exactly send him a Chinese language professor? Although I did indeed contact a few professors of the Chinese Language Department, they have yet to reply.

"First, I congratulate fellow daoist Seven Lives Talisman for finding a language professor," When the bright moon appears replied. "However... I have yet to mail you a professor of Chinese language. Therefore, it wasn't me who sent that professor over."

"???" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman opened his eyes wide.

It wasn't fellow daoist Drunken Sun who sent that professor over?

So, did another fellow daoist in the group chat secretly help me?

As expected, the Nine Provinces Number One Group is really full of kind-hearted people!

Anyway, who might be this fellow daoist that secretly sent help?

Just as he was in deep thoughts, Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman heard the sound of footsteps approaching his place.

Gao Moumou, Tubo, and Professor Nan arrived in front of his dwelling to ask him about the textbook 《Analects of Confucius》 as well as information about Song Shuhang.

If you put the characters for king (王) and eight (八) together, you get the word cuckold. Turtle is also slang for cuckold. Drunken ghost is usually an insult for drunkards.

This is the first part of a poem: When the bright moon appears, I hold a cup of wine and ask the blue sky.

Chapter 329: Were you able to catch that girl?

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman received Gao Moumou and the others and said with a smile, "Professor Nan, what brings you here, do you need help with something?"

"Sir, it's like this. If you want us to teach the primitive men about the *«Analects of Confucius»*, we'll need a complete copy of the text," Zhuge Zhongyang said with a smile as he took a step forward.

At this time, Zhuge Zhongyang looked incredibly reliable and was completely different from his usual self.

Although he usually acted like a jerk and had a foul mouth, he had dealt with many large companies in the past few years. If he wished to, he could easily appear as a trustworthy person.

"Ahaha, I actually forgot about it. Professor Nan, no need to worry about this matter. I'll have someone deliver you a copy of the *«Analects of Confucius»* as soon as possible," Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman said.

Professor Nan heaved a sigh of relief. He didn't expect that the problem would be solved so quickly.

"Is there something else?" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman asked after seeing that Gao Moumou and the others didn't leave immediately.

Gao Moumou took a step forward and said, "Sir, there is something else we would like to ask you. Did you happen to see our friend Song Shuhang when you found us back then? He is around 175 centimeters tall, perhaps a bit taller now, and always has a bright smile on his face. He boarded the same plane as the rest of us."

Afterward, Gao Moumou kept describing Song Shuhang's

appearance to Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman.

Song Shuhang?

After hearing this name, as well as Gao Moumou's description, Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman's eyes immediately lit up— Is it possible that they're talking about little friend Song Shuhang?

"Stressed by a Mountain of Books?" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman asked.

Tubo swiftly replied, "That's Shuhang's online username."

So that's how it is... it seemed that it was the kind-hearted little friend Song Shuhang that sent over the professor to help me out...

I must properly thank little friend Song Shuhang later. He helped me quite a lot with this oath of mine about teaching Chinese to the natives of the island. Even using pinyin and the alphabet song was his idea.

After I'm done teaching ten thousand illiterate people the Chinese language, I must give little friend Song Shuhang a big gift, as well as carry out a transaction with him for his Blood God Crystal.

Little friend Shuhang is really my lucky star! Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman thought to himself.

After discovering that these guys were little friend Song Shuhang's close friends, Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman was even more moved.

"So, you're little friend Song Shuhang's friends," Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman said while taking a step forward, hugging Tubo and Gao Moumou.

Gao Moumou's brain had yet to understand what was happening — Since when Song Shuhang's name became so prestigious?

Unexpectedly, even the boss of these primitive men was giving

face to Song Shuhang...

"Don't worry. Although he isn't here with you, I'm sure he's doing fine. I'll ask him where he is and inform you guys as soon as he replies. Additionally, you don't have to worry about food, I'll provide you the best of the best," Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman said with a smile.

In the end... Gao Moumou, Tubo, and the others left Seven Lives Talisman's place, somewhat baffled.

Soon after, the primitive men arranged all the passengers into fine houses of stone and provided them exquisite food.

Around ten minutes later, a thick copy of the *«Analects of Confucius»* was delivered in front of the crowd.

The passengers still felt as though they were dreaming.

"So, were Shuhang and that man wearing a windbreaker acquaintances?" asked Gao Moumou.

"Did Shuhang eat a face-giving fruit or something?" said Tubo while taking a bite of the banana in his hand.

"Do you think something happened to him?" Lu Fei said, somewhat worried.

Gao Moumou shook his head. "From the tone of that man, it doesn't seem that Shuhang was in danger. Anyway, we should be safe for the time being. Now, we need to figure out a way to teach the *«Analects of Confucius»* to the primitive men."

Everybody nodded in agreement.



Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group once more.

" @Stressed by a Mountain of Books , Little friend Shuhang, thank you for sending here that professor of Chinese language 😊," Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman said happily.

But even after a while, Song Shuhang didn't reply.

At this time, 'When the bright moon appears' sent a message. "In the end, it was little friend Shuhang that sent the professor over?"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator also replied with a smile, "Seven Lives Talisman, little friend Shuhang might not be online. After all, he didn't log in for the last two days."

Just as they were talking, Immortal Master Copper Trigram popped out and said, "Northern River, you useless fellow, stop talking like you know where he is! 😊"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator sneered and wrote, "Hmph, it's not like you know either. 😏"

"Unfortunately for you, I know. 😊" Immortal Master Copper Trigram continued, "I'm currently heading toward his position. He's on a small island in the East China Sea, and Medicine Master entrusted me with bringing him a medicinal paste while I was at it."

Obviously, the medicinal paste was for Chu Family's Chu Chu.

Medicine Master was too busy at the moment and couldn't leave his place to meet Song Shuhang.

Therefore, he asked another fellow daoist to bring the medicinal paste to Song Shuhang and conveniently grab those two Second Stage cultivators while at it.

And Immortal Master Copper Trigram happened to be this fellow daoist.



At this time, on that lone island in the East China Sea.

Song Shuhang, who was meditating with his eyes closed, 'saw' a huge door appear before him.

A stream of water was flowing out of this door and continuing downward!

This was the last small realm of the First Stage, the dragon gate!

If you were to use all the qi and blood energy in your body as fuel and jump through the gate after going upstream, your qi and blood would change from illusory to real, turning into true qi.

But if you were to fail, you would deplete all your qi and blood, decreasing your cultivation level of a small realm.

Anyway, Song Shuhang wasn't ready for this step yet, and the 'dragon gate' in front of him was still illusory.

After taking a deep breath, he ended his meditation.

It didn't seem he was planning to jump through the dragon gate just yet. It seemed he wanted to wait till the qi and blood in his body had reached a sufficient level before trying.



At this time, the two Second Stage cultivators that had been immobilized by Venerable White, Whale Eight and Shark Nine, weakly lay in a corner.

Shark Nine had been lucky and didn't die after taking that blow from the sword talisman head-on—he still had one last breath left. But the fate that waited them seemed even worse than death.

Right at this time, a voice transmitted from the communication device in Whale Eight's ear.

It was Wolf One's voice. "Whale Eight, were you able to catch that girl?"

Chapter 330: Immortal Master Copper

Trigram

Wolf One's voice was cold; not receiving replies from Whale Eight gave him a bad feeling.

At this moment, Whale Eight was unable to move or speak due to Venerable White's technique...

"Whale Eight, reply to me! Stop fooling around, we don't have much time left! Kill the girl if you can't catch her. We can't let her escape!" Wolf One said in a grave tone—he knew that Whale Eight had the strange fetish of hugging cute girls to death. Therefore, he was afraid that he would mess up things while enjoying himself.

But just as before, Whale Eight didn't reply...

"Dammit! Whale Eight, if you mess this mission up, I'll find you and give you a beating you won't forget for the rest of your life!" Wolf One howled as he hung up.

Next, he tried to contact Shark Nine. "Shark Nine, reply to me. Are you with Whale Eight right now? What is he doing?"

Shark Nine's state was even worse than Whale Eight's, and even breathing was a challenge for him. Let alone speaking, he didn't even have the strength to groan in pain.

After seeing that Shark Nine wasn't replying either, Wolf One called out in exasperation, "Dammit! What are you two doing?! Wait for me, I'm heading toward your position!"

Wolf One could determine their approximate position through the communication device in their ears.

Don't come! You're walking into a trap! Whale Eight roared inside his heart, but unfortunately for him, he couldn't say it out loud... and Wolf One had already hung up in anger.



After hanging up, Wolf One became very calm, and all his anger vanished.

He lightly tapped on the communication device beside his ear and contacted the other members of the organization. "Bull Two, Ape Four, call for Hawk Six and our other brothers... Whale Eight and Shark Nine had an accident. Something unexpected happened while they were carrying out the mission. For the time being, we should head toward the position of Whale Eight's communication device and see if there is a chance to save them. Let's hope that they're still alive."

"And you, Fox Ten! For how long are you planning to stay at the bottom of the sea?! Get the hell out of there!" Wolf One bellowed.

"Gurgle~ I'm... gurgle~ coming..." the handsome Fox Ten said with great difficulty. From the looks of it, he seemed to still be at the bottom of the sea, but how could he talk while under the water...?



Whale Eight's face became pale. Given Wolf One's disposition, he would call for the other members of the organization and come here together to look for him and Shark Nine.

In normal circumstances, he would be happy if Wolf One and the others were to come here to save him... but it was different this time. The strength of that cultivator in white clothes was too great. Even a respected cultivator of the Second Stage like him was nothing more than an ant compared to that man.

Although he was much stronger than him, Wolf One was still a cultivator of the Second Stage. Whale Eight believed that even a hundred Wolf Ones wouldn't be able to defeat that cultivator in white clothes.

If they were to come here, the other members would only walk toward their deaths...

Right at this time, a calm voice echoed in Whale Eight's ears, "Hehe, so your name is Whale Eight. [What an interesting name, it's pronunciation is the same as pekingese.](#)"

After turning his head around with great difficulty, Whale Eight saw the person he was the most unwilling to see—that cultivator decked in white clothes was calmly squatting beside him, his face wearing a mysterious smile capable of bewitching every living thing.

Whale Eight's expression turned bitter... did this man hear the conversation between him and Wolf One?

Immediately after, he saw the cultivator in white clothes stretch his finger and tap on his shoulder. In the next instant, he felt a burst of spiritual energy enter inside him and spread to all the corners of his body...

Venerable White took his finger back and asked with a smile, "As expected... Whale Eight and Shark Nine, eh? If I'm not mistaken, the other members of your organization should also have code names such as: Wolf, Bull, Dog, Ape, Deer, Hawk, Snake, and so on... for a total of thirty-three different animal-based code names, right?"

Although Whale Eight couldn't speak due to the technique immobilizing his body, the terrified look in his eyes was enough to answer Venerable White's question.

"It seems I guessed correctly. These thirty-three animals should stand for the thirty-three animals of the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique>." Venerable White adjusted his squatting pose and flicked his finger toward Whale Eight.

The technique binding his body was half-undone, allowing him to speak again.

"When I saw you, I felt that the technique you were practicing was rather interesting," Venerable White continued. "Amongst the

《Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique》, what you're practicing should be the 'Huge Whale's Technique', right?"

Whale Eight smiled bitterly. This cultivator knew even the secret technique of his organization, he couldn't hide anything from him.

"I didn't expect that the illustrious 'Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect' would decline until becoming a third-rate organization. It's still fine though... I've always been interested in the 《Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique》 of your sect, but I've never had the opportunity to come in contact with you guys in the past. But this time, you actually came to my door on your own. My luck isn't bad, hehe..." Venerable White laughed lightly.

Indeed, his luck was pretty good~

Song Shuhang also came over. He had just finished meditating when he decided to take a look at the two prisoners. But just when he got there, he saw Venerable White squatting down beside the prisoners and chatting with them.

Song Shuhang arrived beside Venerable White and squatted down as well, asking, "Senior White, what is this 《Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique》? Is this technique very powerful?"

He heard Venerable White mention this technique while coming over.

"Rather than powerful, it is very interesting, especially the first two volumes regarding the First and Second Stage Realm. This technique can allow a cultivator to develop a 'pseudo' innate true qi while still in the First and Second Stage. I'm not sure how this technique was developed, but it allowed the disciples of their sect to get an incredible advantage while still in the First and Second Stage Realm," Venerable White explained.

Somewhat confused, Song Shuhang asked, "Pseudo innate true qi? Does it have some relationship with the Third Stage 'Innate' Realm?"

"Yes, there is a close relationship between the two." Venerable White nodded. Then, his eyes suddenly lit up and he looked at Song Shuhang, asking, "Shuhang, if I'm not mistaken, you started cultivating just recently, right?"

Song Shuhang silently nodded.

"Then, I'll use your case as an analogy. You already missed the best time to cultivate and build your foundation which happens to be between four and eight years old. The wisp of innate true qi you inherited from your mother's body had already disappeared when you completed your foundation, and from now, you'll advance with more difficulty compared to those disciples from sects," Venerable White said.

"Eh? The innate true qi inherited from my mother's body? And without it, cultivating will be more difficult? There is really such a thing?" Song Shuhang scratched his head in puzzlement.

...None of the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group told him about it.

"No one in the group told you about it?" Venerable White pondered for a moment and smiled, saying, "Perhaps they felt that it would negatively influence your will to cultivate if they were to tell you. But given your willpower, I feel that there would be no problem."

Song Shuhang nodded. Since he decided to become a cultivator, he had been prepared to die. How could mere hardships stop him?

Venerable White kept explaining, "Nowadays, cultivators believe that the optimal age to establish your foundation is between four and five years old. During this period of time, the child would still have that wisp of innate true qi acquired in the mother's womb. If the child reaches the Foundation Establishment Realm within this period, they will be able to store that wisp of innate true qi inside their Heart Aperture, building a solid foundation for their future path of cultivation. If you have this wisp of innate true qi and the

necessary techniques and resources, you won't meet any bottlenecks before the Third Stage Realm.

After the age of five, and every year after that, the wisp of innate true qi inherited from the mother's body would keep getting thinner and thinner... until completely disappearing when the child reaches the age of eight.

If you miss this opportunity, you won't get it anymore. The thinner the wisp of innate true qi, the bigger the number of hardships you would encounter from the First Stage Foundation Establishment Realm to the Third Stage. The time and the resources you would need to advance in realm would become higher and higher, to the point where they would increase by 50% compared to someone that had completed their foundation establishment below the age of eight."

If you didn't have this wisp of innate true qi, you were like a game character starting with a handicap; you would grow at a slower pace than others.

Song Shuhang scratched his head. "There was unexpectedly such a thing! In other words, I lost that wisp of innate true qi more than ten years ago."

It was precisely for this reason that he didn't feel the presence of innate true qi when completing his foundation establishment.

"However... the speed I'm advancing at shouldn't be too bad, right?" Song Shuhang asked. He officially started cultivating around two months ago, and now, he had already reached the last step of the First Stage from opening his Heart Aperture. It happened in a rather short amount of time.

"That's only because your luck isn't bad," Venerable White said with a smile.

"It was all thanks to you, Senior," Song Shuhang replied subconsciously. In this time he had stayed together with Senior

White, he had freeloaded a lot of his luck.

Venerable White laughed and continued, "Therefore, the first two volumes of the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique> are very suitable for you. Even if the 'pseudo' innate true qi might not be as good as the wisp of innate true qi inherited from the mother's body, it should still allow you to increase your cultivation speed by more than 30% before you reach the Third Stage Realm."

Song Shuhang's eyes immediately lit up, becoming 200W light bulbs. The <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique> seemed quite good!

"Impossible!" Whale Eight said at this time. "The <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique> we practice can't produce innate true qi. Those are only baseless rumors spread by outsiders!"

Venerable White asked, "You didn't condense the pseudo innate true qi?"

Whale Eight shook his head. Let alone he, none of the members of the organization condensed that pseudo innate true qi or whatever its name was!

Venerable White stared at him for a while and said, "I didn't think that the heritage of the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect would turn out to be this lacking."

After pointing with his finger at Whale Eight and making him faint, he replied, "Since it goes by the name of <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique>, it's either formed by thirty-three different types of techniques or external objects such as magical treasures!"

Too bad that Whale Eight had already fainted and couldn't hear him...

"Also, what happened to the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect? How can their heritage be this lacking...? Even their signature technique was passed down in an incomplete state," Venerable

White muttered.

"In that case, we can't get our hands on the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique>?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Don't worry. We'll have a better understanding of the situation after I catch their companions. Even if their inheritance is incomplete, as long as the parts regarding the First and Second Stage are intact, it's not a problem. After all, you only need this technique to develop that 'pseudo' innate true qi. As for me, I want to take a look at it and see if I can get some inspiration to perfect my own cultivation technique," Venerable White said.

His own cultivation technique...? Does it mean that Venerable White didn't receive his technique from his ancestors, but he created it from scratch?



Around an hour later.

A guest suddenly arrived on the lone island.

However, it wasn't Wolf One or the other members of the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect.

Under the scorching sun, a man wearing a cowboy hat, a sleeveless white undershirt, and jean shorts was pulling along a heavy handcart, dashing about madly on the surface of the sea.

His muscles were like marble, and sweat was dripping from his bronze colored skin...

Although the sea was agitated and ten meters tall waves would appear from time to time, this man wearing a cowboy hat was rushing forward and breaking through the waves like it was nothing, directly heading toward the lone island.

After the man got a bit closer, Song Shuhang saw that there were two flag-shaped objects on the heavy handcart he was pulling along.

The flag on the left had the following words inscribed on it: "Copper or iron trigrams, in the time it takes to say a word, I've already predicted a billion things!"

While the ones on the right flag were: "Divination after divination, I've become the Great Immortal Master of myriad divinatory trigrams!"



"Senior White, someone is coming," Song Shuhang said.

"Don't worry, it's a person from our side," Venerable White said with a smile.

Someone from our side?

The man wearing a cowboy hat stepped on the island and took off his hat, waving at Song Shuhang. "Hello, little friend Shuhang!"

Song Shuhang looked at the man before his eyes in puzzlement. Do I know this guy?

"You didn't recognize me, huh?" The man grinned and pointed toward the flags on the handcart. "Look at those. Can you guess my identity now?"

"Copper or iron trigrams... divination after divination... Great Immortal Master... wait! You're Senior Immortal Master Copper Trigram...?" Song Shuhang had an epiphany. He recalled the second-in-command of the Death Seeker Army (below only Thrice Reckless Mad Saber), Immortal Master Copper Trigram!

"Ahaha, it is precisely me." Immortal Master Copper Trigram laughed heartily.

"Senior Copper Trigram, what are you doing here?" Song Shuhang asked in puzzlement—moreover, Immortal Master Copper Trigram's appearance was completely different from what he had imagined.

Although Copper Trigram was known as a shady fortune teller,

Song Shuhang thought that he would still look like one.

But this man wearing a cowboy hat standing before him resembled a stocky field worker and was nothing like a fortune teller.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram laughed and turned around. Afterward, he grabbed a medicinal paste from the handcart and handed it over to Song Shuhang. "Fellow daoist Medicine Master told me to give you this medicinal paste while I was at it. Here, take it."

In Chinese, both pekingese and Whale Eight are pronounced 'Jingba'

Chapter 331: What is the opposite of luck in love? Anxiously waiting for a reply!

Venerable White asked, "Medicine Master didn't come in person?"

Previously, he had contacted Medicine Master, who said that he would rush over as soon as possible... how did it suddenly change to getting someone to send the medicine over?

Immortal Master Copper Trigram stopped his handcart and shrugged before replying, "I'm not sure. I only received fellow daoist Medicine Master's request and brought the medicine needed to treat the injuries on my way. When I'm done, I'll also help him take the 'test subjects' back for him. I guess that fellow daoist Medicine Master probably had some important last-minute experiment to do or he might have had a sudden inspiration that he had to verify immediately?"

"I see." Venerable White nodded. Based on his personality of being a passionate and crazy researcher, it was definitely possible.

Song Shuhang reached out for the medicinal paste. "Senior Copper Trigram, how do I use this paste?"

"Venerable White described Miss Chu's wounds to Medicine Master very clearly. This paste is very easy to use, just applying it directly onto her chest will do. The paste is specially made by Medicine Master—after applying the paste, a month or so is all you need for her injuries to start recovering bit by bit. Two months later, I guarantee that she would be able to move and jump around, without any sequelae," replied Immortal Master Copper Trigram.

Apply it onto her chest?

Miss Chu's chest had been pressed tightly, changing from its original S-shape to that of a surfboard...

Song Shuhang held the paste in his hand and looked to his side.

Senior White, the small monk, as well as Doudou... a senior, a child, and an animal. Comparing to himself, they were more suitable candidates to apply the paste on Miss Chu Chu—in that case, he decided to ask them if they were willing to do it. If they rejected him, then he would do it.

Song Shuhang asked, "Senior, Guoguo, Doudou, is anyone of you willing to apply the paste on Miss Chu Chu?"

"I can't touch the naked body of a female benefactor~" Guoguo placed his palms together with a serious look on his face and even called out Buddha's name.

"I, Doudou, already have a wife. I can't do such a thing," said Doudou earnestly—speaking of which, he hadn't gone online for a couple of days, who knows if other people in the game were bullying his wife?

"Then let me do it." This time, Venerable White smiled and took the paste from Song Shuhang's hand and walked towards Miss Chu Chu.



"Little Friend Shuhang, you missed an opportunity to save a damsel in distress," Immortal Master Copper Trigram said straightforwardly and laughed. "If you applied the paste on Miss Chu... and she happened to open her eyes to witness the bashful moment, for all you know, a new couple might be formed just like that."

Song Shuhang was speechless.

"Based on your expression, do you not trust my words?" Immortal Master Copper Trigram knitted his brows. "Let me tell you... there is a pink aura emitting from your forehead. Just by looking at your face, I can tell you have luck in love!"

I have luck in love?

It can't be right, Senior Copper Trigram's divinations should be

read in reverse, and in that case, there's a problem... what's the opposite of luck in love?

Love calamity? Love misfortune?

At this time, Doudou raised his head and looked at Song Shuhang. Thereafter, its dog eyes suddenly lit up.

"Woof woof... there is indeed some color within the space between your eyebrows. However, it's jet black, like ink. Speaking of which, Copper Trigram, just how colorblind are you that you mistook jet black for pink? Woof?" Doudou paused, and said, "Shuhang, you gotta be more careful when you go out—when you speak or run errands, pay extra attention to details. For all you know, you might get killed by someone!"

Song Shuhang was speechless.

So the opposite of luck in love was actually having a black aura around the space between your brows and having extremely bad luck?

"How is this possible, I clearly saw pink, it is very obvious! Little friend Shuhang, stand properly. I'll execute a technique and reveal the love-related nature of that aura on your forehead!" After saying this much, Immortal Master Copper Trigram stretched his hand out and performed a hand seal, pointing toward Song Shuhang's forehead from afar.

In the next moment, Song Shuhang's forehead lit up slightly.

Thereafter, a pitch-black fog started rolling over his forehead.

Doudou rolled his eyes. "It's just pitch black, there isn't the slightest tinge of pink... and don't try to say that I'm colorblind, I haven't been since the day I opened my Eye Aperture."

Immortal Master Copper Trigram was puzzled. "Strange... it's indeed black, but earlier I clearly saw a tinge of pink?"

"Senior Doudou, Senior Copper Trigram, there is indeed a tinge

of pink in the midst of darkness. In that place!" The small monk pointed at the edge of the light emitting from Song Shuhang's forehead—there was a tinge of pink that could easily be overlooked.

Doudou opened his eyes wide and looked at Song Shuhang's forehead. "There really is!"

"What does that mean? Love calamity?" asked Song Shuhang out of concern and worry—he was considering whether or not to keep himself close to Senior White in the following days to freeload his luck.

"Love calamity? Don't be so optimistic," Immortal Master Copper Trigram answered. "Luck that is associated with such darkness and a tinge of pink should mean that if you got unlucky, it would be the worst kind ever! Additionally, the bad luck might possibly be related to women. In any case, for now, you need to keep a distance from females."

"Senior, are you fortune-telling now?" Song Shuhang asked cautiously.

If this was Immortal Master Copper Trigram's divination, he could consider looking at it from a different point of view. If that was the case, wouldn't it mean that he was pretty lucky?

"No, I was just trying to explain the meaning of this aura that appeared on your forehead. But why not, since I'm in a good mood today, I can do some divinations for you, free of charge!" After finishing his sentence, Immortal Master Copper Trigram turned around and fished for something from his handcart.

"Thank you, Senior!" Song Shuhang said gratefully—from a different angle, Immortal Master Copper Trigram's divinations were pretty accurate... you just needed to view them in reverse.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram laughed, feeling pleased with himself. He then took out a tortoise shell as well as three copper

coins that he stuffed into the shell.

He shook tortoise shell and the three copper coins were thrown out, landing on the ground.

Song Shuhang had no knowledge or understanding of divinations, so all he did was look at Immortal Master Copper Trigram mysteriously staring at the three copper coins.

"Senior, is it ominous, or is it auspicious?" he carefully asked, hoping in his heart that it would be... extremely ominous! Extremely ominous! It was better if it was G-cup-level ominous!

The corner of Immortal Master Copper Trigram's mouth twitched and he lifted his head, clenching his teeth to force a smile, and said, "Auspicious!"

Song Shuhang's face immediately stiffened... I'm dead, it's ominous!

Immortal Master Copper Trigram coughed twice and gave him a thumbs up, then said in all seriousness, "This is an auspicious divination, one pertaining to love! Little friend Shuhang, do pay attention to the girls around you, such as Miss Chu; if you had applied the paste on her chest, for all you know, you two might already be a couple!"

"Pffff~" Doudou laughed so hard he drooled all over the place.

"I understand, Senior!" Song Shuhang clenched his teeth. "For now, I definitely will not come in contact with any girls."

"Don't act like that, little friend Shuhang. You must have been brainwashed by those guys in the group. You must not trust their words, especially those of that guy, Northern River's Loose Cultivator. My divinations are actually rather accurate!" Immortal Master Copper Trigram was practically outrightly reluctant to admit the truth.

"Yes, I trust you, Senior." Song Shuhang tried his best to force a smile and decided that for this period of time, he would not leave

Senior White's side and follow him closely wherever he would go and that he would never, ever come in contact with any girls. At least, till after the darkness around his forehead had disappeared.

"Eh? Senior Brother Shuhang's forehead is that black and yet he still has good luck with women?" The small monk did not know the nature of his divinations; he kept a straight face and pondered earnestly before saying, "A shady fortune teller?"

Doudou hurriedly reached out his hand to cover the small monk's mouth and said, "Kid, don't casually say the truth! Copper Trigram, children's words carry no harm, don't take it to heart!"

Immortal Master Copper Trigram was speechless.

He suddenly felt very depressed! He clearly spoke the truth about what he calculated and was honest in his explanations, should he have lied instead? Could it be that it was not possible for a sincere and honest person to exist on this earth?

Song Shuhang forced a laugh and tried to change the topic of the conversation. "Ahem. Speaking of which, Senior Copper Trigram, you said you came here while on the way somewhere. So, was there something you needed to do?"

"Ah, it is something that causes me much sadness." Immortal Master Copper Trigram let out a long sigh and said, "Actually, even though I said I was just passing by... the truth is that I specially came to look for you guys!"

Song Shuhang, Doudou, and the small monk wore the same puzzled look on their faces.

"I have a disciple—" Immortal Master Copper Trigram started telling the story with a sad look on his face.

Doudou raised his paw and interrupted Immortal Master Copper Trigram, "I know, you're talking about that Immortal Fortune Teller Iron Trigram in the group chat. That should be the account of your disciple. I heard about it from stupid Yellow Mountain."

"Don't interrupt!" Immortal Master Copper Trigram said sternly. "Or else, I will calculate an auspicious divination for you every day!"

Doudou immediately shrunk back and acted cute by sticking his tongue out.

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry... Senior Copper Trigram, by threatening Doudou like that, it feels as though you do realize that you are a shady fortune teller!

After threatening Doudou, Immortal Master Copper Trigram continued to lament, "The problem is, a few days ago, I suddenly got excited and calculated a divination for that boy!"

"What happened after that?" The small monk Guoguo continued the conversation.

"Ah... It was a very good divination, extremely auspicious—it was the best divination I ever calculated in my life." Immortal Master Copper Trigram sighed sorrowfully.

The best divination in his entire life? F*ck, that's some serious stuff! Song Shuhang and Doudou thought to themselves.

"Thereafter... my beloved disciple Iron Trigram was panic-stricken, and immediately went into secluded meditation and did not dare to step out at all, locking himself at the venue." Immortal Master Copper Trigram sighed deeply.

"Eh? Since it was an incredibly auspicious divination, why would he be frightened?" the small monk asked innocently, not knowing the 'shady' nature of Copper Trigram's divinations.

The corner of Immortal Master Copper Trigram's mouth twitched and he agonized for a while before saying, "Since the day I started up till now, none of the divinations I calculated were accurate."

The small monk stiffened and then put his palms together and said in a serious manner, "Benefactor, please restrain your grief."

Doudou was puzzled and asked, "Copper Trigram, could it be that you came to find us because there's something you need us to help you with?"

Song Shuhang suddenly thought of a possibility and asked, "Is it about Venerable White?"

Chapter 332: Soft Feather, the signal isn't too good here. Can you send it into the group chat so that I can download it later?

"Little friend Song Shuhang, your guess is correct. I was thinking of borrowing Senior White's incredible luck to help Iron Trigram survive his calamity." After saying this much, Immortal Master Copper Trigram sighed and added, "For this disciple of mine, I even mustered my courage and came here to meet Senior White in person!"

According to Immortal Master Copper Trigram's words, coming here to meet Senior White was something that only valiant and fearless people could do...

Song Shuhang asked out of curiosity, "Senior Copper Trigram, are you planning to invite Senior White over to your place?"

If you were to put it like this, it almost felt as though Venerable White was a walking evil-warding talisman.

"Do I want to invite Senior White over to my place?" After imaging the scene, Copper Trigram's face immediately turned pale. He swallowed a mouthful of saliva and spoke in a low voice, "Little friend Shuhang, since you've been with Venerable White for a while, I need to ask you a question!"

"Senior Copper Trigram, go ahead," Song Shuhang said with a nod. He probably wants to ask whether or not Venerable White can control his charm... it seems that all the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group want to know about this matter...

"I see. Now then, do you find that girl from the Chu Family attractive?" Immortal Master Copper Trigram asked in a low voice. This question was rather random, and there was no way someone could have predicted it!

Luckily, Song Shuhang's brain had become very adept at dealing with unpredictable things—Eh? Wait, why has my brain become adept at dealing with unpredictable stuff? Song Shuhang was a bit confused.

Anyway, regardless of what happened, his brain had undergone a power-up and was now capable of adapting to completely random questions.

Therefore, he promptly replied, "Yes, that girl from the Chu Family is indeed attractive."

"Now, let me ask you another question. Earlier, why did you refuse to apply the medicinal paste on her body?" Immortal Master Copper Trigram asked once again in a low voice.

"Why I refused? Because Venerable White, Doudou, and the small monk were all more suitable than me to apply the medicinal paste! The dignity of a woman was at stake, and if it was possible to avoid misunderstandings, it was better to do so!" Song Shuhang replied after pondering for a moment.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram commented, "Cough, little friend Shuhang is the best friend every girl would want to have."

"..." The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched. "Senior, don't casually put the friendzone label on me! I might get offended!"

"Ahaha." Immortal Master Copper Trigram made a hollow laugh and held his chin. It seemed he was satisfied with this answer.

Still, it was unknown what conclusion he had reached after asking those two questions earlier...

"Anyway, I'm not in a rush, so I'll stay on the island for another two days. I can decide later whether or not I should invite Venerable White to my place," Immortal Master Copper Trigram muttered.

Right at this time, Doudou poked Song Shuhang and said,

"Shuhang, I feel that Copper Trigram is getting a wrong idea of your character and putting you in a very weird category."

"..." Song Shuhang.

After hearing Doudou's words, Copper Trigram made a hollow laugh and changed the topic of the conversation. "Ahaha... speaking of which, little friend Shuhang, when did you mail that language professor to fellow daoist Seven Lives Talisman to help him teach the natives?"

"Eh? I didn't send any language professor to Senior Seven Lives Talisman." Song Shuhang was baffled.

"What? You didn't? But fellow daoist Seven Lives Talisman even thanked you in the group chat earlier for sending over a professor. He said you sent a university professor, as well as a bunch of assistants to help him out." Immortal Master Copper Trigram pulled out his smartphone.

Copper Trigram's phone wasn't the type you would find on the market. It was either a custom-made smartphone or a magically modified one.

After taking the smartphone out, Immortal Master Copper Trigram pulled an antenna out of the phone. The antenna allowed him to get signal and go into the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Next, he scrolled through the chat logs until he reached Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman's messages, showing them to Song Shuhang.

The conversation started with Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman tagging the user Stressed by a Mountain of Books. Next, he expressed his gratitude to Song Shuhang for sending over that language professor.

"A university language professor? As well as a bunch of assistants as a complimentary gift? How did Senior Seven Lives Talisman

conclude that it was me who sent these people over to his place? From the looks of it... there can be only one possibility." Song Shuhang rubbed his temples.

...It all started when the plane I boarded entered the mysterious island, and although I don't have any memory of what happened there, when I left the island, I suddenly appeared in the sky.

In this case, the other passengers on the plane might have ended up on Senior Seven Lives Talisman's island...

To send them directly from the East China Sea to the Pacific Ocean... the mysterious island really put some effort into it, didn't it?

Anyway, I have to contact Senior Seven Lives Talisman as soon as possible. After all, Gao Moumou, Tubo, and the others were also on the plane!

"Senior Copper Trigram, can you lend me your phone for a moment and let me go online? I need to log in into my account and reply," Song Shuhang asked. His phone wasn't modified and couldn't get any signal on this small island.

He also needed to find a way to obtain a modified phone like Copper Trigram.

"Sure, no problem," Immortal Master Copper Trigram said as he fiddled with the phone a bit, logging out of his account.

Song Shuhang took the phone and went to the log in interface, inserting his username and password.

In the next instant, 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' got online. The only problem was that the speed of the Internet connection was rather slow. However, the fact that he could get signal on this small island in the middle of the East China Sea was already a miracle.

As soon as he got online, he received several notifications.

The first one was the daily news notification from the app.

July 15th, yesterday. An airplane headed toward the East China Sea lost contact with the air traffic control. There were a total of 172 passengers on the plane, as well as 7 members of the flight crew. The concerned institutions have already started to take action in the hope of locating the position of the plane to rescue the passengers.

"This is the plane we boarded!" Song Shuhang forced a smile. At this time, the government and the relatives of the passengers had to be incredibly worried.

However, it was unlikely for the authorities to find any wreckage. All the passengers were now on an island in the Pacific Island, and if they kept looking around the place the plane disappeared, they wouldn't find anything even if they kept searching for their whole lives.

This news was published not too long ago... I must contact my parents as soon as possible and let them know that I'm fine, Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Next, he saw Soft Feather's message.

When he opened the chat, he discovered that she sent him a file sent in offline mode.

Perhaps because his current signal wasn't too good, or perhaps because the format of the file wasn't correct, the name of the file had changed into a series of asterisks and random letters.

Song Shuhang clicked on it, trying to download it. However, the download kept getting interrupted after a few seconds.

I can't download it?

Perhaps there are problems with the format Soft Feather used?

Song Shuhang replied by writing the following message: "Soft Feather, what did you send? The signal here isn't too good, and I

can't download the file."

Soft Feather just happened to be online. Therefore, she quickly replied, "Oh! Senior Song, you're finally online. I sent you an expression package I personally made. It's a very cute package, and I decided to send it to you as soon as possible! If you didn't receive it, I can send it again!"

"Sure, go ahead!" Song Shuhang nodded.

Soft Feather fiddled with her phone and quickly sent the file again.

Song Shuhang clicked and accepted the data transfer.

But as before, the name of the file was a series of random letters.

As soon as he accepted, the speed of the download was very high. But when it reached half-way, it suddenly stopped again.

The download failed.

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: "Eh? The download failed? How is that possible?"

Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "The signal here isn't too good. I'm currently on a small island in the middle of the East China Sea."

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: "On a small island in the East China Sea... Senior Song, are you on the mysterious island?!"

Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "Ahaha, I'm not. I'm with Senior White and the others. We casually chose this small island to stop over and rest. As for the mysterious island... I think I just returned from that place, but I don't remember anything about what happened there. It seems my memories have been sealed! 🤖"

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: "Pat pat. Senior Song, restrain your grief. Perhaps Senior Medicine Master will find a way to solve this matter related to the memory loss. Senior Song, you mustn't lose hope and fall into despair!"

Song Shuhang laughed and quickly sent another message. "It would be cool if I could get those memories back, but I don't think it will be easy to break the seal."

Afterward, he wrote yet another message. "Soft Feather, if you can't send the expression package through the private chat, can you send it via email or directly in the group space? Once I return home, I can just download it from there."

Since it was only an expression package, Song Shuhang didn't think too much of it.

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: "In the group space?"

"You can also send it via email. Whichever you prefer! 😊" Song Shuhang said with a smile.

"Although it's a bit embarrassing, I feel that this expression package is really cute. Sending it in the group space and allowing everyone to see it would be very cool 😊," Soft Feather wrote.

Song Shuhang smiled. Soft Feather had such a lovely disposition. After creating this beautiful expression package, she wanted to share it with everyone. What a good girl. In that case, it was better to have the file sent into the group space so that everyone could see it.

"In that case, you can upload it in the group space. I can download it from there later. Anyway, I need to ask Senior Seven Lives Talisman something, see you later 😊," Song Shuhang even attached a grinning emoji.

"Later~ 😊" Soft Feather also sent a smiling emoji.

Song Shuhang closed the private chat with Soft Feather and returned to the Nine Provinces Number One Group. He clicked on Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman's name and sent him a private message.

"Senior Seven Lives Talisman, are you there?"

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman quickly replied, "Little friend Song Shuhang, you're finally online! Thank you for mailing over that university professor, as well as those assistants!"

"Ahaha, I asked Senior Copper Trigram to lend me his phone to get online. How can I explain it... although there seems to have been a small misunderstanding, I ask Senior Seven Lives Talisman to look after my friends," Song Shuhang wrote after pondering for a moment.

For the time being, it was better to let Gao Moumou and the others stay with Senior Seven Lives Talisman. Later, he would find a real language professor that could keep teaching the natives on the island how to read and write and sent them over...

Chapter 333: Senior White's expression package flying off the shelves

"Don't worry. I'll make them feel as though they were at home 😊," Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman said with a smile. After all, he had to rely on the professor and the others to instruct the natives and complete the oath about teaching illiterate people how to write and read. Therefore, he was surely going to treat them well.

"I see. In that case, I'll leave everything to you." Song Shuhang pondered for a moment and also wrote, "Senior Seven Lives Talisman, is there a way to contact the outside world from that place? If possible, could you let my friends and everyone else call home and tell their relatives that they're safe and sound?"

Since the news about the disappearance of the plane was already made public, the relatives of the passengers had to be incredibly worried. If possible, Song Shuhang wanted them to call their relatives at home and tell them they were safe.

"Tell their relatives that they are safe and sound?" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman paused for a moment and replied, "You have a point. Since they are going to stay on the island for a while, it would be a good thing to let them keep in touch with their family members so as to avoid them getting worried. Anyway, leave it to me. I'll find a way to install a public telephone or something to let everyone contact their relatives."

"I'll trouble Senior Seven Lives Talisman then 😊." Song Shuhang attached a smiling emoji to the message.

Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh of relief—for now, he could help his friends only in this way.

After the conversation was over, he logged out from his account.

"Senior Copper Trigram, can I make a call?" Song Shuhang asked

Copper Trigram.

"Sure," Copper Trigram said with a smile.

"Thank you." Song Shuhang quickly dialed Mama Song's number.

Soon after, the call connected.

"Hello, who is it?" Mama Song's weak voice transmitted from the other end—the news about the disappearance of the airplane was already public. It didn't take them long to discover that it was the same flight that Shuhang had boarded.

The couple was extremely worried and dialed Song Shuhang's number several times. But no matter how much they tried, the call didn't connect. The authorities had started to take action not too long ago, and the strangest thing was that the plane had disappeared into thin air, without leaving behind any traces.

Mama Song was so worried that she had cried several times already.

"Ma, it's me! Shuhang!" Song Shuhang said.

As soon as his voice faded, the sound of something falling to the ground transmitted from the other end. Afterward, Mama Song shouted, "Shuhang? Is it really you?! Where are you now, and why weren't you picking up your phone? And to whom belongs this phone number full of asterisks?"

Phone number full of asterisks? Oh, Immortal Master Copper Trigram's phone must have private mode activated and the phone number should be obscured.

Song Shuhang tried to comfort his mother. "Ma, calm down. I'm perfectly fine, nothing happened to me! Not only me, all the other passengers on the plane are also fine. As for why I wasn't picking up, it was due to the lack of signal. I borrowed a special phone from a friend to make this call. Anyway, I'm staying with my friends for a couple of days before returning home."

"You'll return in a couple of days? Where are you now? Can't you return immediately?" Mama Song said, somewhat worried.

Song Shuhang continued to comfort her. "I'm somewhere in the East China Sea. But you don't have to worry, my friends are really resourceful and I'm sure they'll find a way to get me out of this place. I just wanted to tell you that I'm safe and sound!"

Only after comforting Mama Song for a long time was Shuhang able to calm her.

After hanging up, Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief and returned the phone to Immortal Master Copper Trigram. "Thank you, Senior Copper Trigram."

Now, his family members wouldn't have to worry about his safety. He was lucky that Senior Copper Trigram was here. This allowed him to give Mama Song and Papa Song a call.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram took his phone back and said with a smile, "You're welcome."

"Right... Senior, where did you get this phone that can get signal even on this remote island?" Song Shuhang asked out of curiosity. If possible, he also wanted a phone like this. He had a hunch that he would frequently find himself in places where normal phones wouldn't have signal in the future.

"I got this phone from True Monarch Yellow Mountain. Actually, most of the fellow daoists in the group chat got their special custom-made phones from him. Of course, some of them modified their phones on their own," Immortal Master Copper Trigram said with a smile.

Song Shuhang silently nodded.

Just as they were speaking, Venerable White came over. He had just applied the medicinal paste on Chu Chu's wounds and happened to hear Song Shuhang's question about modified phones as he was coming over.

"Shuhang, you want a modified phone? In that case, I'll modify yours once we go back," Venerable White said.

Song Shuhang asked out of curiosity, "Eh? Senior White, you can modify phones?"

Venerable White took out his magically changed mobile phone and dangled it in front of Shuhang. "It was very easy. I fiddled with it for a while and puff, it was modified."

As for how many phones he broke while 'fiddling with them for a while'... it was a trade secret.

Song Shuhang gave him a thumbs up. "Senior White is incredible!"

Immortal Master Copper Trigram also gave a thumbs up and said, "Senior White is worthy of being our senior!"

Venerable White received his phone, his face calm.

"Senior White, did Miss Chu Chu get better after you applied the medicinal paste on her wounds?" Song Shuhang asked.

"The effects of that medicinal paste weren't bad. Her wounds have already started to heal, and she should fully recover in around a month. However, she won't be able to participate in the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform," Venerable White said.

"We've already done everything in our power... as for that matter about the Grievance Settling Platform, there is nothing we can do." Song Shuhang heaved a sigh. Afterward, he added, "Senior White, should we go to Senior Seven Lives Talisman's place next?"

"There is no hurry... our guests have yet to arrive," Venerable White said with a smile.

Wolf One, Bull Two, and the other members of the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect were rushing over toward their position.

Therefore, Venerable White wanted to greet them properly, as well as get a hold of their <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts'

Technique》. He was very interested in it.



In the meantime, in the Chu Family.

Soft Feather was sitting on the lawn, speedily typing on her laptop.

The Chu Family had made up its mind and decided to settle the matter with the 'Illusory Sword School' on the Grievance Settling Platform.

As a consequence, both parties were extremely busy preparing for the matches that would be held there.

Although Soft Feather wanted to help, she wasn't a member of the Chu Family and was therefore unable to fight on their behalf on the Grievance Settling Platform.

"What a troublesome situation... if only Senior Song were here... my shapeshifting brooch is still with him... with that brooch, I might be able to replace Elder Sister Chu Chunying and fight in her stead," Soft Feather muttered. If she were to go on stage, except for the strongest elder of the Illusory Sword School, no one would be able to defeat her.

Just as she was in deep thoughts, she pressed the Enter key.

"Done, upload completed!" Soft Feather said with a smile. She seemed very pleased with herself.

In the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Just as Northern River's Loose Cultivator, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber, Dharma King Creation, and the others were chatting, they suddenly received a notification.

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather had uploaded a file named [Senior White's expression package] in the group space.

"Senior White's expression package? What's that? Is it related to Venerable White?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator was the first

one reply. Next, he went in the group space to take a look.

He saw that there was a newly uploaded file.

The name of this file was [Senior White's expression package], and it had been downloaded twelve times.

Hm? This many? I clicked as soon as the notification appeared and there are already twelve fellow daoists that downloaded the file?

Northern River's Loose Cultivator sighed—the higher the strength of a cultivator, the higher would be their reaction time. These twelve fellow daoists were probably all stronger than Northern River's Loose Cultivator.

From the high number of downloads, one could see that were many seniors lurking in the group, ready to get into action if something interesting were to happen.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator quietly clicked on the download button, further increasing the number of downloads of the file Soft Feather had sent.

After the file was decompressed... the app imported all the pictures in the folder in the form of emotes.

Immediately after, Northern River's Loose Cultivator clicked on the expression package and started to scroll through it.

In the next instant, he was shocked!

"What the..." Northern River's Loose Cultivator looked at the set of emotes before his eyes.

A Venerable White with symmetrical twin-tails pointing his fingers toward his cheeks. There was also this glittering line: I feel very cute today!

A twin-tailed Venerable White with one tail on top of his head and the other behind his ear with the glittering words: I'm adorable!

Next was a ponytail edition Venerable White with his hands joined together: Pray.

As well as a hair-up edition Venerable White with two pink dots photoshopped on his cheeks: Shy.

* * *

There were many types of pictures: a sad-looking Senior White, a cold-sweating Senior White, a Senior White looking down on others, a Senior White giving his blessings, an angry Senior White...

And so on, for a total of almost sixty different pictures.

After seeing these pictures, Northern River's Loose Cultivator felt as though his body had been purified!

Is this what they call baptism of the soul?

Northern River's Loose Cultivator returned to the Nine Provinces Number One Group and wrote: "Soft Feather, you did an incredible job!"

As soon as he sent the message, many other fellow daoists popped out one after another.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "Soft Feather, you did an incredible job! +1"

Dharma King Creation: "Soft Feather, you did an incredible job! +2"

* * *

In the next instant, Fairy Lychee popped up and wrote: "I also feel very cute today :senior_white_cute:"

Fairy Lychee spammed like crazy the emote where Senior White was acting cute and flooded the entire chat.

Fairy Lychee: "I love these pictures. I've decided! I'll change my profile picture to twin-tails edition :senior_white_cute:! It's better

if none of you try to steal this avatar from me!"

She didn't waste time, and in the next instant, Fairy Lychee's profile picture changed into a twin-tails edition Senior White that was pointing his fingers toward his cheeks.

Fairy Lychee's actions seemed to have started a chain reaction...

The other people in the group didn't waste time and also made their moves.

"I'll book the ponytail edition praying Senior White. You better not steal it while I change my profile picture."

"Angry Senior White is the best! I want this as a profile picture."

"This one isn't bad either."

"I want this one!"

In the blink of an eye... the thirty or so members of the group chat that were particularly active changed their profile pictures, using Senior White's pictures as avatars. In the next moment... the Nine Provinces Number One Group suddenly changed into an army of Senior Whites.

In a mere instant, the [Senior White's expression package] became extremely popular in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

After changing their profile picture... the members of the group chat started to fight with emotes.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "Fairy Lychee, you look very cute today! :senior_white_adorable:"

Fairy Lychee: ":senior_white_shy:"

Cave Lord Snow Wolf: "Fellow Daoist Thrice Reckless... :senior_white_look_down:"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: ":senior_white_sad:"

Even Great Master Profound Principle stealthily sent a

:senior_white_cold_sweat: emote.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator looked at the fellow daoists in the group going crazy over Senior White's pictures and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

He felt that these fellow daoists were playing with fire. Were they all trying to seek death?

But as they say... 'the law excuses the masses'. If everyone was seeking death, perhaps no one would die?

After thinking for a moment, Northern River's Loose Cultivator quietly changed his profile picture to :senior_white_look_down:. He felt that this emote was very cool.

Now that he had changed his profile picture, whenever he would chat with Immortal Master Copper Trigram, he would feel as though he was continuously looking down on him. A truly wonderful feeling!

In the time it took Northern River's Loose Cultivator to change his profile picture, more than 999 messages were sent in the group chat.

"They are worthily cultivators. Their typing speed is very quick," Northern River's Loose Cultivator muttered.

Just he was sighing with emotion, True Monarch Yellow Mountain showed up.

After appearing, True Monarch Yellow Mountain sent grinning emoji 😊 as well as a big-sized :senior_white_cute:.

"Now then, there is something I've very curious about. Whose are those two hands in the picture? @Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather, was it you who took this photo? 😊" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked with a smile.

At this time, everyone discovered that there was indeed a pair of withdrawing hands in the picture where twin-tails edition Senior

White was pointing his finger toward his cheeks.

You wouldn't notice those two hands unless you were to look carefully!

True Monarch Yellow Mountain's eyesight was pretty good!

❄ ❄ ❄

Soft Feather just happened to be lurking around.

She didn't expect that the [Senior White's expression package] she sent in the group chat would become this famous. She sent it only a few minutes ago, and now, the entire Nine Provinces Number One Group was filled with Senior White's emotes.

Since the founder of the group had summoned her, Soft Feather popped out and, somewhat embarrassed, said, "I took most of these pictures."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain sent a thumbs up emoji 👍.

Not bad. Both her ability to take photos and courage were excellent.

"But whose hands are those? They should belong to the person messing with Senior White's hair, right?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked out of curiosity. Which fellow daoist was so daring and didn't care about offending a Venerable? Moreover, this person was bold enough to make Venerable White assume all kinds of embarrassing poses as well as mess with his hair, making him wear all those different hairstyles.

This was simply a death-seeking behavior! If this were a TV show—such a character wouldn't last for more than three episodes!

"Those are Senior Song's hands," Soft Feather said, somewhat embarrassed.

As expected, it was little friend Song Shuhang... all the seniors in the group secretly thought.

Chapter 334: Lady Onion, where's your upper body?

"Since it's little friend Shuhang, perhaps he can struggle and stay alive for a few more episodes?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain pinched his chin, mumbling to himself. After all, little friend Shuhang was different from the fellow daoists that welcomed Venerable White the previous times.

"Hmph, that little kid... I bet he can live two more episodes at most!" said the being next to True Monarch Yellow Mountain with disdain. Its appearance was as beautiful as that of an angel, boasting six wings on the back and radiating 'holy light' from the entire body.

It was none other than True Monarch White Crane, who was very popular in the West.

True Monarch White Crane possessed the bloodline left behind by a mythological beast from ancient times. That species had no gender when they emerged from their eggs. Only when they found the true love of their life, as well as signed something similar to a marriage contract, would their gender change into the opposite of their love interest.

If their true love was a male, they would become female. If their true love was a female, they would become male.

This was a species that allowed the true freedom of love, surpassing the boundaries of gender and species... truth be told, it was not an easy feat for such bloodline to continue into the present day.

Note: Even though True Monarch White Crane had already found the desired partner of its life, it had not signed any special marriage contract—hence it was still in a genderless state.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain laughed, not refuting True

Monarch White Crane's words.

True Monarch White Crane swiped on its own tablet and the interface of the 'Nine Provinces Number One Group' appeared on the screen. After it traveled till here from the faraway West, it discovered that Venerable White had been added to the Nine Provinces Number One Group. Therefore, it thickened its face and asked True Monarch Yellow Mountain to add itself to the group too.

True Monarch White Crane's ID in the group was 'I'm that little white crane at the edge of the Earth's End'—it seemed like an ID with a backstory.

And at this time, it carefully stored the [Senior White's expression package] on its tablet and used a program to export each picture within it before saving all of them into a document.

True Monarch White Crane looked very satisfied—it kept looking at the almost sixty pictures of Venerable White over and over again. Every time it saw a picture, a blissful look would appear on its face.

"This is awesome, just like paradise," True Monarch White Crane muttered.

When True Monarch Yellow Mountain saw what happened, goosebumps appeared on his arms—sometimes, he felt that hardcore fans could be rather scary, because one wouldn't even know if their fans would enlarge one's pictures and hang them onto their wall, staring at them while fantasizing.

"Ahem, White Crane, you came all the way here just to be added to the group?" asked True Monarch Yellow Mountain. If it really wanted to be added to the group, it could have just called or sent a thousand mile sound transmission.

"Of course it's not as simple as just joining the group," True Monarch White Crane said with a serious look on its face. "The

main reason why I came here is to report about the aftermath of the previous matter that I dealt with for Senior White."

"The previous matter? Oh, are you talking about the incident regarding Instructor Li Xihua? Don't tell me there are new developments?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain thought of that flight Instructor.

"It's not just the Instructor Li Xihua's incident, there's also the issue regarding the space station. There aren't many developments, and I have already dealt with the matter appropriately." True Monarch White Crane sighed with emotion as it said, "Instructor Li Xihua's issue was rather easy to deal with. Even though he was on air on national television, as long as the astronaut Anthony safely went back, I could use the media and officials to spread the message and erase all issues caused by Instructor Li Xihua's appearance bit by bit. Hence, the Western community assumed that Instructor Li Xihua's appearance was a one-time collaboration with the Chinese. Speaking of which, after he got brought back by you guys, how did it go?"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain shrugged and said, "Recently, I was preparing to increase my realm—I had no time to concern myself with Instructor Li Xihua. But according to Zhou Li's report, Venerable White erased his memories once more and sent him back to the aviation training center. Later on, I sent someone to take care of him, allowing him to get back on track and help him live an ordinary life... there shouldn't be any huge problems."

The person he sent to take care of Li Xihua was an expert at cleaning up the mess made by others—he was of the same rank as Zhou Li. Every time one of his fellow daoist friends stirred some trouble, he would send that subordinate to deal with it—for example, not long ago, when a fellow daoist came out of secluded meditation, he destroyed nineteen monster beasts called 'cars'. It was that subordinate who settled everything perfectly back then.

"That's good... but the memories of Instructor Li Xihua got erased

too many times in such a short period of time. For all you know, it might have a huge impact on his brain. I don't know if it's a blessing or a curse, it will have to depend on his own fortune. Also, I had been dealing with the huge hole in the space station recently, and it took me much effort to fix it. Both incidents have been resolved perfectly, I'm going to prepare to report everything to Senior White," True Monarch White Crane said while clenching its fist.

It had repeatedly brought up the thought of reporting that incident to Senior White, it seemed like it was doing it to boost its own morale?

True Monarch Yellow Mountain secretly rolled his eyes—he had seen through it. White Crane wanted to find an excuse to get closer to Venerable White but did not dare to approach the latter either, hence it was in a dilemma.

I have to send this guy away, or it would definitely stay in my immortal cave and create trouble for me.

"Hurry and go!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain thus said in a serious manner. "You are just reporting details of what happened, you got this, you can definitely get it done well!"

True Monarch White Crane happily said to True Monarch Yellow Mountain, "You think so too?"

"Of course, you have dealt with the incident very well; for all you know, Venerable White might even praise you." True Monarch Yellow Mountain used all his strength to pat True Monarch White Crane's shoulder—cheap people were usually difficult to deal with!

Indeed, it was better to send him to Venerable White's place. Or else, if it were to linger in his immortal cave and get in his way, how would he train in peace to increase his realm?

"Then... then I will go look for Senior White!" True Monarch White Crane's wings trembled with excitement.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain once again used all his strength to pat White Crane's shoulder and said, "Get going, you'll succeed."

Hence, True Monarch White Crane put its tablet away and flapped its wings, happily flying away from True Monarch Yellow Mountain's immortal cave.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain secretly heaved a sigh of relief.



On the other side, on the small island in the East China Sea.

Venerable White had not logged into the instant messaging program. He was currently setting up some trap formations near the island, which were used to prevent enemies from escaping.

His targets were the disciples of the former Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect. As the saying went, even a wrecked boat had three nails still holding. For all you knew, those disciples of the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect might have some magical treasures or techniques to escape in their possession... Venerable White planned to catch all of them in one go, not letting a single person run away.

On the island, Immortal Master Copper Trigram stacked up an altar with stones, looking very mysterious. Song Shuhang could not decipher what he was up to.

Hence, a bored Song Shuhang brought Doudou and the small monk to take a look at Miss Chu Chu.

After applying the paste, Miss Chu Chu once again entered a deep slumber... she looked a lot better now—unlike before when her facial expression was twisted in pain. From the looks of it, the effects of Medicine Master's paste were legit and superb.

Since Miss Chu Chu was still sleeping, Song Shuhang did not want to bother her.

"Let's go, Doudou, little Guoguo. Let's try to build a small house

or something—from the looks of it, it might be possible that we'll have to spend the night on this island," said Song Shuhang.

Venerable White was determined to acquire the secret technique of the 'Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect', and it was not known when Wolf One and company would arrive. It might even be possible that they'd actually rush over only by tomorrow.

In any case, he had to try to set up a place that was decent enough for people to stay in. He did not want to use the ground as his bed and the sky as his blanket and spend the night in the outdoors.

The small monk Guoguo asked, "Senior Brother Shuhang, you know how to build a house?"

"I don't..." Song Shuhang shrugged his shoulders.

Doudou the pekingese laughed coldly. "You're too useless! Watch me!"



Five minutes later.

Doudou perfectly built an exquisite... little doghouse. Thereafter, it reduced its physical size and comfortably entered the cozy dog shelter.

"Saw that? It is a must-learn skill for running away from home—one has to learn how to build a nesting place so that you can shelter yourself from the rain and not be afraid of strong winds or the harsh sun. So... do you wanna try coming in? Even though it's kinda small, I've laid hay on the ground—it's very comfortable," said Doudou with a straight face while inside the doghouse.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

Doudou, come out, I promise I won't beat you!

At this time, Immortal Master Copper Trigram pulled his handcart, approaching from afar. From the looks of it, he had already finished stacking the stones?

After approaching them, he asked, "Little friend Shuhang, what are you up to?"

Song Shuhang explained, "We want to set up a place to sleep since we might end up spending the night here."

Immortal Master Copper Trigram touched his chin and said, "I see, if you want a place to rest, perhaps I can provide you with some good stuff."

As he was speaking, he turned around and fished around in his handcart.

Very soon, he pulled out several large tents. "Here, make do with this. After opening it up, the tent will become quite big. There's even an inflatable bed inside—good enough for you to comfortably spend the night."

"Senior, your timely assistance is awesome! I like it!" Song Shuhang gave him a thumbs up—speaking of which, where did his habit of giving thumbs up come from? In the past he never had such a habit, could he have picked it up on the mysterious island?

Anyway, Immortal Master Copper Trigram's current look coupled with his clothes and handcart... made him look like a street peddler instead of a fortune teller!



With Immortal Master Copper Trigram's help, Song Shuhang and the small monk managed to set up four big tents very quickly.

As for Doudou... he had his doghouse. Not good, he could still squeeze into the tent with the small monk.

After setting up the tent, Song Shuhang casually asked, "Is Senior White still setting up formations?"

"He finished a long time ago. Now, he seemed to be sitting in meditation, resting while waiting for the other party to arrive. You guys should also take a good rest, I will go deeper into the island

and see if I can hunt an animal or two," said Immortal Master Copper Trigram while smiling.

"Sorry for troubling you." Song Shuhang touched his tummy; he was indeed hungry. Even though he brought the fasting pills along with him on this trip, whenever he was hungry, eating something would make him feel much more satiated.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram coming to the island definitely saved them!



Immortal Master Copper Trigram went hunting, and Doudou was playing around with the small monk at the side.

Song Shuhang went into the tent and suddenly thought of something—ever since he left the mysterious island, he had lost his memories. Then, what about Lady Onion, who was growing on top of the enlightenment stone?

Lady Onion is in the form of a plant at the moment, perhaps she might have retained her memories?

After thinking of that possibility, he hurriedly looked for the enlightenment stone.

"Lady Onion, do you still have any memory of your time on the mysterious island... eh? Lady Onion, Lady Onion, what happened to you?!" When Song Shuhang touched the enlightenment stone, he realized that the tender shoot that Lady Onion had grown out with much difficulty got plucked out by someone.

Right now, all she had left was half of her tender shoot. She looked very pitiful.

The small onion spirit on the enlightenment stone shook the remaining half of its body and seemed to have woken up from a deep slumber. After a long time, she moaned in pain. "Ouch, it's painful."

"Eh, Lady Onion, you can speak now? Speaking of which, what's up with you, who cut off your shoots? Also, as for your memories on the mysterious island—do you still remember anything?" Song Shuhang asked anxiously.

"The mysterious island?" Lady Onion's body wriggled, and she asked puzzledly, "What kind of place is it? Are there nice things to eat there?"

Song Shuhang was speechless.

Indeed, one could not harbor any fantasies about the stupid onion—from the very start, this onion was not reliable at all!

As for her tender green onion shoots, could it be that someone plucked it out to cook it?

The half of Lady Onion's body shook for a long time, and it suddenly reacted. "Ouch, it's so painful. Where did my green onion shoot go to? Dammit. Song Shuhang, did you pluck it out to eat it?"

Song Shuhang was speechless.

He really wanted to know what was up with Lady Onion's reaction time—wasn't it too long? He suspected that if he told a joke to Lady Onion, she might take half an hour to react to it.

"I couldn't have possibly plucked the shoots and ate it, I just asked you where did your shoots go!" said Song Shuhang with frustration—he wasn't entirely sure because his memories about the mysterious island were lost. Maybe he really did pluck the shoots on the mysterious island and ate them... He had opened his Mouth Aperture so suddenly when he clearly only opened his Ear Aperture not long before he went to the mysterious island.

If there wasn't any opportunity, even with the support of sufficient qi and blood pills, opening his Mouth Aperture would require approximately a year to succeed. One had to know that even the simplest Heart Aperture required a hundred days to build its foundation.

Lady Onion wriggled her body and doubtfully asked, "Strange, why don't I remember anything?"

From the looks of it, the silly onion also lost her memories.

Song Shuhang sighed and put Lady Onion back into his pocket.

When he put her back into his pocket, suddenly, he touched something that seemed like a small paper wrapper within his pocket.

Thereafter, Song Shuhang took it out—it looked like the paper used to wrap small pills in hospitals. It must have been one of the loots from the mysterious island since he had absolutely no impression of it.

Hence, he opened it to look out of curiosity.

In the paper wrapper, there was nothing except for a small chunk of a lush and green onion shoot.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

I could not have really plucked it out on the mysterious island, right?

Chapter 335: I should light a candle for little friend Song Shuhang while I'm at it

If I was really the one to pluck her green onion shoot off, why didn't I eat it but put it in my pocket instead after wrapping it up?

Does it mean that I carelessly plucked it off when I was on the mysterious island, and I kept it because I wanted to glue it back together after leaving the island?

"My upper part! My shoot! My green onion sprout!" On the enlightenment stone, Lady Onion started to shout. "Sh*tty Shuhang, it was really you who plucked off my green onion shoot!"

"Calm down and don't shout! I don't remember what happened on the mysterious island either." Song Shuhang attentively looked at the severed piece of green onion shoot and said, "Lady Onion, if I were to glue this part back, would you restore to your previous status?"

"How can you glue it back? And with what, glue?! I should cut your head off and then try to glue it back with some glue!" Lady Onion bellowed. It took her a lot of time to grow that green onion shoot, and now, someone had casually plucked it off! She was extremely hurt at this time. If Song Shuhang weren't to properly apologize, she wouldn't forgive him!

"You have a point." Song Shuhang again wrapped the green onion shoot in the paper and placed it in the rabbit-shaped size-reducing purse.

Since it wasn't possible to glue it back, it was better to put it somewhere safe.

Now that it was plucked off, throwing it away would be a waste. Perhaps he could find some use for it—for example, if he needed to accumulate qi and blood quickly while trying to jump through the dragon gate, he could eat this green onion shoot (after processing it

of course) and obtain quite good results.

After storing away the green onion shoot, Song Shuhang said to Lady Onion, "If it was really me who plucked your green onion shoot off, I'll try to find a way to compensate you!"

"How are you planning to compensate me?" The remaining half of Lady Onion's body swelled lightly. She was pouting!

"I don't know yet, but I'll do it if there is an opportunity. Moreover, even if I wanted to, I can't really compensate you in your current state. If you want, I can give you back your onion sprout and you can play with it?" Song Shuhang said.

"Not even a little bit of sincerity!" Lady Onion said somewhat depressed, but her swelling body deflated a bit—this foolish green onion was unexpectedly quite reasonable.

"Don't worry. I keep my word. If I said that I would compensate you, I'll make sure to do it," Song Shuhang said earnestly.

Lady Onion had been cultivating buddhist techniques, but it seemed that her compatibility with these techniques wasn't high. After practicing for 300 years, she was still stuck in the First Stage Realm.

Therefore, should he try to give her another set of techniques? Since buddhist techniques weren't good, maybe he should give her daoist or scholarly ones!

After thinking this much, Song Shuhang quietly made a mental note regarding that option.

Afterward, he took the enlightenment stone and sat cross-legged in meditation, trying to strengthen his mental energy.



Some time later, just when Song Shuhang finished his meditation, Immortal Master Copper Trigram also returned with several wild animals in his hands.

As for Venerable White, he was still waiting for Wolf One and the others and had yet to come back.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram quickly lit a fire outside the tent. Then, he took a barbecue grill from his handcart and started to skin the wild animals.

After adding some condiments, he started to grill the meat. It seemed that Immortal Master Copper Trigram's survival skills were top-notch—when he was young and weak, he would be often chased down after making sh*tty divinations. The number of times he had to hide in remote mountains, forests, or in the sea to escape his pursuers was very high. At the time, he was too young and hadn't reached the realm where he could survive without eating. Therefore, he had to apply himself to find a way to survive in the wilderness.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram said happily, "Come, have a taste of my cooking. I haven't done this in a while; I feel a bit out of practice."

Doudou squatted on a side and swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

The small monk Guoguo hid in the tent, not daring to come out. He was afraid that he would break his religious commandment if he were to get closer to the food.

"I'll go call Senior White and tell him that the meal is ready," Song Shuhang said.

Wolf One and the others hadn't arrived yet. Therefore, it was useless for Venerable White to continuously stay at the seashore and wait. It was better to call him out so that he could eat something.

"Sure," Immortal Master Copper Trigram said with a faint smile, giving Song Shuhang a meaningful glance... earlier, when he was hunting, he took several pictures and decided to send them to the Nine Provinces Number One Group to show off a bit.

But as soon as he opened the group chat, he received a myriad of notifications and his phone almost froze.

After his phone slowly recovered and he was deciding which pictures to send, he got another 99 notifications. The group chat was being flooded like crazy.

Moreover, it was a flood of pictures... since the signal on the island wasn't too good, all the pictures were still buffering and had yet to load.

What happened to the fellow daoists in the group chat? Why are they flooding like crazy?

What kind of marvelous topic of conversation did they find?

Slowly, after the pictures finished loading, Immortal Master Copper Trigram was shocked!

What did I just see?

An adorable twin-tails edition Senior White...?

A ponytail edition Senior White?

Pigtails coiled up on the top of the head edition Senior White?

There were all kinds of Senior White's pictures.

Moreover, they were everywhere!

Even the profile pictures of the people flooding the group had changed into pictures of Senior White. The whole group chat had gone crazy.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram stared blankly for some time... just what had happened today?

Was this really the same Nine Provinces Number One Group he knew? He had been offline only for a while, and yet, he felt as though he had been left behind by the times...

Let's see how this 'Senior White flood' started...

Immortal Master Copper Trigram switched the phone to another

mode and opened the chat logs, starting to scroll upwards.

Fearful, the people in the group had sent over 60,000 messages while crazily flooding. Cultivators were really quick with their hands; it wasn't something that the average man could do.

After a long time, he finally found the source of everything—soon after he lent his mobile phone to little friend Song Shuhang, Soft Feather shared a file named [Senior White's expression package] in the group space.

This file was precisely the reason of this frenzied flood in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

After a short delay, Immortal Master Copper Trigram made up his mind and decided to download the file. Although the speed of the Internet connection was awful, he managed to successfully download the file after quite some time.

To keep up with the times, Immortal Master Copper Trigram didn't hesitate and changed his profile picture to :senior_white_look_down:. He found this emote very cool!

Now that he had changed his profile picture, he was planning to have a good chat with Northern River's Loose Cultivator. At the time, he would be able to look down on him continuously. What a marvelous feeling!

Immediately after, he started to scroll downwards... and very soon, he found a very interesting conversation.

It was a conversation between True Monarch Yellow Mountain and Soft Feather.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "But whose hands are those? They should belong to the person messing with Senior White's hair, right?"

"Those are Senior Song's hands," Soft Feather replied.

If I'm not mistaken... Venerable White was also added to the Nine

Provinces Number One Group, right? Moreover, it was precisely little friend Song Shuhang who helped him create the account and got him into the group.

In this case, Venerable White should have also seen the chat logs, right?

Yeah, there is no doubt about it... with how much the people in the group are flooding, Venerable White just has to go online and open the instant messaging app to see everything!

"It's good to be young!" Immortal Master Copper Trigram muttered.

I should give a 'like' to Soft Feather... and light a candle for little friend Song Shuhang while I'm at it!

Song Shuhang had no idea that Soft Feather had uploaded the 'Senior White's expression package' in the group space—his brain hadn't even contemplated the possibility that the file Soft Feather wanted to send him was the fearful 'Senior White's expression package'.

If he were aware of it, he would have already dug a hole somewhere on the small island and buried himself there.

Sometimes, ignorance was bliss.

Song Shuhang went in Senior White's direction, his state of mind very good.

At this time, Venerable White was sitting cross-legged on a huge rock. He was resting his chin in one hand while using the other to fiddle with the phone. His face was extremely calm, with the long black hair hanging behind his back slightly fluttering in the sea breeze. This scene was truly magnificent, just like a superb painting.

"Senior White, it's getting late. Since that Wolf One isn't here yet,

how about eating something?" Song Shuhang shouted in Venerable White's direction from afar.

Venerable White had long reached the realm where he didn't need to eat to survive. But since the day he had come out of secluded meditation, he was acting like a normal modern man. Working, resting, and eating three meals per day.

"Hmm?" After hearing Song Shuhang's voice, Venerable White turned his head around and said with a faint smile, "Is it dinner time already?"

"Yes, Senior Copper Trigram went hunting and already started to prepare food. It looks very tasty, and the smell is also very good," Song Shuhang replied with a smile.

Venerable White silently nodded. "I've heard before about fellow daoist Copper Trigram's cooking skills in the group. If we're talking about taste only, his skills are almost comparable to immortal chefs. Let's give it a try."

After saying this much, Venerable White put his phone away and jumped down from the rock, landing beside Song Shuhang.

The duo walked side by side, heading toward the tent.

As they were walking, Venerable White casually asked, "Shuhang, would you find it amusing if I were to change my hairstyle?"

"Eh?" Song Shuhang turned his head around and looked at Venerable White, somewhat confused.

...It was time to explain how terrific the effects of the memory loss from the mysterious island were. Song Shuhang's mind was currently in a mess; the memory sealing technique had worsened his reaction time by quite a lot.

In normal circumstances, after hearing the keywords 'Venerable White', 'hairstyle', and 'amusing'... the search engine of his brain would immediately get into action, making him immediately

remember about that death-seeking matter that he and Soft Feather performed not too long ago.

Unfortunately, the 'search engine' was still unavailable due to the memory seal. Therefore, he stared blankly, not understanding what was happening.

Seeing Song Shuhang's confused expression, the corner of Venerable White mouth rose as he faintly smiled, not saying anything else.

"Change hairstyle?" Song Shuhang asked in puzzlement.

The duo continued to walk side by side.

After walking for a few more steps, Venerable White stretched his hands out and grabbed his long hair, lifting his hands up. "For example... a hairstyle like this?"

Song Shuhang turned his head around and looked at Senior White— Ah? This hairstyle... wait, isn't this twin-tails edition Venerable White?

Song Shuhang stiffened!

Song Shuhang was shocked!

Song Shuhang opened his mouth wide!

Even if his brain was in a mess, after seeing this picture, he immediately recalled that death-seeking matter he and Soft Feather performed some time ago.

Why did Venerable White suddenly bring this hairstyle up?

Was it because his mood was extremely good and he thus decided to change his hairstyle? Or perhaps he discovered what Soft Feather and I did at the time?

Impossible! That was a top-secret matter! Aside from Soft Feather and me, no one knows about it, unless... Soft Feather leaked this information?

Wait... 'unless Soft Feather leaked this information'?

Song Shuhang immediately recalled the conversation he had with Soft Feather when he borrowed Copper Trigram's phone earlier... soon after, he felt his scalp go numb. He had thought of a fearful possibility!

Song Shuhang tried to swallow a mouthful of saliva, but his mouth was as dry as before. At this time, he couldn't utter a single word.

"Hehe." Venerable White put his hair down and laughed.

Venerable White's face was calm and his steps steady as he lightly moved forward.

Song Shuhang's face was stiff as he moved forward with heavy steps, staggering.

Then, he stumbled on a small stone and fell to the ground. He was caught off guard, and he felt a bit of pain.

Et tu, Soft Feather...?!

This isn't good. I must ask Senior Copper Trigram to lend me his phone again. I need to check the contents of the file Soft Feather sent in the group space.

Moreover, I have to contact Senior Seven and tell him that I've obtained the skeletal dragon's withered vine necessary to cure Sixteen.



Immortal Master Copper Trigram's cooking skills were really excellent, and the food tasted really good. Although he was eating, Song Shuhang couldn't feel any flavor at this time.

He just wanted to fill his belly a bit and ask Immortal Master Copper Trigram to lend him his phone. He had to check the content of the file Soft Feather sent in the group.

But just as he was about to ask, Immortal Master Copper Trigram

wiped his mouth and said with a radiant smile, "Little friend Song Shuhang, Senior White, little Guoguo, and Doudou, rest well after you're done eating. I still have a matter to take care of, and I need to take my leave. See you soon."

After finishing his sentence, he lightly jumped and a flying sword appeared beneath his feet, allowing him to soar into the sky—he had built the altar quite some time ago.

Now, the time was right, geographical and human conditions were also favorable. It was just about time to go and activate the altar.

Song Shuhang opened his mouth... but his body stiffened, no words came out.

"The sky is getting dark, we should rest. Shuhang, you should move Miss Chu Chu to a tent and the small monk and Doudou to another," Venerable White said with a faint smile and elegantly put the tableware away.

The sky... was getting dark.

It is indeed time to rest in peace.

Wait. It is time to rest, only rest, right...?

Chapter 336: Senior White playing with ants

The night passed without problems, and the world was as peaceful as before.

Song Shuhang got up early in the morning and exhaled a mouthful of bad air.

Senior White didn't look for him to punish him with some extreme bungee jumping... perhaps he decided to change his hairstyle on a whim yesterday and didn't know anything about that matter?

Deep inside his heart, Song Shuhang hoped for it to be true.

This was the mentality of an ostrich—when the ostrich was pushed into a corner, it would hide its head beneath the sand. It was convinced that if it couldn't see the enemy, the enemy couldn't see it either. It was the mentality of someone that refused to accept reality.

From time to time, humans would also behave like this. They would try to find excuses and nonexistent possibilities to console themselves and get that extra sense of security.

"I hope that the world would stay as peaceful as before and that I would safely get past this day." Song Shuhang prayed after getting up.

Then, he came out of the tent in search of a place to wash his face and rinse his mouth.

After coming out of the tent, Song Shuhang saw that the bonfire they used yesterday to grill the food was lit up. Immortal Master Copper Trigram was still wearing that cowboy hat and was currently fiddling with the barbecue grill.

The skewered meat was being roasted on the barbecue grill, as well as edible wild herbs. He was preparing an additional vegetarian dish for the small monk.

Senior Copper Trigram is unexpectedly a very attentive person, Song Shuhang thought to himself. After a close look, he discovered that Copper Trigram's hat had become bigger than before. Moreover, it had changed into a pretty wide-brimmed hat? Wait, it was a completely different hat than yesterday.

"Senior Copper Trigram, good morning," Song Shuhang said and waved his hand.

"Good morning to you, little friend Song Shuhang. There is a source of water hundred meters to the right. You can wash your face and rinse your mouth there before eating," Copper Trigram said without turning his head.

"Thank you very much, Senior," Song Shuhang replied unconsciously. Then, he proceeded toward the right with a sleepy face.

But after taking two steps, his body stiffened—he felt that there was something wrong with this situation...

There was something wrong with Senior Copper Trigram's voice. That voice just now was very delicate and soft, just like that of a girl...?

Song Shuhang quickly turned his head, looking toward the barbecue grill.

Just as before, Senior Copper Trigram was wearing a sleeveless white undershirt, a cowboy hat, and jean shorts.

However, there was a big swelling on his chest, so big that it made one feel shocked. The swelling propped the sleeveless white undershirt up, turning it into a cropped top.

There was also that slim and slender waist...

And those tight-fitting jean shorts were revealing two beautiful and slender white legs...

Finally, the face. A broad forehead and pretty eyebrows, coupled

with a radiant smile and beautiful eyes, as well as a red dot between her eyebrows.

It was a girl!

"Senior Copper Trigram?" Song Shuhang pointed at the girl and said in astonishment.

"Eh? You haven't gone to wash your face yet?" Immortal Master Copper Trigram raised her head and revealed a brilliant smile. It was a beautiful smile, beautiful enough to cause the downfall of a nation.

"Senior, what's the deal with your appearance?" Song Shuhang said in shock. I just went to sleep, and Immortal Master Copper Trigram changed from a boorish stout man into a beautiful fairy maiden?!

Has the world gone mad?

Or perhaps I'm still dreaming?

"Oh, so it's about my appearance!" Immortal Master Copper Trigram said with a faint smile. "This is a disguising technique! You have been in the Nine Provinces Number One Group for quite some time now, you must have heard about my incredible disguising technique!"

Oh, a disguising technique. I have indeed heard about Senior Copper Trigram's disguising technique in the group chat earlier...

But Senior, your current state can hardly be explained with a mere disguising technique!

"Senior, disguising techniques can even change the structure of the body?" Song Shuhang ridiculed. "This is already a shapeshifting technique! The change is just too great!"

Where did those huge breasts come from? And that slim waist? And those slender white legs too...

"It's a disguising technique combined with a bone shrinking

technique! As far as I'm concerned, changing body structure and looks is very easy!" Immortal Master Copper Trigram said self-satisfied.

Then, she put the barbecue tongs down and let Song Shuhang have a good look at her beautiful body — she put her right arm behind her back, reaching with it around her waist from the left to caress the side of her navel in a sensual pose. Oh, yeah~ this super disguising technique was truly wondrous!

"Senior, wait a moment. Let me calm down a bit." Song Shuhang rubbed his temples, his eyes, and also his face.

Then, he looked at Copper Trigram once more.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram brightly smiled.

Song Shuhang performed the above mentioned set of actions once more and looked at Immortal Master Copper Trigram again, asking, "Senior, can you tell me what is your actual gender?"

"This is a secret!" Immortal Master Copper Trigram said self-satisfied. "In the Nine Provinces Number One Group, no one knows about my real gender or appearance! Hehehe~"

Senior, this is hardly something you should be proud of!

No wonder Northern River's Loose Cultivator was unable to find Immortal Master Copper Trigram when they agreed to battle on the summit of the forbidden city three months earlier.

Not only their appearance, but even their body structure and aura would also change. This disguising technique was simply a BUG! It was like suddenly changing the actor of a TV show without any prior notice. How would you even recognize them?

Speaking of which, the new battle on the summit of the forbidden city would be held in around one month later...

Song Shuhang was planning to buy plane tickets and go to Beijing; he didn't want to miss this great battle.

Wait... we're getting sidetracked!

Song Shuhang shook his head and said, "Senior, why did you suddenly change into a woman?"

"Why I changed into a woman?" Immortal Master Copper Trigram put her finger on her lips and said with a smile, "Because of Venerable White of course!"

"?" Song Shuhang had a confused expression on his face.

"Don't you find it dangerous to face Venerable White as a male? I always feel that my view of the world would get distorted when I'm around him. Such being the case, I just need to turn into a woman and I won't have to worry about that, right? I feel that I have a certain immunity toward Venerable White in this state!" Immortal Master Copper Trigram said self-satisfied.

Song Shuhang silently nodded.

Then, he gave Immortal Master Copper Trigram the thumbs up and brightly smiled, his white teeth shone in the sunlight with a 'ding' sound in the background.

Afterward, he added, "Senior White, good morning."

"Good morning to you." A calm voice transmitted from behind Copper Trigram.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram stiffly turned her head.

He saw that Venerable White was squatting not too far from her, playing with the ants on the ground.

There were more than thirty ants that were continuously crawling within Senior White's fingers' range. Whenever they were about to crawl out of the range, Venerable White would gently poke them, making them return to their previous position.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram swallowed a mouthful of saliva. Senior White was worthily a Seventh Stage Venerable. He got so close, and she didn't notice it in the slightest.

As though he had noticed Copper Trigram's gaze, Venerable White turned his head and nodded at her. "Fellow Daoist Copper Trigram, good morning to you too."

After saying this much, he stretched his finger and poked to death one of those small and cute ants on the ground.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram immediately had tears streaming down her face.

Chapter 337: The newly developed disposable flying sword 005 edition

Senior, that ant is so cute, don't poke it to death!

When she saw Venerable White poke the ant, a sad feeling welled up in Copper Trigram's heart... she felt a certain sympathy for the ant, as though they were the same entity.

"G-good morning, Venerable White," Copper Trigram said in a robot-like voice.

Venerable White stretched his hand out and drew a circle on the ground, enclosing the thirty or so ants. Then, he raised his head and said to Copper Trigram, "Fellow Daoist Copper Trigram, can you perform a divination for me? I want to know if those members of the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect will show up today."

"Sure, I'll do it immediately." Immortal Master Copper Trigram lowered the intensity of the flames beneath the barbeque. Afterward, she took out the tortoise shell and started to shake it, making the three copper coins inside fall to the ground.

After falling to the ground, the three copper coins rolled for a while before arranging themselves into a shape that resembled the character '品'. Immortal Master Copper Trigram shot a glance at the character '品' formed by the coins and started to count on her fingers.

Song Shuhang wasn't an expert in divinations. Therefore, he had no idea what the result was.

In the next moment, Copper Trigram heartily laughed. "Senior White, you don't have to worry! Those guys from the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect will come for sure today. You'll be able to catch them with one swoop!"

"I see." Venerable White silently nodded—in other words, the members of the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect would not come

today.

Seriously, those guys are so inefficient at handling things. Even when it comes to saving their friends, they're so slow...

Copper Trigram revealed a charming smile and said, "In that case, Senior, shall I keep grilling the food?"

"Oh, sure." Venerable White nodded.

Copper Trigram immediately heaved a sigh of relief—it seemed she had avoided a calamity.

Thereupon, Copper Trigram increased the intensity of the fire once more and kept grilling the food.



In the next moment, Venerable White also asked, "Fellow Daoist Copper Trigram, are you trying to gather a large amount of 'luck'? The altar you built yesterday was used by the ancient 'Witch Clan' to offer sacrifices to the gods and strengthen the luck of their clansmen, right?"

Copper Trigram made a hollow laugh and nodded—she needed a great deal of luck for her disciple, Immortal Fortune Teller Iron Trigram.

Venerable White continued, "However, you are not a member of the ancient Witch Clan. Therefore, that altar is of no use to you."

Copper Trigram heaved a sigh. It was nothing but a last-ditch effort to salvage a hopeless situation.

Venerable White faintly smiled and said, "Anyway, if you need 'luck', I have a something good that might come in handy."

Immortal Master Copper Trigram immediately opened her eyes wide. "Senior White, which item are you talking about?"

Song Shuhang also came over. He was curious as to what kind of mystical treasure could increase one's luck.

"Look carefully." Venerable White stretched his right hand out and gently tapped it with the finger of the other hand.

In the next instant, a small object that resembled a tail appeared in Venerable White's palm.

"It's a treasure I found the last time I went into secluded meditation. I found it when I was digging into the earth to create the room where I was going to close up. Although it's just the piece of a tail, this treasure is still a first-class item when it comes to 'luck'," Venerable White said calmly.

Song Shuhang curiously looked at the object in Senior White's palm and asked, "What is this thing? Is it the tail of a fish?"

"It's not the tail of a fish, it's the tail of a dragon." Immortal Master Copper Trigram opened her eyes wide and sighed with emotion. "Moreover, it's not the tail of an ordinary dragon. This tail was left behind after the dragon solidified its dragon luck, right?"

"Correct. Although its luck is not comparable to that of a city or a nation, and it's only a small amount of solidified luck, it's still not bad if you want to help someone," Venerable White said with a smile.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram nodded, and her face had written the following words all over: I want it! This expression seemed to tell others: 'I want this thing. Come, rip me off. Rip me off as much as you want!'

Venerable White said, "This lucky tail is of no use to me. Therefore, I can temporarily lend it to you."

Venerable White's own luck was already heaven-defying. The luck of this tail had basically no effect on him.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram patted her chest and said, "Senior White, even if you to ask me to go through fire and water, I won't refuse!"

"Don't worry. My request isn't too difficult," Venerable White continued with an enchanting smile on his face. "Recently, I agreed that I would act as a matchmaker for a subordinate of True Monarch Yellow Mountain called Zhou Li, helping him marry a teacher from the White Cloud Academy, Ouyang Yuan."

A matchmaker? Immortal Master Copper Trigram immediately patted her chest and said, "Do you want me to act as a matchmaker in your stead? No problem. A fortune teller such as myself fits well in the matchmaking business. Leave everything to me. I'll make sure to beautifully matchmake them!"

"With you on it, I feel relieved." Venerable White silently nodded. "But allow me to explain the current relationship between Zhou Li and that teacher, Ouyang Yuan."

Immortal Master Copper Trigram immediately perked her ears up.

"Doudou's actions gave rise to a small misunderstanding between Zhou Li and Teacher Ouyang Yuan," Venerable White said. And just as he said these words, he shot a glance at Doudou and Guoguo's tent. Then, he continued to narrate what happened at the time and how Doudou tormented Zhou Li.

In the tent, Doudou and the small monk immediately shrank with fear.

Doudou had still some fear lingering since that time—after Zhou Li went crazy, he unexpectedly wanted to keep having lovey-dovey conversations with him.

"Little friend Zhou Li is a rather straightforward person when it comes to love... and after Doudou fooled him, he really thought that Teacher Ouyang Yuan was Doudou's second account. Later, he told her everything that had happened," Venerable White continued. "After hearing the explanation, Teacher Ouyang Yuan became sulky. You should also know the disposition of the people of the White Cloud Academy or other scholarly sects. They

strongly believe in love and unconditionally trust their loved ones. After hearing this story, Teacher Ouyang Yuan probably felt that Zhou Li didn't trust her enough. Or perhaps little friend Zhou Li said something wrong when narrating the story? Anyway, Teacher Ouyang Yuan got angry and had been ignoring fellow daoist Zhou Li since then."

After saying this much, Venerable White took out his phone and showed Immortal Master Copper Trigram a picture that True Monarch Yellow Mountain sent him—in the picture, a smoking Zhou Li had locked himself up in a room. His whole face was covered in smoke; he seemed very sad.

As for why True Monarch Yellow Mountain could take a photo of him although he had locked himself in a room... it was all thanks to the wonders of magical techniques.

"..." Immortal Master Copper Trigram.

Copper Trigram also knew Zhou Li. He was a junior that was very skilled at handling matters as well as capable of adapting to all situations. But she hadn't expected that his emotional quotient was on the low side.

"There is one more thing. It's about the female monster hunter that was trying to catch Doudou." Venerable White unlocked his phone and showed the picture of the cute monster hunter to Copper Trigram. As before, it was True Monarch Yellow Mountain who sent this picture.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram asked, "What about the female monster hunter?"

"It seemed she sympathized with Zhou Li quite a bit... therefore, she said that if Teacher Ouyang Yuan were to leave him, they could catch monsters together and have fun. Unfortunately, Zhou Li just happened to be on the phone with Teacher Ouyang Yuan at the time... this probably gave rise to another misunderstanding between the two," Venerable White replied.

It was True Monarch Yellow Mountain who had told Venerable White all this.

In short, Zhou Li's emotional quotient was on the low side; Teacher Ouyang Yuan was angry; the kindness of the female monster hunter came at the wrong time and made Teacher Ouyang Yuan even angrier.

Venerable White put his phone away and asked, "This is how things are. Fellow Daoist Copper Trigram, do you think you can help little friend Zhou Li solve this matter?"

Immortal Master Copper Trigram patted her chest and said, "Absolutely, leave it to me! It's only a small misunderstanding. I'll clear it up in no time! Moreover, as long as they love each other, it won't be difficult to solve this problem."

What Copper Trigram said was true... solving this matter wasn't difficult. After all, Zhou Li and Ouyang Yuan loved each other and only needed someone to act as a middleman to bring them together.

Senior White had given Copper Trigram an easy task and was basically giving her the tail for free.

Venerable White smiled and nodded, saying, "This matter concerns the life-long happiness of two fellow daoists, mistakes are not allowed. Anyway, time is running out. Fellow Daoist Copper Trigram, you should make haste and go to see fellow daoist Zhou Li immediately."

Immortal Master Copper Trigram cupped her fists and said, "I will immediately rush toward True Monarch Yellow Mountain's immortal cave!"

After saying this much, she got a hold of her handcart and prepared to soar into the sky by relying on her flying sword.

"It's better if I send you off personally," Venerable White said with a radiant smile.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram waved her hand. "Senior White, there is no need. I can go on my own."

"I'll have to insist on sending you off." Venerable White stretched his hand and took out a long wooden sword from his sleeve. It seemed he had prepared it beforehand.

"This is my newly developed disposable flying sword 005 edition. Compared to the 004 edition, it has a 'zigzagged flight pattern' feature, as well as a 'parachute style landing' feature. When descending, it will let one have a stimulating and beautiful bungee jumping-like experience. Of course, for safety reasons, the disposable flying sword 005 edition will automatically protect the rider when the height from the ground reaches 0.1 meters, allowing the rider to feel free from worries," Venerable White explained excitedly.

Venerable White had finally drawn the dagger!

Immortal Master Copper Trigram quickly swallowed a mouthful of saliva. All these features seemed very high-end, and not something that a person like her could enjoy.

Therefore, she quickly tried to refuse. "Senior, there is really no need. I can use the flying technique and rush over there in no time! You don't have to worry about me being slow!"

"Enough chit-chat~ let's go!" Venerable White suddenly activated the sword art. The disposable flying sword 005 edition picked up Copper Trigram and the handcart, making them soar into the sky.

After it reached a certain altitude, the flying sword dashed forward while maintaining an S-shaped trajectory. It was swaying from side to side like a snake, but its speed was still extremely fast. In the blink of an eye, Immortal Master Copper Trigram was nowhere to be seen...

In the sky, intermittent yells echoed; it was the only proof that Copper Trigram was once there.

When he saw Senior White 'sending off' Senior Copper Trigram, the corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched... It seems that the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group really can't understand the principle: If you don't seek-death, you won't die!

"Hmm... not bad, not bad. Perhaps I can further improve the trajectory of the flight, narrowing it down. I might even develop a new series of flying swords from this edition and use it for interplanetary flights," Venerable White muttered.

Finally, he added another sentence. "I didn't think that I would get to try it out on Copper Trigram first. I need to find the time and manufacture other disposable flying swords 005 edition."

Song Shuhang, who was standing on a side and taking in delight in others' misfortune, immediately stiffened.

He didn't think that he would get to try it out on Immortal Master Copper Trigram...? Then, on whom did he want to test it? Except for Immortal Master Copper Trigram, the other people on the island were precisely Doudou, the small monk, and the little fellow daoist surnamed Song!

Chapter 338: An upgraded version of the disposable flying sword 005 edition!

Song Shuhang wanted to ask Venerable White about the meaning behind those words. He feared that his weak body wouldn't be able to withstand the wild ride of the disposable flying sword 005 edition—after seeing Senior Copper Trigram zigzag in the sky, as well as recalling the 'parachute style landing' feature and the bungee jumping-like pleasant sensation... he felt that he would surely die in the process.

However, he wasn't as foolish as to directly ask Venerable White: 'Senior, are you planning to use the disposable flying sword 005 edition to send me on a trip in the sky?'

Therefore, he had to probe into it stealthily, which was even more difficult!

First of all... if Senior White really wanted to send him off on a trip with the disposable flying sword 005 edition, it should be because he discovered about that death-seeking matter from back then.

The fact that Senior White suddenly grabbed his hair yesterday and made two ponytails partially confirmed this theory. It was likely that the matter about him and Soft Feather changing Senior White's hairstyle and facial expressions over and over again had been leaked.

As for how it was leaked... the reason might as well be that file Soft Feather sent in the group space. Therefore, he had to go in the Nine Provinces Number One Group and confirm the situation.

Song Shuhang's phone was a regular one and couldn't get any signal in the middle of the East China Sea. Since Immortal Master Copper Trigram was also sent a few thousand kilometers away, the only option left to get into the group chat was to ask Venerable

White to lend him his phone.

"Senior White, can you lend me your phone for a moment?" Song Shuhang tried to squeeze out the most natural and gentle smile he could.

Venerable White had taken over Copper Trigram's duties and was now looking after the barbecue. Copper Trigram had already put the condiments on. Therefore, Senior White only needed to control the intensity of the fire and wait till the food was ready.

"You need my phone?" Venerable White turned his head around and asked with a faint smile, "What do you need it for?"

"It's like this... when I went to the mysterious island, I had a lucky encounter and found something interesting." After saying these words, Song Shuhang took out the skeletal dragon's withered vines from the rabbit-shaped purse, saying, "I have sixteen withered vines with me. Therefore, I was thinking of contacting Senior Seven and telling him to come here to take them. He needs them to cure Sixteen's injury!"

This reason was simply perfect! No flaws at all!

"Hm, I see... in that case, I'll help you get in contact with fellow daoist Seven." Venerable White nodded and took a step back. Then, he pointed toward the barbecue grill and said, "Shuhang, come here and use the 'fire controlling art'. I want to see how skilled you have become in using this art. If you have reached a sufficient level, we can study how to refine qi and blood pills later."

After saying this much, Venerable White quietly took out his phone. Then, he turned around and started to fiddle with it at an angle where Song Shuhang couldn't see anything.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang arrived in front of the barbecue and used the fire controlling art to control the intensity of the flames, but his heart was in turmoil.

I'm done! I'm done! I'm doneee!

Senior White seemed hellbent on not letting him use the phone! There was surely something compromising in the phone... or rather, in the Nine Provinces Number One Group!

In other words, Venerable White had prepared that disposable flying sword 005 edition for him! But he just happened to meet Immortal Master Copper Trigram who was likewise courting death. Therefore, Copper Trigram took the bullet that Venerable White had prepared for Shuhang.

Unfortunately, there was only one Copper Trigram, and he couldn't take the bullet for Shuhang again!

What should I do? What should I do?

I have to think of a way to make Senior White happy... if he's happy, there is a chance he might forgive me...

If not, I must find a way to exchange the disposable flying sword 005 edition with the 004 edition. The 005 edition is just too scary.

Song Shuhang's brain was operating at insane speed.



In the meantime, Venerable White opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

The fellow daoists in the group chat were still spamming like crazy. After discovering that Venerable White hadn't gotten online and that he hadn't sent any message to reprimand them either, they became even more unrestrained.

The members that had changed their profile pictures to Senior White's emote were getting more and more.

The corner of Venerable White's mouth rose—there was an unfathomable smile on his face. Then, he clicked on Seven's profile picture.



Su Clan's Seven was a trendy man. Therefore, he too had changed his avatar. His current profile picture was :senior_white_sigh:.

At this time, Seven was also spamming in the group, but he wasn't spamming random stuff like the others. He was asking the people in the group whether or not they had skeletal dragon's withered vines.

He urgently needed a great number of withered vines.

At this time, Seven received a private message.

When he saw the private message, he unconsciously shrank in fear—because it was a message from Venerable White!

I'm a goner! Why would Venerable White suddenly send me a private message?

Seven cautiously clicked on the notification.

Venerable White: "Fellow Daoist Seven... I've heard that you're looking for the skeletal dragon's withered vine, right? If you want those vines, I can give them to you. I've got sixteen of them!"

Direct and to the point! These sixteen withered vines were a huge temptation for Seven. He desperately needed them.

Therefore, he quickly replied, "Senior White, what is your current location?"

"I'm on a small island in the East China Sea. I'll send you the coordinates," Venerable White replied.

Immediately after, he sent the coordinates to Su Clan's Seven.

Su Clan's Seven: "Got them. I'll immediately head toward your position!"

"Good. I'll wait for you." Then, Venerable White also added, "Also, your new profile picture is rather amusing. ☺ Let meet us on the island, bye bye."

After reading this message, Seven couldn't help but break out in a cold sweat.

Why did I stupidly change my profile picture... Although Senior White sent a smiling emoji, Seven felt that a bleak future awaited him.

...Should I really go to the island?

The answer was... yes! He had to go even if he had to face mountains of swords and seas of flames.

Seven clenched his teeth and put his phone away. Afterward, the heavenly saber on his back automatically flew beneath his feet.

"Let's rush toward Senior White's coordinates!" Seven headed toward the small island...



Venerable White narrowed his eyes into a smile and said to Song Shuhang, "Done. I've notified fellow daoist Seven. He'll be here very soon."

Song Shuhang revealed a radiant smile and replied, "Thank you, Senior."

"You're welcome." Venerable White's mood seemed pretty good. He stretched his hand out and picked two skewers of meat and vegetable from the barbecue, saying, "I'll prepare a small gift to welcome fellow daoist Seven. You can keep grilling the food. Your fire controlling art isn't bad and has reached an acceptable level. Later, we can try to refine qi and blood pills."

After saying this much, Senior White took a bite of the food and leisurely headed toward the nearby forest. From the looks of it, he seemed to have gone there to pick up a good tree branch...

And if Senior White was going to pick up a tree branch... it was very likely to be manufactured into a disposable flying sword!

Tears started to well up in Song Shuhang's eyes... After Senior

Copper Trigram, is it my turn?

...And these aren't tears, it's just the smoke from the barbeque making me tear up!

Anyway, I need to pull myself together!

I need to find a way to cheer up Senior White before he decides to 'send me off'.

Song Shuhang operated his brain at high speed.

He was thinking about what Senior White liked and what could possibly help him improve his mood.

Disassembling electric equipment? Eating bayberries? Racing with cars? Racing with flying swords? Closing up? Anything weird or mysterious? Sending disposable flying swords in space? Submerging in the depths of the sea? Using a volcano as a hot spring?

Wait, what's wrong the latter options? Song Shuhang fiercely shook his head, casting aside those dangerous options.

Anyway, all these options were impractical!

Or else... should he try telling Senior White a funny joke to cheer him up?

Although Song Shuhang had read many books, now that he tried to rack his brain, he couldn't recall any interesting jokes!

In the forest, Senior White was humming a song as he chose a good tree branch, starting to peel it. Very soon, the embryonic form of the disposable flying sword 005 edition appeared in his hands.

There was a slight difference between the 004 and 005 editions. The blade of the 005 edition was slightly arched.

I'm done for, I'm done for! What should I do now? Since there was no signal, he couldn't even go online to look for help!

Soon after, Senior White started to engrave a formation on the body of the sword.

Two minutes later, a brand-new disposable flying sword 005 edition had appeared in Venerable White's hand.

"Done. I've also added a coiling flight feature and narrowed the flight angle. There is also an additional meteor-like effect that would make it look like a meteor streaking across the sky when launched. This improved edition is a little different from the 'disposable flying sword' series... let's just call it 'disposable meteor sword 001'!" Venerable White muttered as he raised the wooden sword in his hand high. "I'll be able to try it out in a while. If the effects are good, I can perhaps create a whole meteor shower in the future."

The body of the sword was faintly emanating a meteor-like radiance.

When shooting up in the sky, this flying sword would surely look beautiful...

Perhaps because he had already opened his Ear Aperture, Song Shuhang heard everything Senior White muttered.

Song Shuhang touched his legs; they had somewhat gone soft.

Senior White had upgraded the disposable flying sword and it was even scarier than before... at this point, it was better if he had been sent flying with the disposable flying sword 005 edition used on Senior Copper Trigram.



In the meantime, on a certain island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

The old professor, Tubo, Gao Moumou, and the other passengers got up with great difficulty. Yesterday, they managed to formulate a rather efficient teaching method under the directions of the professor.

"Get up. As first thing, we have to see what's the current level of understanding the natives have in regards to Chinese characters. After we know their level of proficiency, we can teach them according to their aptitudes," the old professor said.

They were planning to randomly select some of the primitive men and conduct a small test to see the level of their understanding in regards to Chinese characters.

According to Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman's words, these primitive men had already studied the <Three-Character Classic> and almost all of them could recite it from memory, and the majority could also write it down from memory.



An hour later.

The old professor, Tubo, Gao Moumou, and the others looked at the pile of examination papers, somewhat dumbfounded.

They really wanted to know which country's Chinese characters were there primitive men writing... all the test papers were written down in illegible handwriting, so illegible that they couldn't make out a single character...

There was no way this was the <Three-Character Classic>; this was a book about ancient magical runes!

Chapter 339: Shuhang, how about going against the stream? (2 in 1)

Gao Moumou secretly swallowed a mouthful of saliva. He dared to bet that regardless which era they lived in, no Chinese man would be able to recognize the characters of this <Three-Character Classic> if written in such illegible handwriting!

If even recognizing these characters was so hard, one could imagine how much mental energy and willpower was required to learn them in the first place. These primitive men really had it difficult. Unexpectedly, most of them could write down these illegible characters from memory.

They must have suffered a lot of during this period...

Tubo held his chin and muttered, "If I'm not mistaken, that person wearing a windbreaker said earlier that he hit the palms of the natives if they made mistakes while reciting the <Three-Character Classic> from memory. And he would hang them up on a big tree and whip them if they were to make mistakes while writing it down from memory."

After hearing this much, all the passengers became silent.

Gao Moumou's girlfriend Yayi said, "In this case, were all the primitive men hung up and beaten by that person wearing a windbreaker...?"

The old professor said in a grave tone, "I think it's very likely. Unless they were pushed into a hopeless situation, how could they have memorized and wrote down from memory those magical runes?"

The scene of the natives reciting and writing down from memory the <Three-Character Classic> while trembling in fear appeared in the minds of the passengers. If someone were to recite the wrong verse, the windbreaker-clad man would hit their palms with the

disciplinary ruler until turning them red.

And if someone were to commit mistakes while writing down the text from memory (with that illegible handwriting), he would hang them up on a tree like drying clothes and whip them mercilessly, making them weep in a sad way...

After thinking this much, they felt sad for what the natives had gone through. Having to study the *Three-Character Classic* written with that illegible handwriting had increased the difficulty of the learning process by several times.

The old professor held the examination papers and sighed with emotion. "We should do our best to teach the natives how to read and write; using real Chinese characters should make things easier."

"They are a rather pitiful bunch. We should help them as much as possible before leaving the island," Gao Moumou said. "Moreover, if we can teach them the *Analects of Confucius* ahead of time, maybe we can also leave the island earlier?"

When the topic of the conversation changed to leaving the island, all the passengers became silent.

For some unknown reason, they ended up on this island with primitive men living on it after boarding their plane. As if that wasn't enough, there was no signal here, making it impossible to get in touch with the external world.

If they wanted to leave the island, they could only wait for a rescue team to come here. Or, although unlikely, if a ship were to pass by, they could hitch a ride.

Perhaps... that all-powerful man wearing a black windbreaker also had the means to let them leave the island.

But if they wanted his help, they needed to help him teach the natives the *Analects of Confucius*.

Therefore, not only to save the natives from this torment but also

to get away from this place, they needed to work together and let the primitive men memorize the ‹Analects of Confucius› as soon as possible.

The old professor said in a grave tone, "Things are even worse than what we expected... we have to change our plans. We have to make them forget about those rune-like characters and start teaching them the basics of Chinese characters."

There was a long way to go if they wanted to teach the natives how to read and write!

"Let's go!" Gao Moumou made a fist and said.

"Let's go!" Yayi said.

"Let's give it our all!" Tubo said.

"We can do it!" Lu Fei and her elder sister said.

The other passengers also made a fist and clenched their teeth, ready to try their best.



At this time, in Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman's dwelling.

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman had a delighted expression on his face as he was grinding the red-colored inkstick in his hand. In the next moment, he suddenly stopped.

"...So, there was a problem with the characters I taught the natives?" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman put the inkstick down and lightly clapped his hands in realization. "No wonder my oath to teach ten thousand illiterate people how to read and write wasn't completed after I taught the natives the ‹Three-Character Classic›... that must have been the reason! At first, I thought that the ‹Three-Character Classic› was too simple and wasn't enough to satisfy the conditions of my oath. Therefore, I started to teach them the ‹Analects of Confucius›... but in hindsight, there seemed to be something wrong with the characters I taught them, huh?"

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman was watching what the passengers were doing through a secret camera. After all, his oath was at stake here!

After putting the inkstick down, Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman headed toward Gao Moumou and the others. To complete the oath, he needed to personally participate in the teaching process.

"After this oath is completed, I'll be ready to advance to the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor Realm. And when I manage to obtain the Blood God Crystal from little friend Song Shuhang, I'll finally start the breaking through process," Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman said softly.

He had stayed in the Fourth Stage Realm for far too long... but after so much preparing, as well as with the help of the Blood God Crystal, he should be able to condense a Golden Core with at least seven dragon patterns, obtaining a first-class Golden Core!



In the meantime, on a lone island in the East China Sea.

Song Shuhang finished his daily cultivation session and practiced all the cultivation techniques he knew at least one time.

After completing his practice, he returned to the nearby tent.

At this time, Doudou and the small monk were shrinking inside the tent, revealing their heads from time to time, taking a stealthy look, and retreating inside the tent again.

Song Shuhang rubbed his temples and quietly approached Doudou, asking, "Is Senior White still manufacturing those 'disposable meteor swords 001 edition'?"

"Yes." Doudou turned his head and spat out his tongue. "Woof, this is the 16th sword already..."

Song Shuhang secretly shot a glance toward the woods.

Venerable White peeled a tree branch and stretched his finger out, starting to engrave formation runes on it. On a side, there were already fifteen 'disposable meteor swords 001 edition' piled up. That scene was enough to scare all those present out of their wits.

Song Shuhang's heart twitched. "Is Senior White really planning to create a meteor shower?"

If Senior White really wanted to create a meteor shower, amongst the meteors, there would be surely one surnamed Song, right?

"That seems to be the case." Doudou spat out his tongue.

The small monk Guoguo lowered his voice and asked, "Who offended Senior White? Did we do something that made him angry?"

After saying this much, Guoguo stared at Doudou.

"Don't look at me. I've been very obedient for the past few days. Woof, how did I exactly anger Senior White?" Doudou immediately rejected the idea.

Afterward, the small monk looked at Song Shuhang in puzzlement.

"I'm not sure... but the cause might be a file Soft Feather sent in the group chat," Song Shuhang said in a low voice.

"A file? What was inside?" Doudou asked out of curiosity.

Song Shuhang was just about to tell Doudou when a ray of light flashed through the sky.

Saber light descended from the sky, and a tall and big man leapt down from it. It was Su Clan's Seven.

Seven arrived beside Venerable White as the heavenly saber automatically returned to his back. "Senior White, I'm here!"

Venerable White raised his head and looked at Seven, revealing a

gentle smile, "You came very quickly."

"Sixteen urgently needs those skeletal dragon's withered vines. Therefore, I came over as soon as possible." Seven sighed with emotion.

"It seems that you're in a hurry, eh?" Venerable White tilted his head and asked, smiling.

"Yes, yes! I'm indeed in a hurry!" Seven nodded repeatedly—he had to make haste and get the hell out of this place after securing the withered vines!

Venerable White nodded. "In this case, I'll not waste your time. It was little friend Song Shuhang who obtained the skeletal dragon's withered vine. You can make a deal with him."

"Little friend Song Shuhang? Where did he found it?" Seven was somewhat surprised.

The skeletal dragon's withered vine was a rare medicinal herb. A natural treasure of this level would be protected by sentient beasts and monster beasts, making it very difficult to obtain. So, from where did little friend Song Shuhang obtain these sixteen withered vines?

"On the mysterious island," Venerable White said softly.

"On the mysterious island? Then, did he lose his memory?" Su Clan's Seven said, somewhat alarmed.

Venerable White nodded. "Therefore, you must properly compensate him for these hard-won withered vines."

"Naturally! After all, little friend Song Shuhang helped Sixteen several times already, how can I possibly treat him unjustly?" Seven nodded and after pondering for a moment, replied, "From what I remember, little friend Song Shuhang just opened his Eye Aperture and should be trying to open his Nose Aperture, right? As soon as I return to the clan, I'll look for several types of medicinal pills that are best suited to open the Nose, Ear, and Mouth

Apertures. I can guarantee that the quantity would be enough to let him open all his apertures. Afterward, he would only have to jump through the dragon gate! Additionally, as soon as little friend Song Shuhang breaks through the Second Stage Realm, I'll bring him to the first layer of our Spirit River Secret Realm and allow him to practice there for at least ten times. Senior, what do you think of this proposal?"

Venerable White smiled. It seemed that Su Clan's Seven was ready to go all-out to obtain these withered vines.

Enough medicinal pills to let him open his Nose, Ear, and Mouth Apertures... considering that Song Shuhang had already missed the best period to practice and didn't have that innate true qi inside his body, the value of these medicinal pills could be already compared to six withered vines.

As for that possibility to practice in the first layer of the Spirit River Secret Realm, it was even more precious.

The Spirit River Secret Realm was the root of the Spirit River Su Clan. According to legends, there was a huge spiritual river in the depths of the secret realm. All the cultivators that practiced in the waters of the spiritual river would have their bodies strengthened, and their cultivation speed would be five to ten times faster compared to the outside world. It was a very good place to close up.

Allowing Song Shuhang to practice in the first layer of the Spirit River Secret Realm for ten times completely exceeded the value of the remaining ten withered vines.

"The reward you offered is indeed comparable to those sixteen withered vines... but there is a problem," Venerable White said calmly.

"?" Su Clan's Seven.

"Little friend Song Shuhang has already opened all his apertures and is about to jump through the dragon gate... he just needs to

accumulate enough qi and blood and wait for the right opportunity to jump through it," Venerable White said with a smile.

"Eh? Little friend Song Shuhang is about to jump through the dragon gate already?" Su Clan's Seven thought he had misheard. "What kind of cheat is he using? This speed is just too exaggerated!"

"Little friend Shuhang had several fortuitous encounters lately, and he encountered several life-and-death crises too. Anyway, given the current situation, your reward isn't suitable. Since you're in a hurry, how about taking the withered vines from Shuhang first? As for how to reward him, you can calmly think about it after you return to the clan," Venerable White said with a smile.

As he was speaking, he gently caressed the 16th disposable meteor sword 001 edition; it was finally complete!

Su Clan's Seven laughed heartily. "What a headache. I'll need to rack my brains to think of a proper reward for little friend Shuhang."

Then, he headed toward Song Shuhang with a smile plastered all over his face.



"Little friend Shuhang, we meet again." Seven stopped in front of Song Shuhang and tried to sense the strength of Shuhang's qi and blood as well as the number of apertures he had opened.

F*ck, he really opened all his apertures and is about to jump through the dragon gate!

The last time we met, he had just opened his Eye Aperture! And now, in a mere month, he is about to jump through the dragon gate? Is being together with Venerable White such a cheat-like experience?

"Indeed. Senior Seven, we meet again!" Song Shuhang said while passing the withered vines wrapped in paper to Seven. "There are

sixteen withered vines in total. Senior Seven, take them."

Seven cautiously received the paper with the withered vines and said, "Little friend Shuhang, I can't thank you enough for this."

Su Clan's Seven didn't excel at expressing himself. Therefore, even though his heart was full of gratitude, he could only say 'I can't thank you enough for this'. However, no words were needed to see that he was truly grateful, looking at his face was enough.

"Senior, did Sixteen's condition improve?" Song Shuhang asked.

Song Shuhang hadn't gotten in touch with Sixteen since the day she had mailed herself over (June 18th) and spent an entire afternoon shopping with him. He didn't know anything about her current condition.

Seven heaved a sigh and said, "Her life isn't in danger... but the extent she can recover to depends on her own strength. I'm powerless, and the best I can do is get my hands on a few withered vines to help her recover."

After hearing that her life wasn't in danger, Song Shuhang calmed down a bit... he had also done everything in his power. Now, he could only hope that Sixteen would successfully recover from her injuries.

"Little friend Shuhang, I'll accept these vines first. As for how to compensate you, I'll carefully think about it once I return to the clan. Sixteen urgently needs these vines. Therefore, I cannot stay here for too long." Now that he had obtained the withered vines, Seven wanted to return to the clan as soon as possible.

Song Shuhang nodded. "Senior Seven is too polite. Let meet us again, then."

Seven waved his hand and turned around, saying to Venerable White, "Senior White, I'll take my leave then. Time is running out, and I really need to go."

The earlier you die, the earlier you're reincarnated—wait, what

the hell am I saying! I have to get away from the island as soon as possible as to avoid Senior White recalling that matter of the 'profile picture' and giving me a 'pleasant' surprise in return.

Therefore, Seven wanted to leave the island as soon as possible.

* * *

Venerable White was currently fiddling with his phone... he seemed to be checking the map.

As soon as he heard Seven's words, he turned his head around and revealed a radiant smile. "Fellow Daoist Seven, if you're in such a hurry, let me personally send you off!"

Seven thought that Venerable White was just being courteous. Therefore, he brightly smiled and waved his hand. "Senior White, there is no need. I can ride my saber and return to the clan very quickly. After all, it isn't too far from here."

"I fear I must insist on personally sending you off. The speed of my flying sword is unmatched." Venerable White narrowed his eyes, and his smile got even brighter.

After saying this much, he stretched his hand out, and a disposable meteor sword 001 edition started to hover midair...

"?" Su Clan's Seven felt that there was something wrong with this atmosphere.

In the tent, Song Shuhang, Doudou, and the small monk didn't have the heart to look at the scene and covered their eyes.

"This is my newly developed disposable meteor sword 001 edition. Compared to the previous editions, it uses the most advanced, quickest way to take off—the coiling flight feature. It has the very enjoyable zigzagged flight pattern and even the unprecedented 'parachute style landing' feature that can let you enjoy a bungee jumping-like feeling while descending. Of course, for safety reasons, the flying sword will automatically protect the user when the height from the ground reaches 0.1 meters, allowing

the user to feel free from worries. There is also an additional meteor-like effect that makes the flying sword look like a meteor streaking across the sky when launched, absolutely pleasing to the eye! All these cool effects are united in a single sword. Cool, isn't it?" After saying this much, Venerable White held his thumb up in approval.

The more he was hearing, the more Seven felt that there was something wrong with the situation.

What was this coiling flight feature?

Or this zigzagged flight pattern?

Or again, that parachute style landing...

And that meteor-like effect... just what was going on?

This whole matter was so weird that Seven didn't know where to start...

However, there was no time for useless thinking—at this time, he had to absolutely stop Senior White from using that disposable meteor sword 001 edition to send him off. Even if he was a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor, he was sure he would die if he were to travel on that fearful flying sword!

"Senior, you're too polite. You don't have to bother seeing me off! I can go on my own. See you!" The heavenly saber on Seven's back moved on its own and fell beneath his feet.

He didn't wait for Senior White's reply and immediately stepped on the saber, rising in the air and preparing to quickly leave the small island.

"Too late! I've checked the position on the map earlier and locked down the destination's coordinates already. Therefore, let me send you your way. I can guarantee you that this flying sword will deliver you to the Spirit River Su Clan." Venerable White laughed and activated the sword art. "Go!"

With a whizz, the disposable meteor sword 001 edition drilled beneath Seven's feet, picking both him and the heavenly saber up.

In the next instant, it finally took off!

The coiling flight feature was extremely fast and efficient!

Su Clan's Seven spun like a drill and ascended to the sky.

"Uwaaaaah..." Seven cried out strangely as he flew high into the sky while still spinning... since he was spinning too quickly, his body literally became a tornado, resembling the Blade Master from World of Warcraft when he was using his 'Bladestorm' skill.

And just like a tornado, he was madly spinning while continuously moving forward!

After he was 'Bladestormed' into the sky, the second feature of the disposable meteor sword, the meteor-like effect, also activated. The sword started to emit a dazzling light, turning Seven into a meteor that streaked across the sky.

However, the trajectory of this meteor was a bit strange. While streaking across the sky, it would often go up and down, and then left and right...

"Aaaaah—" Seven was still crying out when his scream was suddenly cut off, and his figure disappeared from Song Shuhang, Doudou, and Guoguo's sight.

Compared to the disposable flying sword 005 edition that sent off Immortal Master Copper Trigram, this sword was at least two times faster!

What a fearful gadget. Even a powerful Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor like Seven was unable to resist the power of the 'disposable meteor sword 001 edition' and could only scream at the top of his voice.

Moreover, he couldn't get away from the attraction field of the disposable meteor sword even though he was already riding his

own flying saber.

Senior White had developed a fearful flying sword!

Song Shuhang turned his head around and secretly shot a glance at Venerable White. At this time, Venerable White was using his phone to take pictures of the madly spinning Seven.

"Damn, the speed is too fast. The pictures are all blurry. I'll need to strengthen the camera of the phone," Venerable White muttered.

Or perhaps... I should leave an imprint spell on the flying sword that would record the whole scene and transmit it over here?

Moreover, the zigzagged flight pattern becomes monotonous after a while. Perhaps it would be more interesting if many disposable meteor swords were flying together? For example in the shape of a windmill or a V-shape like wild geese?

I'll make a few changes then...

Another twenty disposable meteor swords should suffice, but I should make a few more just in case. After all, the number of fellow daoists in the group chat that want to try them is getting higher and higher.

Or so Venerable White thought to himself.

"Right, Shuhang!" Venerable White put his phone away and turned his head.

Song Shuhang's heart sped up. "Senior, is something the matter?"

"No need to be scared. I just recalled that you're about to jump through the dragon gate, and closing up isn't really going to help you with that step," Senior White said with a smile on his face.

How did the topic of the conversation change to cultivation? Senior White's train of thought has also started to randomly jump from subject to subject?

Anyway, as long as we're not talking about disposable flying swords, it's all good!

Thereupon, Song Shuhang replied, "Senior, what should I do in that case?"

"Jumping through the dragon gate is literally like jumping through the dragon gate as a fish. During this process, you have to go against the current, and if you don't advance, you'll fall behind! What you need is an opportunity to experience with your body the feeling of 'going against the stream'. The more you get familiar with this feeling, the easier it will be to jump through the dragon gate!" Venerable White said with a serious expression on his face.

"I have to experience with my body the feeling of going against the stream?" Song Shuhang thought for a moment, and his eyes suddenly lit up. "Senior White, are you saying that I should look for a waterfall and get such an experience there?"

"Although there are some differences, you got the basic meaning right!" Venerable White said with a bright smile.

Chapter 340: White Crane, Venerable Spirit Butterfly, Iron Trigram... and a bald Song Shuhang! (2 in 1)

"I see. After the trip is over and we return to China, I'll go look for a waterfall!" Song Shuhang said as he clenched his fist. After jumping through the dragon gate, the illusory qi and blood energy in his body would condense and solidify, turning into true qi. At that time, he would really enter the world of cultivation and leave behind the title of rookie cultivator!

"I feel at ease seeing you this motivated," Venerable White said with a smile. Then, he also added, "Actually, you don't really need to look for a waterfall to experience the feeling of going against the stream."

"If I don't need to look for a waterfall... what do I need to look for?" Song Shuhang blurted out... but he quickly regretted saying these words!

If there was no waterfall... there was still the sky, the deep sea, and even space! Dammit, I have to stop being so straightforward and control my mouth!

Senior White stood in front of him with his hands crossed behind the back and a mysterious smile on his face.

"Senior White..." Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva. He wanted to beg Senior White not to use disposable flying swords to send him into the sky!

But just as he was about to speak, he thought once more about his 'straightforwardness'... he had to calm down and take his time. First, he had to properly process the sentence in his mind to see if there were no problems with it!

For example, what if Senior White had no intention of sending

him into the sky with a disposable flying sword?

In that case, wouldn't he stupidly remind Senior White about that option, bringing a disaster upon himself?

There was no need to make haste, and even if Senior White wanted to 'send him off', it was still not too late use Lady Onion's signature skill, the '500 Ways to Surrender to a Human Cultivator You're Unable to Beat'!

Although he hadn't tried this technique out in the real world, he had continuously practiced it in the several-hundred-years-long dream. The fearful thing was that he had practiced over and over again even the 'Ultimate Seducing Skill of a Pretty Female Monster'. That dream was really painful to recall...

I must forget it! I must forget it! I must forget it! Whenever I recall that stupid dream, I feel too much shame!

Thereupon, Song Shuhang stopped in his tracks and changed the sentence.

He revealed a bright smile and said, "Senior White, does that mean that there are other ways to experience a feeling that is similar to jumping through the dragon gate?"

"Mhm!" Senior White nodded and said with a smile, "Recently, my understanding of the Great Way increased a bit, and I managed to grasp an interesting skill. This skill can let you experience a feeling that is similar to jumping through the dragon gate!"

He learned an interesting skill? It seems that Senior White doesn't want to send me off, that's great! Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh of relief. Luckily, he stopped in time earlier and didn't blurt out more nonsense.

Song Shuhang asked, "Senior White, what kind of skill is it?"

Venerable White didn't reply immediately but asked instead, "Shuhang. do you know about the 'illusory reality'?"

"Illusory reality? Yes, I know about it! This skill creates an illusory world that almost seems real!" Song Shuhang nodded and recalled the warm desert and the young man in green clothes riding a white horse from Senior White's illusory reality...

That scene was either part of Venerable White's memories or something born from his imagination. Under the effects of the illusory reality, the scene became real and one could touch and feel the sand with their hands, as well as interact with that young man in green clothes. Even the wounds received in the desert would stay behind after coming back to reality.

Additionally, the desert and the young man in green clothes were the main reason his acrophobia worsened! This was another painful memory to recall.

"The new ability I grasped is somewhat similar to the illusory reality. Although similar, it is at the same time its complete opposite!" Venerable White crossed his hands behind the back and revealed a smile.

"It's similar... but also its complete opposite?" Song Shuhang asked in puzzlement.

"The name of this technique is 'real illusion', and under its effects, you can change a few real occurrences into illusions. I've only got a superficial knowledge of this skill, but it's rather interesting. Let me demonstrate it you," Venerable White said.

Only a superficial knowledge? Rather interesting? Senior, wait a moment. Let me prepare first!

But Song Shuhang didn't even have the time to speak when Venerable White stretched his hand out and snapped his fingers, activating the skill.

Song Shuhang steeled his mind, readying himself to welcome Senior White's skill.

But a few seconds later, he didn't experience the strange

sensation he felt while entering the world of the illusory reality.

He didn't sense any change in the surroundings either.

"Senior White, did you use the real illusion?" Song Shuhang asked, somewhat confused.

After saying this much, he shot a glance at Senior White... in the next instant, he got a scare.

He saw that Venerable White was standing three meters away from him with a blank look on his face. He seemed distracted.

He was clearly speaking a second ago, how come he is distracted now? No wonder the real illusion didn't work. Senior White got distracted while using it!

Immediately after, Song Shuhang discovered another scary thing.

It seemed that Venerable White was planning to move toward Song Shuhang before he got distracted. Therefore, even though he was distracted, his body automatically reacted, making him raise a leg and take a step forward.

One step, two steps, and then... Senior White suddenly stumbled. In the next moment, his body started to slowly but inevitably fall forward!

Since Senior White hadn't fallen in a while, Song Shuhang had almost forgotten about this terrifying special skill of his.

"Senior White, stop!" Song Shuhang bellowed and dashed forward, stretching his hands out in the hope of stopping Venerable White from falling.

Whether or not his strength was enough to stop the falling Venerable White, he had to give it a try. It was the only option at his disposal. He could either choose to stop him or stand there doing nothing—running away was out of the question.

The radius of Venerable White's lethal stumbling skill was at

least 100 meters... there was no way Song Shuhang could get out of the range before Venerable White fell to the ground.



[The spirit is willing. but the flesh is weak]: when the will is there but not the strength.

Song Shuhang tried his best to stop Venerable White from falling but couldn't make it in time. He was only a few centimeters away, and he could do nothing but helplessly watch Senior White fall to the ground.

"Boom!"

An earthshaking explosion followed, and Song Shuhang felt the entire world shake. Everything before his eyes was overturned, and soon after, he felt his body fall downwards into an endless pit, so deep that it seemed hell itself.

A terrifying scene for sure!

Song Shuhang felt as though the world was about to end... as if that wasn't enough, Venerable White seemed more distracted than usual today, and he wasn't able to protect Song Shuhang even subconsciously.

The rocks swirled in the air and hit Shuhang all over his body, making him feel a piercing pain.

Is today the day I die?

I survived for over 300 chapters and even avoided getting killed by Senior White's disposable flying sword... but now, I'm going to die because he stumbled and fell to the ground...?

Just as his imagination was running wild, a rock shot toward him at high speed amidst the chaos.

Shuhang was still falling and didn't have the time to dodge. The rock brushed right past his scalp...and just like a sharp razor, it shaved off a big patch of hair from his head.

In the next instant, Song Shuhang felt the world going black and lost consciousness.

Senior White getting distracted was a rather fearful thing!



In the meantime, in the airspace of the East China Sea.

True Monarch White Crane was cheerfully flapping the six wings on its back.

Whenever it recalled that it would soon meet its beloved Venerable White, True Monarch White Crane felt very excited. It was so happy that it felt the urge to sing loudly.

But right at this time, sword light flashed before its eyes and quickly dashed toward its position... the sword light resembled a meteor streaking across the sky; it looked very pretty. Moreover, its flight pattern was rather peculiar, suddenly flying left, right, up, and then down. The speed was also extremely quick.

"Eh? Senior White's sword qi is emanating from it? Is that one of those disposable flying swords?" True Monarch White Crane sensed the sword qi on the sword from afar.

But what was above the sword? True Monarch White Crane opened its eyes wide and tried to see through the light of the meteor-like effect.

Afterward, it discovered that there was a pale and familiar-looking man on top of the flying sword.

'Eh? Isn't that fellow daoist Su Clan's Seven? Why is he riding on Senior White's disposable flying sword?' True Monarch White Crane thought, somewhat confused.

Although True Monarch White Crane and Su Clan's Seven didn't have a deep friendship, they were still part of the same circle. Therefore, they would at least greet each other if they were to meet.

True Monarch White Crane flapped its wings and approached the sword light, waving its hand at Seven who was quickly coming over. "Fellow Daoist Seven, how are you..."

"Aaaaaaaah~" Fellow daoist Seven replied with a high-pitched scream. In the next moment, the sword light brushed past True Monarch White Crane with a whiz, completely disappearing.

True Monarch White Crane turned its head around, but Seven had completely disappeared, without leaving any trace behind.

The speed was so fast that it made one's hair stand!

"..." True Monarch White Crane.

What game was fellow daoist Seven playing?

In the next moment, True Monarch White Crane shook its head.

It didn't matter what Seven was doing, seeing Senior White was more important... Senior White, I'm coming!

It was unknown whether Senior White still remembered it, but it was that small white crane at the Earth's End!

The more True Monarch White Crane thought about this, the more it was getting impatient to see Venerable White. Therefore, it kept happily flapping its wings, heading toward that small island in the East China Sea.



On another side.

On the border between the East China Sea and the Pacific Ocean was a mysterious island that wasn't present on any map. A supernatural field of energy covered the whole island, and even the most advanced technologies couldn't detect its presence.

In the airspace above the island, countless multicolored butterflies were dancing in the air—this place was precisely Soft Feather's home, the Spirit Butterfly Island.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly quietly sat in the middle of the pavilion while sipping some tea. This tea was made from those tea leaves that his beloved daughter had personally prepared.

At this time, he suddenly said, "How is Soft Feather planning to deal with this matter between the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School?"

"She hasn't taken any action yet. I think she's planning to observe things for now and act according to circumstances after the two factions have settled the matter on the Grievance Settling Platform." A huge spirit butterfly was dancing next to Venerable Spirit Butterfly while holding a phone; Liu Jianyi was on the other end.

"Good. Since Soft Feather wants to wait and see how things develop, you should also stay your hand and not interfere in this matter between the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School," Venerable Spirit Butterfly said calmly.

"I understand, Teacher," Liu Jianyi promptly replied. He really liked to wait and see how things developed—because it required no effort.

"Pay attention to the movements of the Illusory Sword School. If they dare to act against Soft Feather, you know what to do, right?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly dropped a few hints.

"Teacher, I understand," Liu Jianyi replied... he really hoped that the Illusory Sword School wouldn't do anything stupid. After all, he would consume a lot of physical strength if he were to get rid of them. Physical strength was something you had to preserve at all costs. It was something very precious!

Venerable Spirit Butterfly nodded satisfied and hung up.

The huge spirit butterfly placed the phone in front of him and cheerfully flapped its wings, returning amidst the group of butterflies.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly took another sip of the tea and turned his laptop on. Afterward, he opened the instant messaging program and went into the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Since he hadn't added his personal account to the group, he used Soft Feather's account to log in.

As soon as he got into the group chat, his screen got filled with all kinds of Senior White's emotes, almost blinding Venerable Spirit Butterfly.

"Eh? Aren't these fellow daoist White's pictures? How did they turn into an expression package?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly was confused.

He started to scroll through the chat logs for clarifications and managed, with great difficulty, to reach the start of the conversation.

"So, it's an expression package that Soft Feather made personally?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly was moved after this discovery.

It was an expression package that his beloved daughter had made personally.

In the next instant, he clicked on the download button and quietly downloaded the [Senior White's expression package].

Afterward, he saw that most of the fellow daoists that were online had changed their profile pictures to Venerable White's pictures.

"Is this a new fashion in the group?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly muttered.

If it was a new trend, he couldn't let his daughter fall behind. Moreover, it was an expression package she had made personally!

Thereupon, Venerable Spirit Butterfly scrolled through Venerable White's pictures and selected the :senior_white_happy:

emote, using it as Soft Feather's profile picture.

"Not bad. It looks pretty good." Venerable Spirit Butterfly nodded satisfied.

Then, he opened Soft Feather's friends list and clicked on the contact named 'Senior Song', starting to check the conversation between Soft Feather and Song Shuhang.

"Hm, good." Venerable Spirit Butterfly nodded satisfied once more. There were no traces of lovey-dovey conversations between his daughter and this Senior Song, very good.

At last, Venerable Spirit Butterfly logged out, his face very satisfied...



In the meantime.

On the border between China and Korea, deep below a private residence was an immortal cave used for secluded meditation.

Copper Trigram's disciple, Immortal Fortune Teller Iron Trigram had locked himself up in this immortal cave.

Copper Trigram's extremely auspicious, lucky, and super, super, super good divination had scared Iron Trigram to death. After locking himself up, he hadn't dared to take a single step out of this place.

Moreover, he had arranged nearly 300 defensive formations on the ceiling—he had learned from the mistakes of Scholar Xian Gong, a senior from the Nine Provinces Number One Group. Scholar Xian Gong was in deep meditation and was having a great time when someone dropped an atomic bomb on his head!

Given his shietty luck, Iron Trigram felt that it wouldn't be too strange if an atomic bomb were to suddenly explode over his head. Therefore, he had to get ready for all eventualities.

After staying in seclusion for some time, Iron Trigram felt a bit

bored... after all, he wasn't really cultivating and was just hiding from bad luck. As a consequence, it was impossible for him to reach the state where he could keep meditating for several years in a row.

Since he was bored, he took out his phone and decided to shoot a glance at the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Iron Trigram didn't like writing in the group. He was more of a lurker, interested in what the seniors were talking about.

As soon as he opened the group chat... his screen got filled with the pictures of a pretty senior.

"What's happening?" Iron Trigram quickly scrolled through the chat logs.

After a short while...

"So, that's the legendary Venerable White, the one that has unrivaled luck! Just like teacher said, he's an incredibly attractive person," Iron Trigram muttered.

After thinking for a moment, he made up his mind and downloaded the Senior White's expression package from the group space.

After completing the download, he started to skim through the pictures and found one that was suitable for him—the :senior_white_bless: emote.

He made up his mind and decided to use this emote as his profile picture.

After changing his profile picture, he held his phone horizontally, expanding the :senior_white_bless: emote to full screen.

Then, he looked for an incense burner and lit up some incense, starting to pray.

"Although I haven't met him face to face, I know about Senior

White's incredible luck... Senior White, give me your blessing and help me get through the greatest calamity of my life," Iron Trigram requested with sincerity.

After praying, perhaps because he had found something to believe in, Iron Trigram felt that his mood had gotten a lot better.

* * *

On a lone island in the East China Sea.

After God knew how long, Song Shuhang finally opened his eyes.

From what he remembered, he had experienced a short-range explosion that Senior White had caused after stumbling...

I'm probably heavily wounded right now... perhaps my wounds are even worse than Chu Chu's... I think I'm quite lucky that I survived after getting hit by that explosion at point-blank range!

"Eh? Strange, why don't I feel any pain?" Song Shuhang blinked a few times.

He shot a glance at his body, and strangely enough, he was unscathed!

Not only him, but the ground was also intact. Senior White hadn't created any crater.

Was it all an illusion? It was rare to see such a realistic illusion.

Just as he was in deep thoughts, Song Shuhang saw Venerable White. At this time, he was lying on the ground and not moving in the slightest! It seemed as though he was dead.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Shiet! Did Venerable White really fall to the ground?

Then, how come there is no crater? Was he able to control his strength just an instant before hitting the ground? Such being the case, why isn't he getting up? Is he playing dead?

No, wait a moment...

Does it mean that the 'real illusion' Senior White used earlier really worked?

This skill is opposite of the 'illusory reality' and can change real occurrences into illusions...

In other words, Venerable White really stumbled and fell to the ground, creating a huge hole and involving the poor cultivator surnamed Song in the explosion.

But in the end, this real event seemed to have changed into an illusion under the effects of the 'real illusion' skill...?

If things really went this way, wasn't this ability a bit too strong?

Seventh Stage Venerables were unexpectedly this scary?

"Senior White, wake up. Open your eyes!" Song Shuhang squatted beside Venerable White and started to poke him.

"Ah?" Venerable White rubbed his eyes and looked at Song Shuhang in puzzlement.

Song Shuhang raised his head and asked, "Senior White, did you get distracted just now?"

"Hmm... did I get distracted?" Venerable White sat in place and kept rubbing his eyes. "I have yet to completely grasp this skill. Earlier, I used too much mental energy and got distracted. I didn't cause any damage, right?"

"No damage was caused," Song Shuhang replied.

Doudou stuck his head out of the tent and said, "No damage was caused, except to Song Shuhang's head."

"My head?" Song Shuhang touched his neck in puzzlement. "It seems like everything's fine to me?"

As soon as he finished speaking, a light wind blew over.

When the wind blew, it also carried a tinge of cold within.

When it blew against his face, Song Shuhang didn't feel

anything... except for the top of his head, where he felt a slightly cold feeling.

Thereupon, he stretched his hand out and felt his head.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang refused to believe what was happening and stretched his hand again, feeling his head once more.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Venerable White stood in front of him with a serious expression, and no emotions could be read from his face.

"Senior White... do you have a mirror?" Song Shuhang asked.

Venerable White unsheathed his sword and placed it in front of Song Shuhang horizontally. The blade of the sword was very clean, even better than a mirror.

Song Shuhang looked at his picture reflected on the blade.

The picture of a young man with fair complexion and gentle features appeared on the blade of the sword... however, there was a problem with the hairstyle of this youth—a very deep ditch had appeared in the middle of the ordinary-looking hairstyle of a male student.

"..." Song Shuhang.

"How about you completely shave your head? It won't take long for your hair to grow back," Venerable White suggested.

Song Shuhang sighed deeply.

He had always tried his best to stop the 'true self' in his sea of consciousness from turning bald, but now, he was unexpectedly stepping on the road of baldness in real life first?

After turning bald... will I inherit Saitama's strength?

"Let's shave it..." Song Shuhang sighed deeply again.

Venerable White stretched his hand out, and a thin layer of

spiritual energy appeared on it. Afterward, he gently swept over Song Shuhang's head with his hand.

Shuhang's hair fell to the ground one by one.

"Senior Brother Shuhang!" The small monk quickly ran over and said to Song Shuhang with a delighted expression on his face, "Are you preparing to become a monk?"

"No, I'm just planning to change hairstyle for a while," Song Shuhang replied with a firm expression on his face.

"Senior Brother Shuhang looks very handsome with that bald head." The small monk joined his palms together and continued, "This bald head really suits you, and I feel that you have the inborn talent to become a monk."

"..." Song Shuhang.

Chapter 341: Hiss, did you guys see what I found? A stupid lone fish!

The inborn talent to become a monk? What a disgusting thought! I shouldn't mind the words of a child, but better knock on wood just in case! Anyway, it is only a few strands of hair, a couple of days later, I can grow them again!

After puking in his imagination, Song Shuhang used all his strength to flick the small monk's head.

The small monk covered his forehead, his eyes tearing up. His stern little face looked as though he felt wronged—he was clearly speaking from his heart, so why did his head get flicked? Senior Brother Shuhang was being unreasonable!

"Whoosh, whoosh~" Another gush of sea breeze blew over, and Song Shuhang felt his head become clear and refreshed—it was a rather odd fresh feeling that made it hard for him to adapt.

Song Shuhang touched his bald head and sighed before asking Venerable White, "Senior White, did you use the 'real illusion' earlier? Since this skill can change reality into illusion, why did my head get shaved in the middle?"

Even the pit on the ground had disappeared... so why did the hair that was shaved off did not reappear on his head?

"Hehe, actually, it's a small technique-related problem." Venerable White smiled slightly and explained, "I haven't fully grasped the 'real illusion' skill. Hence, in order to prevent myself from being unable to distinguish 'reality' from 'illusion' when using the skill, I needed to decide on a crucial object... which would not be affected by the real illusion. It can also serve as a reminder for me... so I wouldn't get sucked in too deep into the whole real illusion and become unable to get out of it. And the crucial object I chose was hair. Since even if one's entire hair

disappeared, it wouldn't damage or affect a person's body too much. It was something that was obvious to the eye, too."

Song Shuhang touched his bald head—that was to say, he was out of luck... he was not hurt anywhere and only his hair suffered. Hence, as a 'key object' that was not protected within the real illusion, when it got shaved off, all that was left was an empty patch...

It was a tragic story.



Within the tent, Doudou retrieved a crystal-like object from an unknown place and pointed it at Song Shuhang.

A ray of light flashed from the crystal within Doudou's paw.

The light shone on Song Shuhang's body, and the majority of it was gathered on his shiny bald head which reflected the light, turning into a dazzling disco ball.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

He turned his head around and stared speechlessly at Doudou before saying, "Doudou, what are you doing?"

"Taking a picture as a keepsake, woof." Doudou poked the crystal and explained, "This is a precious gem that takes pictures—in the past, it was a very valuable item. Before the invention of the camera, low-ranking cultivators used it to take pictures. My phone is still with Zhou Li, so I can only use this gadget to take pictures."

As he was speaking, Doudou tapped lightly on the crystal once again, and a true-to-scale picture of Song Shuhang appeared in midair.

In the picture, Song Shuhang had curiously turned his head around, and his bald head just happened to reflect the light from the crystal...as a consequence, Song Shuhang's entire head got engulfed by a mass of light, making it seem as though he was

emanating holy light from his bald head.

Of course, he looked extremely silly!

Song Shuhang was speechless.

"I never thought that I had such a talent for taking pictures." Doudou put away the crystal, clearly feeling pleased with himself.

Song Shuhang clenched his teeth and said, "Doudou, you better delete the picture immediately, or else we are no longer friends!"

Doudou waved at Song Shuhang cheekily and said, "Let's not be friends then, woof~"

Song Shuhang rubbed his temples—he was emotionally drained.

He turned his head around and looked at Senior White; he was already bald, shouldn't Senior White's anger have diminished a little?

Next, he saw Senior White lifting his head and swallowing a medicinal pill. Eh, could it be that the earlier use of the real illusion consumed too much of Senior White's energy? He had to even take a medicinal pill to recover his spiritual energy?

"Ok, my mental energy has recovered to its peak state. This time, it's definitely going to work!" Senior White said softly before gesturing to Song Shuhang and saying, "Shuhang, get ready. I'm going to use the real illusion again!"

"Wait a moment, Senior. I already lost my hair, you must leave my eyebrows alone!" Song Shuhang cried out—he remembered Senior White saying that the key object in the real illusion was 'hair'. Therefore, it was not limited to the scalp, but also included eyebrows, eyelashes, mustache, and anything that had to do with the word 'hair'. Since he did not have hair on his head anymore, if he lost his eyebrows as well, he would look like an idiot.

His voice had yet to fade when everything before his eyes turned into a blur~



The picture of what resembled a stream of water falling in a straight line for a thousand meters appeared before his eyes!

The booming sound of water echoed in Song Shuhang's ears.

He struggled to lift his head up and saw an enormous waterfall above his head—no words could describe how majestic it was. It felt as though the water was falling down directly from the Milky Way...

"What a spectacular sight!" exclaimed Song Shuhang... but when he opened his mouth, he felt something was amiss. Because water entered his mouth, and... came out from both his cheeks.

And during that entire process, he experienced a feeling akin to breathing, as though he got oxygen from the water.

What's happening? Song Shuhang thought to himself doubtfully; he was about to reach out with his hand and touch his own face to see what other strange changes occurred.

But in the next moment...

Eh? My hands... why can't I move my arms?

It was not only his hands, it seemed as though his legs were gone too.

Song Shuhang hurriedly looked down to see what kind of changes were made to his body...but realized he could not lower his head—to put it more accurately, whatever he was now did not seem to have a neck; his head and body were connected together. He had no way of lowering his head to look at his own body.

Senior White, what exactly are you doing?

"How is it, have you adapted to your new body?" At this time, he heard Venerable White's familiar voice. It came from somewhere above of him.

Song Shuhang lifted his head and saw the familiar and extremely

handsome Venerable White. At this moment, Venerable White was squatting next to Shuhang, being all smiles...

Enormous, from Song Shuhang's point of view, Venerable White practically looked like a giant from ancient folklore at that moment. Song Shuhang estimated that his own body was as big as Venerable White's palm.

The small monk Guoguo was also quietly standing next to him. Similarly, the small monk was also giant-like.

"Bubble, bubble, bubble." Song Shuhang was about to say something, but when he opened his mouth, a huge amount of water surged into his mouth and flowed out of his cheeks. Through the process, his oxygen supply was replenished... it felt very invigorating.

"You haven't gotten used to your new body? Time is rather limited, try your best to get used to it." Venerable White lowered his head and smiled at Song Shuhang.

New body? Song Shuhang looked at Venerable White's pupils... Finally, Venerable White's pupils acted as a makeshift mirror, showing him the reflection of his current body—a small golden fish that was floating in the water, swaying back and forth.

I... became a fish?

In the real illusion, even one's species could be changed?

After finding out that he became a fish, Song Shuhang tried moving his body and found out it was quite easy. Swimming in water was an instinct to him now...

"From the looks of it, you've already gotten used to your body." Venerable White laughed, and pointed at the enormous waterfall. "See that waterfall? Go up!"

"Go up?" Song Shuhang lifted his head and looked at the huge waterfall that seemed to have descended from the Milky Way itself. The level of difficulty seemed rather high.

Senior White seemed to have read his mind by looking at Song Shuhang's eyes.

"Such a level of difficulty scares you? According to legends, the difficulty the carp had to face to jump through the dragon gate and transform into a dragon was much higher than going up this waterfall. Also... the difficulty of getting past the bottleneck of the First Stage Realm is not lower than going up this waterfall either." Venerable White smiled. "Don't be afraid, just do it. Right now, don't think of anything else. The main purpose of this is to experience the feeling of 'jumping through the dragon gate'.

"Senior Brother Shuhang, you can do it!" The small monk Guoguo put his palms together and said to Song Shuhang who had transformed into a golden fish, "Senior Brother Shuhang, I believe in your strength. You can definitely go up that waterfall!"

Song Shuhang secretly clenched his teeth... I'm going to risk it then. It's just swimming against the waterfall, right? Besides, I'm not going to die in the real illusion, what's there to be afraid of?

Hence, Song Shuhang shook his head and tail, swimming towards the waterfall. As he was swimming, he was also trying to get used to his new body... but he did have some doubts—if Venerable White wanted him to swim against the waterfall, he could have just gotten him to do it normally... why did he have to transform him into a fish?

Could it be that there was a deeper significance to it?



Just as Song Shuhang was deep in thought, a huge figure appeared before him.

It belonged to a pekingese—it was Doudou.

"Eh? Where is this place?" Doudou lightly shook his head. From the looks of it, Venerable White's real illusion spanned a bigger area this time—even Doudou who was hiding in the tent got pulled

into it.

But Doudou, the small monk Guoguo, and Shuhang weren't pulled in at the exact the same time. Right now, Doudou seemed a little dazed.

A moment later, he became clear-headed and said, "Woof... from the looks of it, this is the real illusion that Venerable White talked about right? Incredible."

He turned his head and looked around, and saw Venerable White and the small monk not far away from him.

Thereafter, he looked at his surroundings, the waterfall and underwater.

Hiss, did you guys see what I found? A stupid lone fish!

It is a small golden fish, which looks very stupid. The way it swims is so ugly. Doudou felt that all he had to do was pounce and he would be able to grab hold of the fish.

If he wanted to do it, he would just do it. Doudou cheerfully called out and ferociously pounced into the water and used his paw to hit the water, causing the stupid fish to fly out of the water.

Thereafter, his claws hooked onto the fish.

And then, Doudou opened his mouth wide and skillfully tossed the stupid golden fish into his mouth. After chewing twice, he swallowed the fish.

Don't be surprised, Doudou was an expert at catching fishes!

When he first left home, he had not reached the realm where he could survive without eating. Hence, he trained himself to be a good hunter. Doudou could fight tigers in the mountains, and hunt for sharks in the sea. A small fish like that was an easy feat for him—he could easily catch it using his dog claw!

Not bad, very delicious—tender and chewy.

"Senior Doudou, don't! That is Senior Brother Shuhang!" The

small monk's panicky voice was late by a second.

The nearby Venerable White blinked several times—the sudden change took him off guard!

Chapter 342: It feels quite good to the touch

When the sharp dog claws pricked his skin, Song Shuhang felt a piercing pain.

Afterward, the huge mouth of the dog opened, revealing a row of sharp teeth... with some vegetables still left in the gaps between its teeth. Anyway, the dog bit his body and chewed a few times. The pain was so intense that it shook both his mind and heart.

It was such a painful experience that he was unlikely to forget it for the rest of his life! On the other hand, it was likely that it would appear in his nightmares for a very long time!

I will get rabies, right? I was bitten so hard, it's almost certain that I will get rabies...

Soon after came a gulping sound. The young Song Shuhang, who had transformed into a small golden fish, was gulped down by Doudou.

Song Shuhang felt the world going black... afterward, his body slipped through a slimy passage and kept going downwards, directly into a bottomless abyss.

Is this Doudou's stomach?

Doudou, I won't forgive you for this, even if you cry and beg for mercy! Woah! Are these gastric juices? So painful! It feels as if my body is melting...!!

Song Shuhang felt like crying. But after turning into a fish, it seemed he didn't have enough salt to produce tears.

It was a tearless grief!



"Senior Doudou, spit the fish out! Spit out Senior Brother Shuhang, quickly!" The small monk ran on his short legs and arrived beside Doudou. Then, he hugged him tightly.

Next, he held his back legs and turned him upside down, starting to shake him.

"Wait... wait for a moment! What I ate was a fish! What are you doing!" Doudou was swayed until he started to feel dizzy. Moreover, he couldn't stretch his legs and get away because if he were to put too much strength in them, he might injure the small monk. Therefore, he could only allow Guoguo to shake him.

"That small fish was Senior Brother Shuhang! Senior White transformed Senior Brother Shuhang into a small fish because he wanted him to experience the feeling of going against the stream, helping him jump through the dragon gate! Senior Doudou, you just ate Senior Brother Shuhang! You have to spit him out, quickly! If you don't spit him out and he gets digested, it would lead to a huge problem! In that case, he would be able to come out only in the form of feces!" the small monk called out in alarm.

Come out only in the form of feces... This sentence reached Song Shuhang's ears in Doudou's stomach. Song Shuhang tilted his head. When he thought about turning into excrements, he wished he could die. Death was a better alternative!

"S-stop shaking me! Put me down, and I'll spit out the small golden fish," Doudou called out.

The small monk quickly put Doudou down.

Doudou had a bitter expression on his face as he opened his mouth and put a paw inside.

In the next instant...

"Retch!" Doudou threw up, spitting out that small golden fish full of cuts, bruises, and blood.

Although there was the saying, 'nothing nice comes from the filthy mouth of a dog', this fact proved that dogs could indeed spit out small golden fishes!

After spitting out the fish, Doudou muttered, "No wonder this

fish was so hard to chew down. It was originally Shuhang!"

On the ground, the small golden fish slowly moved its tail. It was worthily Song Shuhang, his vitality was extremely high. If Doudou were to chew and swallow a normal fish, there was no way the fish would be still alive.

The fish edition Song Shuhang shot a sour look at Doudou...

He would never forget for the rest of his life about Doudou swallowing him and vomiting him out!

"Senior Brother Shuhang, are you all right? Please, don't die!" the small monk cried out as he held Song Shuhang. After calling out a few times, he turned his head towards Venerable White and said, "Senior White, take a look! Senior Brother Shuhang seems on the verge of death!"

Song Shuhang weakly moved his tail and opened and closed his mouth... Guoguo, put me in the water, quick! I'm dying!

"Don't panic. Let me take a look." Venerable White quickly arrived beside Guoguo and carefully examined Song Shuhang's wounds.

There were wounds from claws, teeth, and also gastric juices... he was in a rather pitiful state.

Venerable White stretched his hand out and revealed a ring. It was Song Shuhang's ancient bronze ring. Before turning him into a fish, Venerable White took all his belongings.

Venerable White activated the ring and used the healing spell on Song Shuhang.

The small golden fish bathed in the radiance of the healing spell, and its wounds started to slowly recover.

Venerable White received the ring with a satisfied expression on his face. "Good, it's all good now."

The small monk heaved a sigh of relief and asked, "Senior

Brother Shuhang, do you feel better?"

Song Shuhang weakly moved his tail and opened and closed mouth. Senior White, Guoguo, put me in the water! Quick! Shiet... I'm dying...

The small golden fish made a final effort to move its tail. In the next moment, Song Shuhang felt the world going black.

The small golden fish edition Song Shuhang... passed away!

The mouth of the stiff fish was still open, as though its soul had flown out of its body from there.

"..." The small monk was stunned and called out in alarm, "It's bad! Senior White, Senior Brother Shuhang died!"

"..." Doudou.

Venerable White held his chin and used his other hand to poke the body of the small golden fish. "Hmm, it really died. It seems we couldn't save it."

The small monk said, "What should we do now...?"

"You don't have to worry. If it died, it died." Venerable White quietly shot a glance at Doudou and said, "On the contrary, you should start to mentally prepare yourself. Since you chewed and swallowed him down, Shuhang probably hates you now."

"..." The pekingese Doudou.

Why am I the only one getting the blame? Who knew that Song Shuhang had suddenly turned into a small golden fish! Venerable White, you also have some responsibility in this matter!

"Once you're done mentally preparing yourself to withstand Shuhang's wrath, you should think of a way to apologize to him. Maybe you should throw yourself to the ground before Shuhang explodes with anger. Given his disposition, there is a high chance that he'll forgive you," the nearby Venerable White suggested.

Doudou scratched his head in puzzlement, should he really throw

himself to the ground and beg for mercy?

"Get ready, we're leaving," Venerable White said with a laugh and snapped his fingers.

Afterward, everyone's vision blurred.

The waterfall, the small golden fish, everything disappeared~



In the next moment, they had all returned on that small island in the East China Sea.

Venerable White rubbed his temples; he was somewhat tired at this moment—the real illusion consumed a lot of energy, and it wasn't an ability that a Seventh Stage Venerable should possess. Therefore, it was only normal that Senior White consumed a lot of strength while using an ability above his rank.

The nearby Doudou furrowed his brows and tried to think of the best way to apologize.

The small monk was absent-mindedly standing in place, holding the fainted Song Shuhang in his arms.

"Senior Brother Shuhang! Good, he reverted to his normal state!" The small monk quickly put him down and checked if he was breathing. Then, he heaved a sigh of relief. "Good, good... Senior Brother Shuhang is still alive!"

"Grind, grind~" The fainted Song Shuhang ground his teeth in his sleep. It was unknown whether he was extremely angry or just terrified.

"Senior Brother Shuhang, wake up! Quickly wake up!" The small monk rubbed Song Shuhang's cheeks.

Soon, Song Shuhang slowly opened his eyes.

"Even today, I somehow managed to survive..." Song Shuhang muttered.

The small monk joined his palms together and said solemnly, "No, Senior Brother Shuhang. You already died once today."

"I died once?" Song Shuhang corner of the mouth twitched.

Those sharp dog claws, that huge dog mouth with sharp teeth, and that fearful stomach...

"Doudou!" Song Shuhang bellowed—he was absolutely not going to forgive him! He chewed him several times, making him feel so much pain that he wished he could die!

"I'm sorry!" Doudou said loudly. "It was my fault... Shuhang, it was all my fault. I shouldn't have gotten greedy after seeing that small fish, and I shouldn't have eaten it before making the situation clear! As a punishment, I won't eat any fish for the next month. What do you think?"

"..." Song Shuhang.

You already took care of apology + punishment, what is even left for me to do? Doudou, you stole my lines!

"Forgive me, Shuhang!" Doudou shot a charming look at Shuhang, trying to act cute.

Song Shuhang stretched both his hands and hammered Doudou's head with his fists. "Aaaaaaah!!!"

Then, he ground Doudou's head with his fists.

At first, Doudou was stunned... what was Shuhang trying to do?

After all, Song Shuhang was a cultivator of the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm... while Doudou had cultivated until becoming a monster dog and was now at the peak of the Fourth Stage Realm. He was only a step away from condensing his Monster Core and breaking through the Fifth Stage. Even if Song Shuhang was using all his strength, he could tickle Doudou at best.

Doudou quickly understood what was going on.

After seeing Song Shuhang's angry expression, he coordinated

and screamed, "Aaaaah~ so painful~ Forgive me, I won't eat fishes anymore~ I'm dying~ I'm dying!"

"..." Song Shuhang.

Instead of faking this scream, he could have not screamed at all...

Song Shuhang withdrew his fists and faintly sighed. Dammit, my fists are hurting. Doudou's head was too hard!

"Are you still angry?" Doudou blinked and asked.

"Sigh..." Song Shuhang deeply sighed. He felt that he would explode if he kept mulling over it.

"Everyone, you should get some rest," Venerable White said at this time.

"Senior, are we going to try it again later?" Song Shuhang asked with tears welling up in his eyes.

"Don't worry, this is enough for today. We'll continue tomorrow. Although something unexpected happened today, I promise that nothing will happen the next time," Venerable White said with a faint smile.

"Fine." Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh of relief—at least he had managed to delay things for one day! Dying tomorrow was better than dying today!

"Rest well. Moreover, coming in contact with 'death' isn't necessarily a bad thing. It will help you strengthen your mind and willpower." Venerable White gently patted Song Shuhang's head.

Next, he caressed Song Shuhang's bare and smooth head with his palm... Hmm, it feels quite good to the touch.



In the tent.

Chu Chu regained consciousness once more. At this time, the wounds on her chest and rest of the body had gotten better and

weren't as painful as before. Even her chest that had been pressed flat was showing sign of recovery.

According to what that handsome senior in white clothes said, she would need around a month to recover from her injuries.

But she couldn't wait for a month. There was no way she would make it in time for the matches on the Grievance Settling Platform.

Without her help, it was very difficult for the younger generation of the Chu Family to beat the younger generation of the Illusory Sword School.

Who could she ask for help...

Chapter 343: Venerable White's mass express delivery

Suddenly, Chu Chu thought of that good-looking senior.

Maybe I can seek help from that senior? That senior seemed very strong. Perhaps he is a Fourth Stage cultivator or even a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor.

But soon, she sighed.

What did she have to offer to acquire that senior's help to save her family?

It was already out of extreme benevolence that the senior personally saved her. If she took it for granted and asked for more by requesting him to help the Chu Family, it would seem as though she was ungrateful. After all, he was neither a relative nor friends with the Chu Family, why should he help them?

Of course, if she could come up with some form of remuneration that could pique that senior's interest... but she knew that even with the help of every single member of the Chu Family, they still might not be able to come up with anything that would be of interest to that senior. Even if she were to give him the 'sword technique' that the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School were fighting over, it might be just an ordinary 'sword technique' in that senior's eyes.

Chu Chu forced a laugh; her arm slightly budged and her little finger picked up the small dagger next to her. Venerable White took the dagger back from Whale Eight and placed it next to Miss Chu Chu.

While she was holding onto the dagger lightly, Chu Chu was deep in thought for a long, long time.

Suddenly, she laughed at herself. If she was ungrateful, then so be it. Right now, the Chu Family needed all the help it could get—if

the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform ended up in defeat, given the Illusory Sword School's despicable conduct, such as attempting to murder her when the battle had not even started, they would definitely destroy the entire Chu Family after the fight.

Her family was facing the danger of extermination.

At this time, they really required a strong senior cultivator to lend them a helping hand.

If she requested the senior to help them... perhaps the senior might reject her without any hesitation. But there was a small chance that if that senior was in a good mood, he might choose to help them, right?

If I ask for help, there is still a small chance; but if I don't ask at all, there is none.

Let's just give it a shot.

For the sake of the Chu Family, she was going to be ungrateful for once. Perhaps it might cause him to loathe her, or perhaps it could be the turning point for the Chu Family.

He didn't need to do too much—all he had to do was make an appearance in the Chu Family and express his intention to protect them. That would do.

Chu Chu's small hand gripped the hilt of the dagger tightly, and she took deep breaths while thinking about how she was going to ask that senior for his help.

At this time, the entrance of the tent opened up, and a tall figure stepped inside.

"Senior, if Chu Chu may be so bold as to ask you a favor!" Chu Chu subconsciously opened her mouth and blurted out the beginning of the speech that she had been crafting in her head for a while.

At the entrance of the tent, Song Shuhang touched his bald head.

As the rays of the sun shone on his head, it reflected a blinding light.

"Erm, I'm not a senior," said Song Shuhang, feeling rather embarrassed.

He just wanted to take a look at Miss Chu Chu's wounds. He did not expect Miss Chu Chu to suddenly raise her voice, catching him off guard and giving him a scare instead.

Chu Chu tilted her head and saw the figure who walked in clearly. So it was the young man who fell from the sky together with the huge whale at that time...

Chu Chu sighed softly. Her fighting spirit was strong at first; then it decreased, and finally, it disappeared completely. She had mustered up all her courage to seek help from the senior, but little did she expect the person who entered to be Song Shuhang. Her enthusiasm was immediately greatly diminished.

"Miss Chu Chu, what kind of request do you have? Why don't you tell me about it?" Song Shuhang walked next to Chu Chu and covered her with a blanket so that she wouldn't expose her skin... even though given her current condition, there was nothing much for her to expose anyway.

Chu Chu's little face was full of hesitation, but she still told Shuhang about her request. "I would like that strong senior to help my Chu Family... originally, our family did not stand much of a chance to win the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform. And now, before the battle even began, the Illusory Sword School used underhanded tricks to harm me. My wounds are rather serious, and out of the nine matches in the three categories, we are likely going to lose the matches of younger generation category now that I'm injured. As for our chances of winning the remaining two categories, they are rather small. Hence, I thought about asking that senior for help."

Song Shuhang pinched his chin and smiled. "So you're thinking

of asking Venerable White to help and attend the event on the Grievance Settling Platform?

"Ven... Ven... Venerable?" Chu Chu stuttered. That good-looking senior is actually a Seventh Stage Venerable?

A Seventh Stage Venerable was a scary existence. She initially thought that Senior White was a Fourth or Fifth Stage cultivator at most... if that was the case, it might still be effective for her to ask for his help. But if he were a Seventh Stage Venerable... Why would any Seventh Stage Venerable be bored enough to interfere in a feud between a mediocre school and a tiny aristocratic family? It almost sounded like a joke.

Song Shuhang laughed. Miss Chu Chu's worries were unfounded since Soft Feather was already overseeing the matters of the Chu Family...

And the person supporting Soft Feather was similarly an experienced Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable. With Soft Feather around, the Chu Family would not get taken advantage of.

"Miss Chu Chu, how does one compete on the Grievance Settling Platform?" asked Song Shuhang out of curiosity.

Chu Chu once mentioned to him that the fights on the Grievance Settling Platform occurred when cultivator schools or families were in conflict yet not hostile toward each other to the point where they'd fight to the death. Hence, both parties would take part in the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform to resolve their feud, but a set of restrictions and limitations would be imposed, and the Cultivators' Alliance would oversee the event.

But Song Shuhang was curious about how the competition worked.

Was it a big battle royale where a couple of people from each party went up and fought it out? Or was it a one-on-one fight in the ring? Or else, was it a competition where participants had to enter

some secret territory and seize a treasure?

"The Grievance Settling Platform..." Miss Chu Chu laughed bitterly, but she still continued to explain it to Song Shuhang, "The Grievance Settling Platform is also separated into different levels according to the strength and power of the participants. As for the higher level ones, I'm not too sure myself. The battle on the Grievance Settling Platform between the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School is done in an open tournament fashion, with three categories, and three matches per category.

For the first category, the members of both parties that belong to the young generation, aged sixty or below, will fight in a one-on-one open tournament to determine the winner. Thereafter, for the next category, both sects will send out members that are aged 150 or below to fight in a one-on-one competition. If it's a tie after the first two stages, then for the last category, both parties will send out their strongest member to the arena, and the winner will be determined by winning two out of three rounds."

"So in a nutshell, it is an open tournament amongst cultivators," said Song Shuhang.

"Yeah," said Miss Chu Chu softly.

"Interesting." Song Shuhang asked once again, "Then, can you invite external help to take part in the competition? For example, the way you wanted to invite Venerable White to take part?"

Miss Chu Chu shook her head. "On the Grievance Settling Platform, no one can be blamed for any deaths. Additionally, the people who can enter the arena are restricted to the Chu Family members and the members of the Illusory Sword School. Any form of external help is not allowed. If at the last moment, one looked for an external help to represent his own sect to join on the Grievance Settling Platform and got found out by the guards, they would be directly disqualified."

"Then what kind of help do you want from Venerable White?"

Song Shuhang was puzzled. Could it be possible that she wanted Senior White to kill off every member of the Illusory Sword School?

"No one can be blamed for any deaths on the Grieving Settling Platform; the members of the Illusory Sword School will definitely take the opportunity to kill the strongest member of our family. After the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform ends, based on the Illusory Sword School's way of handling things, they are definitely not going to let the Chu Family off that easily." Chu Chu forced a smile and said, "Therefore, if possible, I would like to ask that senior to be a guest at the Chu Family. With the presence of that senior, the Illusory Sword School might possibly back off."

"There are so many problems and trouble amongst schools too." Song Shuhang touched his big bald head—apart from it being cold, it felt pretty good.

After pausing, Song Shuhang asked once again, "When does your battle on the Grievance Settling Platform start? If we can make it, perhaps we can go take a look?"

Song Shuhang was very interested in the 'open tournament amongst cultivators'. He wanted to see what a proper duel between cultivators was like.

When Chu Chu heard that, her eyes lit up. She replied, "It should be very soon; as for the specific time, it depends on when the supervisor of the platform arrives."

"Miss Chu Chu, recover from your injuries in peace. If time permits us, for all you know, we may be able to rush there and watch the open tournament," consoled Song Shuhang.

After saying a few more lines to Chu Chu, Song Shuhang turned around and left the tent...



It was almost noon.

In order to make up for his earlier mistake, Doudou took the initiative to go in the depths of the small island to hunt for animals.

The small monk headed out with Doudou—his main purpose was to look for some edible wild vegetables and fruits. He was a vegetarian.

Venerable White was very busy; the number of disposable meteor swords 001 edition had surpassed forty now!

Afterward, Song Shuhang saw that Venerable White had already chopped down quite a number of trees, after which he cut them into flat pieces of wood before assembling them into a long and narrow box.

Thereafter, Venerable White placed every single 'disposable meteor sword 001 edition (improved version with an additional video recording function)' into each long box.

One box after another, till they were accumulated into a huge pile.

"Senior White, what are you up to?" Song Shuhang was very puzzled, he did not understand what Venerable White was trying to do.

"Yeah, the quantity seems about right now." Venerable White didn't reply, but stretched his body.

After that, he fished out his cell phone and swiped on the screen. After swiping a couple of times, Venerable White took out a permanent marker and started writing on the wooden boxes.

Song Shuhang's eyesight was very good; hence, he could read the words that Venerable White had written there even though he was standing at a distance.

[For Fairy Lychee]

[For True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple]

[For Thrice Reckless Mad Saber]

[For Dharma King Creation]

[For Fairy Dongfang Six]

[For True Monarch Fallout]

Song Shuhang immediately broke out in a cold sweat. Is Senior White sending out express delivery? Giving each senior a gift box containing the 'disposable meteor sword 001 edition'?

As he was thinking, Senior White wrote another name on a box, [For Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather]...

Chapter 344: True Monarch White Crane's arrival

Even Soft Feather is included on the list? Song Shuhang imagined the scene where the cute Soft Feather was picked up by the 'disposable meteor sword 001 improved edition' and sent into the sky with the coiling flight feature while screaming in fear.

I can't let her get involved in this mess. After all, it's my fault if she sent the 'Senior White's expression package' in the group space... Although she was also doing her best to seek death, Song Shuhang felt that he had a lot of responsibility.

Therefore, he needed to do something.

After we leave the island, I have to contact Soft Feather as soon as possible and tell her not to open that package if I can get signal on my phone! Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Just as he was in deep thoughts, Venerable White finished writing the names on the wooden boxes and wrapped them up, creating a small mountain.

"Done! I'll take advantage of this opportunity to gather the fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group." Venerable White nodded satisfied.

After coming out of secluded meditation, Venerable White made up his mind and decided to have a get-together with his fellow daoist. After reuniting, they would hold a 'hand-guided tractor competition', as well as form a team to explore a new dungeon he had discovered.

Senior White had discovered this dungeon before going into secluded meditation the last time.

At the time, Venerable White had gone treasure-hunting to the North Pole and was on his way back to China. After getting distracted while flying above the surface of the sea, he bumped

into the warship of an unknown country. And just in this fashion, Venerable White ended up in the depths of the sea. PS: The warship ended up at the bottom of the sea as well.

Venerable White's luck was as heaven-defying as always. After finding himself at the bottom of the sea, he stumbled upon an ancient ruin. This ancient ruin was very old and seemed like something that came from the era of the previous Wielder of the Will.

But right at that time, Venerable White's closing-up-disease flared up and he wasn't able to enter the ruins to explore them; he merely left a seal behind to mark their position. Afterward, he returned to China and found a good place to meditate in peace.

Once he was done having fun with Song Shuhang on the resort island in the East China Sea, Venerable White was planning to send a message in the Nine Provinces Number One Group and gather everyone. At the time, they would first participate in the 'hand-guided tractor competition' as well as in the 'flying sword competition' held every ten years which happened to fall right at the same time, making it even better.

After the hand-guided tractor competition, they would form teams and go to explore this newly discovered ancient ruin.

But he didn't expect that the majority of the fellow daoists in the Nine Provinces Number One Group would seek death so blatantly. Thereupon, he pondered a moment and decided to send a special 'vehicle' to each of the blacklisted fellow daoists.



"Senior Brother Shuhang, why are you stealthily standing in there?" The voice of the small monk suddenly echoed. At this time, he was holding many edible vegetables and fruits in his arms.

Behind him, huge version Doudou was dragging along a fawn.

With the island in the middle of the sea, catching fishes or other

sea animals would be more convenient... but after Song Shuhang turned into a fish and got eaten by Doudou, they decided to temporarily exclude seafood from the menu so as to avoid making him recall those painful memories.

"Cough. There is nothing stealthy about it. I just went to Miss Chu Chu's tent to take a look at her condition, and when I came out, I carelessly stumbled. Therefore, I stretched my hand out and used the edge of the tent to prop myself up," Song Shuhang said earnestly.

The small monk nodded silently. Afterward, he had a sudden realization and said seriously, "Senior Brother Shuhang, were you staring at Senior White in a daze? Senior Doudou and I came from afar and saw that you propped yourself up for quite some time."

"Pfff~" Doudou.

"..." Song Shuhang.

One day or the other, I'll definitely spank this small monk until I make him sh*t all over the place! Aaaah!

After hearing Doudou's laughter, Venerable White turned his head around and smiled at the dog and the monk.

Next, he raised his head and looked at the sky.

Song Shuhang, Doudou, and the small monk also looked at the sky out of curiosity.

In the sky, a figure was quickly approaching the small island.

The face of this figure was emanating holy light—it was completely different from the fake holy light that Song Shuhang's bald head emitted after refracting the sunlight—real pure and holy light was emanating from the face of this figure.

On its back were three pairs of snow-white wings that were gently flapping, elegant and beautiful.

"Eh? It's an angel!" Song Shuhang said while pointing at the

figure in the sky.

There were really angels in this world? Those angels that would often appear in western novels and the Bible appeared before his very eyes. Now then, if angels existed, did those western dragons with huge wings also exist?

The nearby Doudou patted Song Shuhang and said, "Calm down and don't make a fuss about it."

"Oh..." Song Shuhang nodded—since even cultivators existed, why couldn't angels exist as well?

"Moreover, it's not an angel," Doudou continued. "It's a huge white crane. If you can't even tell this by looking, your eyesight as a cultivator is still pretty bad."

"..." Song Shuhang.

A white crane? Bullshiet! How can you even connect that six-winged creature emanating holy light to a white crane?!

Just as they were speaking, the six-winged angel descended from the sky, landing near Venerable White.

The fake angel had an excited expression on its face. Only Senior White existed in its eyes, and it didn't even bother glancing at Song Shuhang and the others. "Senior White, we finally meet again."

It controlled its excitement with much difficulty and said, "This time, you meditated for a whole 150 years. I didn't have news of you for such a long time..."

On a side.

Song Shuhang asked Doudou in a low voice, "Ah? Is it an acquaintance of Venerable White?"

Doudou nodded and said, "It's True Monarch White Crane. If we use a modern term, it's Senior White's hardcore fan."



"You're that little white crane," Venerable White said with a smile.

"Senior White!" True Monarch White Crane was extremely excited, and tears started to well up in its eyes. "You still remember me! That's great!"

"Of course I remember you." Venerable White nodded. True Monarch White Crane was one of the fellow daoists in his friends list that had changed their profile picture!

While speaking, Venerable White started to rummage through the nearby pile of wooden boxes and took out the one with the words 'White Crane' written on it. "You came just in time. Here is a gift for you. Don't open it immediately. I've engraved a seal on it, and it will automatically open five days later. You'll find a small surprise inside."

After saying this much, Venerable White handed the gift box to True Monarch White Crane.

True Monarch White Crane was immediately delighted... Senior White had given itself a gift!

"Senior White, thank you!" True Monarch White Crane said with tears streaming down its face. "Not only did you still remember me, you even gave me a gift! I'm so moved, Senior White! For you, I can go through fire and water! Senior White, is there any matter you need help with? You can leave it to me, I'll accomplish it without a hitch!"

True Monarch White Crane felt its body brimming with energy. Every task was fine; it just wanted to be of use to Venerable White!

Chapter 345: Shattered hope

Initially, True Monarch White Crane was planning to use the excuse of the accomplished mission to bolster its courage and come to meet Venerable White. As long as it could say a few words to Venerable White, that would be enough for it.

However, it hadn't expected that such a joyous event would suddenly take place. Not only did Venerable White still remember it, but he also gave itself a gift! Although it didn't know what this 'surprise' inside the box was, as long as it was something from Senior White, it was something to treasure with great care. Even if the box were empty, it would still treasure it!

True Monarch White Crane held the small box tightly, its face delighted.

On a side.

Doudou gently patted Song Shuhang's shoulder. "Did you see? This is what you call a 'hardcore fan'..."

"..." Song Shuhang.

After seeing True Monarch White Crane's delighted expression, Song Shuhang got a scare. His sixth sense was telling him that this guy was trouble!

...Not just trouble, super trouble! Therefore, he didn't want to have anything to do with this True Monarch White Crane.

Cultivators had a very keen sixth sense. Therefore, if the sixth sense of a cultivator was telling them something, they would follow their intuition without any second thoughts.

Thereupon, Song Shuhang quietly withdrew, planning to return to the tent.



Venerable White gazed at the delighted True Monarch White

Crane and said with a smile, "You want to help me out?"

"Yes! Senior White, if you need help with something, you just have to tell me. The tasks you gave me earlier, fixing the space station and that matter about the switched astronauts, were perfectly dealt with!" True Monarch White Crane patted its chest and conveniently boasted about its achievements to gain Senior White's favorable impression.

"It was you who helped me deal with those matters? In that case, you saved me a lot of trouble," Venerable White replied—such being the case, should he change True Monarch White Crane's disposable meteor sword 001 edition to a normal disposable flying sword?

This proved that getting a favorable impression was something very effective.

Just as Venerable White was in deep thoughts...

"There is no greater happiness for me than to give Senior White a helping hand. I almost forgot, all those pictures with different hairstyles were really dazzling. I carefully saved each of those seventy or so emotes. I'm planning to enlarge them and hang them in my palace so that I can look at your beautiful appearance every day," the nearby True Monarch White Crane said with a happy expression on its face.

Perhaps because it was over-excited, True Monarch White Crane blurted out some of its secret desires!

White Crane was currently entranced by the sudden outburst of happiness caused by the gift and had no idea that it had said something it shouldn't have said.

"..." Venerable White.

Perhaps the strength of the disposable meteor sword 001 edition is not enough... maybe I should increase it a bit. After all, this crane is a Sixth Stage True Monarch.

Hmm... still, it helped me deal with those matters in the West related to the space station and the astronauts... I can return the favor by adding it to the first batch of fellow daoists that would enter the ancient ruins.

After thinking this much, Venerable White shot a glance at the gift boxes piled up on a side. Then, he turned his head toward White Crane and said, "Did you say you wanted to help me? I just happen to need help with a matter."

"Senior, do tell. I'll complete the mission without a hitch!" True Monarch White Crane patted its chest.

"I need to deliver these gifts to the fellow daoists in the Nine Provinces Number One Group. If you have time, can you help me deliver them? Another thing, all those gifts have a seal upon them that will untie itself after five days." Venerable White smiled and pointed at the pile of gift boxes.

"Those are all gifts?" True Monarch White Crane swallowed a mouthful of saliva and had a strange idea—should it keep the gifts for itself? After all, these were gifts from Senior White! With Senior White's handwriting on it! It really wished to store them away in its palace.

However, Senior White had told itself to help him deliver them. If it were to take all of them for itself, wouldn't Senior White become angry?

In that case... I should first deliver each gift. Five days later, when the seal unties itself, I'll visit those fellow daoists again and retrieve the empty boxes. After all, Senior White's handwriting is on them. The boxes themselves are a precious treasure!

"Senior White, leave it to me! As long as those fellow daoists aren't closing up, I'll surely deliver the gifts! I can assure you that I'll complete the task within three days!" True Monarch White Crane guaranteed.

"You can take your leave then. After the mission is completed, I'll give you another pleasant surprise," Venerable White said calmly.

"Senior, you're too good!" True Monarch White Crane said with tears streaming down its face. It stretched out its hand and waved it in the air. Next, all the gifts started to hover in the air and gathered beside its body.

"Senior, I'm going. I'll swiftly deliver these gifts. I'll call you once I'm finished with the mission!" True Monarch White Crane said loudly.

Afterward, it flapped its six wings and soared into the sky with the gift boxes... it went away as quickly as it came.

While flying in the sky, it suddenly remembered another matter—it forgot to inquire about that fellow daoist named Song Shuhang.

Although he had been staying together with Senior White, he wasn't affected by his charm. It was something inconceivable and extremely wrong!

Forget it... I'll give him a free pass this time.

It was planning to have a good talk with this fellow daoist the next time they met. It had to let him understand just how charming and beautiful Senior White was!

All living things in this world should submit to Senior White's infinite charm... no exceptions were allowed!



At this time, Song Shuhang was in the tent, trembling.

I almost forgot, all those pictures with different hairstyles were really dazzling. I carefully saved each of those seventy or so emotes. I'm planning to enlarge them and hang them in my palace so that I can look at your beautiful appearance every day. This sentence True Monarch White Crane said was still echoing in his

mind.

Although he had more or less guessed that Senior White's strange behavior was possibly due to the contents of the file Soft Feather sent in the group chat, he still hoped in his heart that the expression package had nothing to do with Senior White's pictures. Or perhaps, that there were only one or two of Senior White's pictures inside.

People were always like this. Whenever they faced a hopeless situation, they would bury their heads underground, hoping that things would get better by themselves...

But now, True Monarch White Crane had shattered the last hope Shuhang had left.

An expression package with seventy or so pictures of Senior White.

Song Shuhang knew that he had f*cked up!

He cautiously turned his head and shot a glance at Venerable White. He wanted to see how his current mood was.

Venerable White was patting his white clothes, and as though he felt Song Shuhang's vision, he turned his head and looked at him.

Afterward, he faintly smiled at Shuhang. This smile was very gentle, enough to warm one's heart.

Chapter 346: The plan to capture Song Shuhang!

Next, Venerable White gently said to Song Shuhang, "You guys should rest a tad earlier today. Tomorrow, we'll try to experience the 'fish jumping through the dragon gate' once more."

The 'fish' jumping through the dragon gate...

"Do I have to turn into a fish again?" As soon as he heard the word 'fish', Song Shuhang thought of Doudou's claws, teeth, and stomach. His heart twitched in pain!

"Don't worry. I won't turn you into a fish again," Venerable White said. "Tomorrow, I plan to let you experience a successful jump through the dragon gate first. Afterward, I'll have you make two trips through the waterfall of the dragon gate on your own. You have to mentally prepare yourself, tomorrow's test will be very difficult."

After hearing this much, Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief. As long as he didn't have to turn into a fish, it was fine. He was still traumatized by what happened earlier.

According to Senior Copper Trigram's divination, those disciples from the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect won't come today. In that case, they should show up tomorrow, right?

Song Shuhang hoped that they could come here as soon as possible and let Senior White deal with them. At that point, they would be finally able to leave this lone island in the East China Sea!

Only by leaving the island would he have the opportunity to warn Soft Feather about the imminent danger...

Moreover, Gao Moumou and the others were still waiting for him on that small island in the Pacific Ocean.

He had many matters to deal with. He couldn't keep staying on

the island and waste his time.



In the depths of the East China Sea, inside a submarine.

Wolf One, Bull Two, Horse Three, Ape Four, Hawk Six, Sheep Seven, Chicken Eighteen, Tiger Twenty-Two, Snake Twenty-Three, and Rabbit Twenty-Eight... these ten members that weren't currently on any mission gathered together.

Right, the handsome but foolish Fox Ten had also managed to get away from the dead swordfish, reuniting with Wolf One and the others.

After everyone arrived, Rabbit Twenty-Eight asked, "Wolf One, why did you urgently call us here? What happened?" Rabbit Twenty-Eight was a flat-chested girl with long legs.

Practicing the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique> could affect the build and outward appearance of the user. For example, Wolf One could run on his four limbs, Ape Four had long arms, Whale Eight had thick skin, Shark Nine had sharp teeth, and so on. Rabbit Twenty-Eight's chest was becoming more and more flat and her legs longer and longer as she kept practicing the technique.

"Whale Eight and Shark Nine failed their mission and were captured," Wolf One said in a grave tone.

"They failed the mission and got even captured? What a bunch of good-for-nothings," Hawk Six sneered. He was a man with a hooked nose and a cold disposition.

Fox Ten tried to explain, "It's not really their fault. I suddenly met a powerful expert that delayed me when I was on my way to meet them. But from what I know, they had already forced the target into a hopeless situation. Unfortunately, we lost contact with them a little later."

Everyone became silent.

"How strong is the enemy?" Tiger Twenty-Two said with a calm expression on his face.

Wolf One shook his head and said, "We have no idea. Before you guys got here, I told Sheep Seven to send a reconnaissance drone to probe out the strength of the enemy. Sheep Seven, did you obtain any useful information?"

Sheep Seven pushed up his plain anti-radiation glasses and said, "I've already sent drones to the coordinates you gave me. You guys can watch the situation through the drones."

After saying this much, Sheep Seven stretched his hand out and typed something on the keyboard, connecting his computer to the projector.

Soon after, four square-shaped windows appeared in the projection.

These pictures were transmitted by the four small drones that he sent on the island. All the drones had different shapes.

One had the shape of a seabird, one of a hand-sized turtle, and the last two had the shapes of small insects. All four of them had successfully infiltrated the island.

The seabird-shaped drone had already found Whale Eight and Shark Nine.

All those present saw through the screen that Shark Nine had a terrible sword wound on his chest, so deep that even bones were visible...

Meanwhile, Whale Eight's injury was rather strange. There was a deep depression on the back of his waist, just as though he had received a heavy blow there—but why would the enemy attack the back of his waist? It was a rather strange place to aim for!

"Good, good. At least, they're both alive." Wolf One heaved a huge sigh of relief. Whale Eight and Shark Nine were established Second Stage True Masters, as well as high-ranking members of

the organization.

If they were to die, Wolf One would be so grief-stricken that he wouldn't be able to sleep for several nights in a row.

Just as they were speaking, the two insect-shaped drones transmitted other pictures.

One was the picture of a serious-looking small monk that had his palms joined together.

One was the picture of a pekingese that was spitting out its tongue; the pekingese seemed capable of speech.

Last was the picture of a gentle-looking young man. Just by looking at him, you could tell that he was a good person.

At this time, the two people and the dog were roasting food on the bonfire.

"Are they the ones that defeated Whale Eight and Shark Nine?" Tiger Twenty-Two said in a grave tone.

Snake Twenty-Three licked the corner of his mouth and said, "The small monk seems pretty weak. After seeing his body build and actions, he should have just finished establishing his foundation or opened his Eye Aperture at best. He isn't a threat."

"That young man is the same. From his actions and body build, he also seems to be a rookie cultivator. Perhaps he's a bit stronger than the small monk, but he certainly isn't a cultivator of the Second Stage." Rabbit Twenty-Eight analyzed the situation.

"The one we need to beware of is that pekingese. Even though we can't discern its strength from these pictures, just from the fact that it's capable of speech, we can deduce that it's a monster beast that has reached at least the Second Stage. Perhaps it is even stronger," Snake Twenty-Three said while licking the corner of his mouth.

Monster beasts had extremely powerful bodies. In earlier stages,

cultivators of the same rank weren't their match.

When Fox Ten saw the pekingese and the small monk, he slightly furrowed his brows.

Just as they were speaking, the sea turtle-shaped drone captured the picture of another human figure.

The man in the picture was very good-looking, like an immortal that had been banished into the mortal world. When the turtle-shaped drone took the picture, the man immediately noticed its presence and arrived next to it with a smile on his face.

"Shiet, we've been discovered," Sheep Seven said.

"You really took your time, didn't you? Anyway, is this a drone? Disappointing," the man said softly. Afterward, he stretched his hand out and patted the turtle-shaped drone.

"Creak, creak..." The turtle-shaped drone was disassembled into various parts.

"Ah? Its structure is quite interesting." This was the last sentence that the drone transmitted to their submarine...

"It's him!!!" Fox Ten suddenly stood up—the good-looking man in the picture... wasn't that the same good-looking senior that casually pulled him on the back of the whale back then?

As soon as he saw the pekingese and the small monk, Fox Ten felt that he had seen them before.

Now he was sure of it, they were with that senior at the time!

It was the same senior that snatched the tree branch he was using to show off. Then, he swindled him and made him ride that swordfish with the 10x speed increasing formation attached to it and no brakes! He was the reason he failed the mission.

Wolf One frowned. "Fox Ten, do you know him?"

Fox Ten forced a smile and replied, "It's precisely that fearful senior that ruined my mission, stopping me from converging with Whale Eight and Shark Nine."

After hearing this much, Wolf One furrowed his brows and asked, "He ruined your mission? Was he trying to sabotage us?"

"No, I think it was only a coincidence. If he really wanted to sabotage us, he could have killed me directly," Fox Ten replied. He had experienced firsthand the fearful strength of that senior. In front of him, he was nothing but a defenseless ant.

"How strong is that man?" Tiger Twenty-Two had a calm expression on his face as he asked something that everyone wanted to know.

"He's very strong. I cannot even fathom his strength." Fox Ten recalled the scene and said, "When I met him, I felt that he needed only a finger to kill me. He was strong enough to draw magical runes in the air and instantly draw the 10x speed increasing, mind controlling, water barrier, and spirit gathering formations on the body of a swordfish."

After hearing Fox Ten's words, all the present became silent.

Although Fox Ten was a handsome idiot that would often receive missions such as 'impregnate a cute girl', making everyone feel jealous, he was still a genuine Second Stage True Master whose strength wasn't inferior to theirs.

If that man could kill Fox Ten with a finger, he could easily kill all of them. Moreover, he even drew magical runes in the air and added all kinds of terrifying formations to the body of a swordfish... how were they even supposed to carry out their mission if that was true?

"We can't fight him head-on. We need to outsmart him," Chicken Eighteen said in a grave tone, saying out loud what everyone was

thinking at this time.

Hawk Six said coldly, "And how are we supposed to outsmart him?"

"We need to get our priorities straight. There is no need to make an enemy out of that fearful senior. We just have to save our companions." Snake Twenty-Three licked the corner of his mouth and continued, "Since we can't fight him head-on, we have to take a roundabout route. For example... we can try to kidnap the young man or the small monk and negotiate with that senior, exchanging hostages and getting our companions back."

Snake Twenty-Three seemed to be the brain of the group. After hearing his words, everyone nodded in agreement.

Tiger Twenty-Two asked, "In that case, which one should we kidnap? Both of them?"

"It won't be easy to kidnap both... We should act according to the circumstances and try to catch at least one," Snake Twenty-Three said. "Of course, we can always decide the priority beforehand. If we happen to find ourselves in a position where we can catch them both, we can go for the one with the highest priority first. With that, everyone will have a clear objective in mind and won't hesitate when forced to choose."

Chicken Eighteen asked, "Then, which one should have the highest priority? The monk or the youngster?"

Everyone started to discuss.

Bull Two interrupted them and said with an honest smile on his face, "The four biggest taboos in the world of cultivators are: daoist priests, buddhist monks, women, and children. These four are the most difficult to deal with, and the small monk is part of two of these categories! We should choose the young man."

Wolf One nodded and pounded on the table, saying, "It's decided. That youngster is our main target. Snake Twenty-Three, try to

come up with as many plans as you can. We'll go into action tomorrow!"

Chapter 347: Disposable Song Shuhang 001 edition

"Wait, isn't that young man bald, too? What if he's also a monk?" Chicken Eighteen pointed at Song Shuhang's picture on the screen in puzzlement.

The young man had a shining bald head that was refracting the sunlight completely. This round and bald head resembled precisely that of a monk.

Bull Two smiled once again and said, "Brother Chicken, that's a freshly shaved head. Are your chicken eyes so bad that you can't even tell this much?"

The corner of Chicken Eighteen's mouth twitched... You son of a... that bald head looks like a goddamn disco ball with all that light being refracted. How were you even able to tell that it was newly shaved?!

"Stop fighting amongst yourselves." Wolf One clapped his hands. "Everyone, rest well and recover your strength today. Hawk Six, Rabbit Twenty-Two, give everyone the new equipment. We'll enter action tomorrow!"

All those present silently nodded. Afterward, Hawk Six and Rabbit Twenty-Two stood up, taking out two black-colored leather suitcases.

Hawk Six's suitcase was rather large. There were anti-tank grenades and all sorts of firearms inside, from ordinary pistols to rifles, assault rifles, and sniper rifles, each comprised of a variety of models.

Ordinary firearms were nothing but playthings for powerful cultivators. However, they could gravely injure cultivators of the Second Stage or below.

Wolf One and the others weren't like those ancient cultivators

that would stick to their old ways without knowing how to adapt to the new era. Since even the legacy of their Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect was incomplete, they often had to rely on powerful modern weapons to complete their missions.

Meanwhile, Rabbit Twenty-Eight also opened her suitcase. Her suitcase was small and the things inside it looked quite ordinary. There were only two piles of fifty thick cards inside.

These cards were low-level talismans, each made of rather rough materials. When activated, these talismans the size of a banknote could offer a protection close to that of the Third Stage rank.

Wolf One clapped his hands and said in a grave tone, "You can choose the weapons you like, as well as two defensive talismans. We have to rescue Whale Eight and Shark Nine at all costs."

Although he had a cold expression on his face, his heart was bleeding—they could easily obtain guns from the arms dealers of a few countries, but things like talismans were very precious and not easily obtained. If they had to use them, he would make sure to ask the Illusory Sword School for compensation.

Next, except for Sheep Seven, all the other members stood up and went to choose their guns and two talismans to protect themselves.

After taking the equipment, they headed toward their rooms on the submarine to rest and recover their strength.



Except for Wolf One, Sheep Seven, Bull Two, and Snake Twenty-Three, all the others left the conference room.

"Sheep Seven, did you find that girl from the Chu Family?" Wolf One asked.

Sheep Seven typed something on the keyboard and said, "I found her earlier. She's inside that tent."

Then, the inside of Chu Chu's tent appeared on the screen.

Chu Chu was weakly lying on a bed, and her injuries seemed pretty serious. Her chest place had been flattened; she was lucky to be still alive!

After seeing Chu Chu's condition, Wolf One nodded, satisfied. "Her wounds seem very serious... it's almost certain that she won't be able to participate in the battle between the Illusory Sword School and the Chu Family on the Grievance Settling Platform. Such being the case, our mission is completed. Once she misses the competition, we'll ask the Illusory Sword School for our reward."

It was the only good news Wolf One had received today.

"Sheep Seven, hide the remaining drones well. We can make use of them tomorrow to monitor the island and swiftly track down our two targets," Wolf One said.

Sheep Seven nodded and cautiously hid the three remaining drones.

Since they had already lost the turtle-shaped drone, they had to take care of the remaining three properly. These drones had been built using very advanced and costly technologies. Even with money, it wasn't easy to buy them.



The sun set and the sun rose. A new day started.

July 17th, the weather was cloudy.

Thick layers of clouds would often obscure the scorching sun, letting the people on the ground feel a cool and refreshing feeling.

Song Shuhang got up early in the morning and left the tent to practice a bit. After finishing his practice, he leisurely returned to the campsite covered in sweat.

In the campsite, Doudou was also doing breathing exercises...

After seeing that Shuhang had returned, Doudou teased him, "Woof, Shuhang. You have been cultivating very diligently for the

past two days! Did someone make you angry? Woof."

"That's not it. It's just that I feel very motivated these days," Song Shuhang said with a smile.

After knowing that he had missed the best period to practice and didn't have that innate true qi to help him, Song Shuhang didn't lose heart. Instead, he was putting even more effort into his practice.

Since he had started to practice later than others, he could only do his best and train harder and harder. Although the sentence 'ineptitude can be remedied by diligence' wasn't completely true, it wasn't completely false either. Moreover, since he had started to practice much later than other cultivators, if he weren't to diligently cultivate, he would fall more and more behind...

Song Shuhang stretched himself and joked, "I don't want to turn into a pile of bones by the time Senior White comes out of his next secluded meditation. It would be rather unsightly to have him burn incense at my grass-covered grave~"

"Don't worry, you won't end up in a grass-covered grave," Doudou said with a serious expression on his face.

Song Shuhang replied, "Thanks."

Once in a while, even Doudou can say something nice.

"Because I will remember to visit your grave every year on the Tomb Sweeping Day and pull out the weeds. You don't need to thank me; I'm always happy to help others." The small-sized Doudou came over and patted Shuhang's leg...

"..." Song Shuhang.

'Nothing nice comes from the filthy mouth of a dog', especially from Doudou's mouth... how could he forget this saying?

At this time, the faraway small monk had also finished his practice. The road of cultivation was like an uphill road—if you

were to stop moving forward, you would fall behind.

The small monk came over and tried to defend Song Shuhang. "Senior Doudou, please stop saying these things. Senior Brother Shuhang won't die so early. Senior Brother Shuhang is a good person and will live up to hundred years!"

Song Shuhang was grateful for Guoguo's immediate help.

But at this time, Doudou laughed and said, "Live up to a hundred years? Will he die once those hundred years are over?"

"Senior Doudou, this is not what I meant!" At this time, Guoguo's small face had a troubled expression on it.

Song Shuhang squatted down and patted Doudou's head. "Doudou, stop bullying Guoguo. Anyway, how much of yesterday's food is left? How about changing our diet a little? It's fine to eat the same grilled food one or two times, but more than that and it becomes unbearable."

The nearby Guoguo nodded in agreement and said, "I agree. Moreover, if we keep eating grilled food, we might start to suffer from excessive internal heat. That might give me hemorrhoids again; it's really scary."

"..." Song Shuhang.

Doudou showed his teeth and said to Shuhang in all seriousness, "Don't touch my head. You're aren't stupid Yellow Mountain. I might bite you. Don't you know that only the beloved master of a dog can pat its head?"

Next, he also added, "There isn't much food left. We must get some more. It's a pity that Immortal Fairy Bie Xue isn't here. Otherwise, even if it were only grilled food, she would cook it in all sorts of different ways that you would never get tired of."

"Immortal Fairy Bie Xue? The same Bie Xue holding the Immortal Feast?" Song Shuhang remembered that Su Clan's Seven told him once that he would bring him to the Immortal Feast. It

seemed a very high-class banquet amongst cultivators.

Since the name 'Immortal Fairy Bie Xue' was rather unique and easy to remember, Song Shuhang didn't forget it.

"It's precisely she. Unfortunately, Venerable White didn't accept her marriage proposal back then. If he had accepted, all the fellow daoists in the Nine Provinces Number One Group would have the luck of eating good things from time to time." Doudou licked his lips and started to drool.

"Ahaha." Song Shuhang laughed softly—he had almost forgotten about this matter. He had to remember not to bring up Venerable White's name in front of Immortal Fairy Bie Xue.

A lovelorn woman could be very scary. If her love for Venerable White had turned into hate, she might as well take it out on an unrelated person like him. He didn't want to die from food poisoning.

"Since we don't have much food left, I'll go out and get some. Maybe I can find some seafood," Song Shuhang said. He was currently covered in sweat and swimming in the sea would surely cool his body. A night had already passed; therefore, he wasn't that sensitive toward fishes anymore.

But he still felt a bit nervous while looking at Doudou's teeth.

"Sure, but be careful when submerging underwater," Doudou said.

Just as he said this, the corner of Doudou mouth's rose, and he swept several secluded places with his gaze.

There, he saw two insects and one seabird.

These guys are openly sending drones to spy on us. Do they think that Senior White and I are blind?



Song Shuhang wore a pair of shorts and headed toward the

seashore.

Just as before, Senior White was sitting on a rock in the middle of the water. At this time, he was embracing his knees and blankly staring at the horizon.

Song Shuhang waved his hand and said, "Senior White, good morning."

Venerable White turned his head toward Song Shuhang and after seeing his appearance, he said, "Are you planning to get into the water?"

"Yes. Since Doudou and Guoguo looked for food yesterday, I decided to take responsibility for today's breakfast. I was thinking of diving to look for seafood," Song Shuhang said with a smile.

"I see. In that case, I'll prepare the food for the lunch," Venerable White said. Afterward, he also added, "Shuhang, according to today's weather report, there might be sudden tsunamis at any position more than a hundred meters away from this island. Be careful and don't wander too far."

Weather report? Sudden tsunamis at any position more than a hundred meters away from this island?

First, God knew which weather station was so bored to forecast the weather of a small island in the middle of the East China Sea—but most importantly, which country's weather station could forecast the range of tsunamis down to the meter?

Song Shuhang forced a smile and looked at Venerable White. It seemed senior wanted to go all-out!

Seeing Song Shuhang force a smile, Venerable White laughed and said, "It's alright, no need to be scared. Come here."

Song Shuhang arrived next to Venerable White.

Venerable White stretched his hand out and revealed a transparent tattoo sticker... Shuhang remembered this thing. Not

long ago, when Senior White prepared that 3D picture of a Calabash Brother for the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique', he used precisely this transparent tattoo sticker to print it on his arm.

Is Senior White planning to print another Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique on my body? While Song Shuhang was in deep thoughts, Venerable White glued the sticker to his chest.

After Senior White tore the transparent layer off, the picture of a flying sword appeared on Shuhang's chest. Oh, it's a different picture this time? Thank God it's not a Calabash Brother again!

"Senior White, what is this thing?" Song Shuhang asked.

"It doesn't have a name yet." Venerable White thought for a moment and said, "Let's just call it 'disposable Song Shuhang 001 edition'."

Chapter 348: Hello, is it Fellow Daoist Tyrant Flood Dragon? I would like schedule a huge tsunami in advance

What does disposable Song Shuhang mean? Does it have any close relations with disposable flying sword and disposable meteor sword?

After having this thought, Song Shuhang felt that his bladder was full—he had a sudden urge to pee...

"Senior... can you briefly explain to me the function of this 'disposable Song Shuhang 001 edition'?" Song Shuhang asked cautiously.

"Don't worry, it's nothing outrageous." Venerable White laughed and consoled Song Shuhang, "It's a talisman treasure I developed using the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique' as a base. Didn't I say yesterday that I wanted to make you experience a successful 'jump through the dragon gate'? This was made for that purpose."

"Uh... Senior. I would like to ask, will it make me spiral straight up into the sky with a 'pew~'?" Song Shuhang asked anxiously—if this thing was really going to shoot into the sky with the Bladestorm style, he would immediately use the ultimate skill '500 Ways to Surrender to Human Cultivator You're Unable to Defeat' on Senior White!

"You're not a flying sword, and that rune is too complicated to be imprinted on your body," Venerable White calmly explained. "The disposable Song Shuhang 001 is a simplified version of the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique, leaving behind the most basic feature. It will apply a powerful upward thrusting force to your body, allowing you to dash up against the waterfall of the dragon gate."

With its help, even if you accidentally get swept by the tsunami, you can activate it and borrow its strong propulsion to escape. Additionally, I'll stay on the coast and keep an eye on you. As long as you activate the 'disposable Song Shuhang 001 edition,' I will immediately come to your rescue."

Upon hearing that, Song Shuhang immediately heaved a sigh of relief—so it was something like a motor, and could increase his speed. Even if he was swept in the middle of a tsunami, he would be able to depend on the 'disposable Song Shuhang 001 edition' to ride the wind and cleave the waves. In the angry sea, it sounded like a pretty useful thing!

Since he was not going to be shot into the sky, he was relieved.

"Then, Senior... I'm going into the sea." Song Shuhang was in a very good mood; he waved his hand and dived into the sea.

Venerable White smiled slightly and continued observing from the reef and started to get lost in his thoughts.

After Song Shuhang entered the water, he happily swam for a bit, and forcefully dived down below the surface.

Before he dived down, he had already activated the 'Turtle Breathing Technique'. That was the technique that Senior White taught him when they were on board the helicopter on their way into space—a very useful and clever technique.

With the Turtle Breathing Technique, he could survive without breathing for a couple of hours. He could save mother earth a lot of oxygen.



Venerable White was silently lost in thoughts for a long time.

At this time, his phone rang. Venerable White swiped the screen of his phone and saw the name of the caller: 'Fellow daoist True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon'.

Venerable White yawned and stretched for a bit before picking up the call and placing his phone an arm's length away.

"Hello, Fellow Daoist White! It's been a while, wahaha~ I'm so sorry, earlier on, I was in the process of inseminating my third wife with my 26th child, and so I did not pick up your call. Speaking of which, is there anything you need?" From the other end of the line came a loud, rumbling thunder-like voice—it was a voice that was filled with grandeur.

This person, True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon, was one of Senior White's old friends.

Not long ago, Venerable White decided to hold a 'hand-guided tractor competition'. Hence he went to look for a lot of old friends' contact numbers all over again. True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon was one of them.

"Yeah, originally I wanted to meet you one of these days to hang out, but I didn't know if you were free or not. Our group of daoist friends hasn't met for over a hundred years," Venerable White said with a smile.

"Eh, Fellow Daoist White... you're the only person who didn't meet us for a hundred years. Our group met up once every decade. You were the only one who was in secluded meditation for more than 150 years and did not meet us." True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon's voice continued to rumble from the other end of the line.

Venerable White was speechless.

"However, our last meetup was also about twenty years ago. You name the time and the place, and I will inform the rest of them to enjoy a good time together. Congratulations on coming out of secluded meditation." True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon laughed.

Venerable White nodded and said, "Alright, let me choose a location in the next couple of days and get back to you guys. Also,

right now, I need your help with something."

True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon asked, "What do you need?"

"I remember that the place around the XXX:XXX coordinates in the East China Sea is within your territory, right? I would like to schedule a powerful tsunami in a specific area. Is that fine?" asked Venerable White.

"Haha, no problem. However, I have given that territory to my 21st daughter. Wait a moment, I will contact her in a while and get her to arrange the huge tsunami for you. Right, why don't I get her to contact you directly? You can give her the details such as the size of the area, the height and power of the tsunami wave and so on yourself." True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon laughed once again.

From the looks of it, over the past hundred years, True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon's territory had expanded a significant amount... he had started giving parts of it to his children.

"Your 21st daughter? You had her in the past hundred years, right? Alright, get her to contact me. When things have been settled, I will give her a token of appreciation, since it's also the first time I'll be meeting her." Venerable White smiled.

"Fellow Daoist White, you're too courteous, wahahaha~ Over the past hundred years, my wives gave birth to quite a number of children. From the 19th to the 25th, my children turned out to be all daughters, how unlucky. Right now, I'm working hard on having my 26th child, let's hope that it's a son this time. That way, I'll have eleven sons, just enough to form a football team. Ten years later, I can bring them to crash that stupid abalone's immortal cave and trash his sons," said True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon happily.

Venerable White was speechless.

In order to put together a football team, True Monarch Flood

Dragon did put in all his best efforts. He really did try his best, and managed to produce seven lives... which turned out to be seven daughters, and judging from the situation, if the 26th child turned out to be another daughter, True Monarch Flood Dragon would continue to try his best.

"Let me hang up first, I will get my daughter to call you in a bit," said True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon's rumbling voice before hanging up a moment later.

Venerable White dug his ears and silently put his phone away.

He had already experienced the problem with True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon's voice a long time ago when they used the thousand mile sound transmitter. As he got steadily stronger and stronger, his voice also followed suit.

When he was deep in thoughts, Venerable White's phone suddenly rang once again.

It was a call from an unknown number.

It should be True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon's daughter. Venerable White swiped his phone and picked up the call.

"Hello, is this Senior White? I am Yu Jiaojiao. My father explained the situation to me. Senior White, may I ask where are you, so I can come over to talk to you in person?" The lovely voice of a girl came from the other end of the line.

"Alright, my coordinates are..." Venerable White gave his location's coordinates to Yu Jiaojiao.

Speaking of which... how did Tyrant Flood Dragon's daughter end up with a cute name like '[Yu Jiaojiao](#)'?

cute and lovely fish

Chapter 349: Change of plans, change the distance of the tsunami to fifty meters

Very soon, Venerable White found out why Tyrant Flood Dragon's daughter was named Yu Jiaojiao.

A very adorable pink fish, about the size of a palm, climbed next to Venerable White... yes, she climbed next to Venerable White.

On the sides of this very adorable fish were four small cute claws. At the top of her head, she had a tiny flood dragon horn. On the whole, she looked like an 'axolotl', but her body was that of a real fish... her tail was wrapped around a similarly small and exquisite phone.

['Is she a flood dragon with fish bloodline?](#) Or a fish with flood dragon bloodline? Oh, no wonder she's named Yu Jiaojiao. She was actually a fish with a flood dragon bloodline.'

That was also to say, Yu Jiaojiao's mother should also be a monster fish? From the looks of it, fellow daoist Tyrant Flood Dragon's wives were of different species... and in order to get eleven sons and establish a football team, fellow daoist Tyrant Flood Dagon really did his utmost—even the boundary of species was unable to stop him.

After climbing next to Venerable White, Yu Jiaojiao asked in a cute voice, "Excuse me, are you Senior White?" Her voice was very soft and gentle, which was perfect for the voiceover for small and cute animals in animated cartoons.

Venerable smiled and nodded his head, reaching out the palm of his hand.

Yu Jiaojiao climbed onto Venerable White's hand and intimately rubbed her face against his palm.

Before she came, her father had briefly introduced certain unique aspects of Senior White—such as his irresistible charm, his

irresistible charm, or his irresistible charm...

In any case, according to what her father said, no living or sentient thing could resist Senior White's charm. Therefore, he told her to mentally prepare herself before meeting him.

She'd indeed managed to mentally prepare herself, but the moment she laid her eyes on Venerable White, she subconsciously developed a desire to be intimate with him and instinctively got closer to him. For an instant, she felt as though the warm feeling she was getting from Senior White was far stronger than the one she used to get from her father.

Luckily, True Monarch Tyrant Flood Dragon wasn't like a certain other Venerable, or else he would have cried himself to sleep.

When Venerable White held her, he sensed the realm she was at—the peak of the Third Stage. From the looks of it, she was only a step away from reaching the Fourth Stage.

Yu Jiaojiao was born in the past 100 years. The lifespan of monster cultivators was extremely long, but comparatively, their cultivation speed before they got to the Fifth Stage Golden Core and gained the ability to transform into human form was several times slower than that of human cultivators.

For Yu Jiaojiao to raise her power to the peak of the Third Stage within a mere 100 years meant she wasn't inferior to the geniuses of the Nine Provinces Number One Group such as 'Su Clan's Sixteen' or 'Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather'.

Yu Jiaojiao asked, "Senior White, may I ask what are your requirements for the size of the tsunami and the affected area? Also, would you like it to sweep underwater as well?"

Although Yu Jiaojiao was in the Third Stage Realm, she had the bloodline of a flood dragon, and flood dragons could innately overturn the seas and the rivers. Even a mere small First Stage flood dragon could create huge waves upon entering a river or sea.

A normal tsunami was usually caused by an underwater earthquake or from the eruption of an underwater volcano. Its speed could reach up to 600-1000 km/h with waves up to fifty meters in height. Its enormous power could flatten all the things in front of it.

However, Venerable White needed a powerful tsunami with huge, tall waves affecting only a small area. He was obviously targeting something or someone.

"I want the tsunami to be at the maximum strength you are capable of controlling, and as for the affected area... as long as you stop the tsunami a hundred meters away from the small island, it will do... Oh right, avoid damage to the environment," advised Venerable White.

"Senior, when do you need the tsunami to start churning huge waves?" asked Yu Jiaojiao.

Venerable White looked at the nearby island. "Hm, let's do it after a few interesting people make their appearance."

His gaze penetrated through the layers of sea water and saw the scene of Song Shuhang swimming happily under the sea... as well as a submarine that was silently waiting in the area behind the reef, a hundred meters away from Song Shuhang.

Good, they are here.

"Jiaojiao, you can start your preparations. Wait for my cue... oh." Halfway through his speech, Venerable White suddenly smiled and said, "Change of plans, change the distance to fifty meters and make it as big as possible, till everything gets swept up onto the island."

The distance of the tsunami suddenly changed from a hundred meters to fifty... Song Shuhang was done for.

On the submarine.

Wolf One, Bull Two, and the others anxiously looked toward a faraway place.

Yesterday, Snake Twenty-Three stayed up all night to devise five plans, including several ways to lure Song Shuhang or the small monk out of the island.

Thereafter, he also tried to figure out a way to avoid bumping into the powerful pekingese, or that other cultivator decked in white that was the scariest of all.

As for capturing Song Shuhang or the small monk, he had come up with around fifteen different methods.

On the whole, Snake Twenty-Three had already inferred and thought about the all possible changes they might face when capturing their targets.

The five plans seemed to be perfect and without flaws!

But little did he expect that the plans did not adjust to the changes fast enough.

Song Shuhang had already swum out of the island by himself... this was something outside of Snake Twenty-Three's expectations.

However, this unexpected change was a good one. At least it would save them the trouble of using one of their tactics to lure the young man or the small monk out.

"Go, follow Snake Twenty-Three's earlier plan to surround and capture him. Take the tranquilizer with you and make sure to dose it correctly—the young man is a First Stage cultivator after all. Directly use the dose you would use for an elephant. Erm... actually, multiply it by five. Cultivators don't die that easily anyway," said Wolf One.

Snake Twenty-Three added, "Make sure you surround him properly and don't let him escape. If needed, you can use the tranquilizer immediately—as long as you keep him alive in exchange for Whale Eight and Shark Nine it's all good."

Their tranquilizers were personally crafted by Hawk Six; the firing range would decrease by a lot underwater, but its power remained as impressive as ever.

Hence, Wolf One led the way. Apart from Snake Twenty-Three and Sheep Seven who needed to hold the fort and oversee everything on the submarine, the rest of the members followed Wolf One and set out.

* * *

Wolf One and the rest were pretty successful at first; they managed to hide their tracks and stealthily surrounded Song Shuhang. Since they were in this line of work for a long time and had a lot of experience, their ability to cover their tracks and scent was impressive!

The next moment, Song Shuhang, who was originally chasing a sea turtle, suddenly stopped... even though he did not see or sense the presence of Wolf One and the others surrounding him, Song Shuhang felt a strong foreboding that several pairs of eyes were fixed on him, spying on him and following each and every one of his movements.

Peeping toms?

Hence, Song Shuhang swam in the direction of the island without any hesitation.

"We must not let him escape, shoot him with the tranquilizer!" Wolf One shouted loudly!

'Fish with flood dragon bloodline' and 'Yu Jiaojiao' have the same pronunciation in Chinese.

Chapter 350: I want to fly higher and higher

Wolf One and the others had yet to shoot when the nearby seawater started to churn... soon after, a terrifying strength came at them from the bottom of the sea...

"What's happening?" Wolf One got a scare and tried to get away from the churning seawater.

But the momentum of the rising water was too strong. Amongst the water was mixed the faint aura of a monster cultivator. A sea monster was up to mischief!

The ocean was the natural habitat of sea monsters. If you were to meet them in the open sea, they would give you an unbelievable headache. Earlier, Wolf One and the others had carefully inspected the surroundings and didn't find anything amiss. Where did this sea monster come from?

And why did it want to deal with them?

Did it mean that a powerful and hungry sea monster just happened to pass by, and decided to have a meal after seeing them?

Wolf One struggled with all his might, but it was useless.

He couldn't even change his posture amongst the frenzied sea waves... since he was unable to resist, he could only do his best to hold on. He operated the true qi inside his body at full strength, trying to protect himself.

His teammates did the same.



Compared to Wolf One and the others, Song Shuhang was even more surprised and felt like crying. When the nearby seawater started to churn and seethe, he realized that the tsunami Venerable White predicted was finally here!

But didn't Senior White say that I would get swept by the

tsunami only if I were more than a hundred meters away from the island? Isn't my current distance from the island only fifty meters? Song Shuhang had paid close attention to the distance he had traveled. Such being the case, why was he swept by this tsunami?

But there was an even greater problem now—what did he have to do in order to activate the disposable Song Shuhang 001 edition?

Dammit! Earlier, I remembered to ask whether or not the disposable Song Shuhang 001 used the coiling flight (or Bladestorm) feature, but I forgot to ask how to activate it!

Did he have to chant that disgraceful incantation again, Moon Prism Power, Make Up? After chanting it once, he didn't really want to chant it again.

Moreover, he was in the middle of the water right now. The seawater would enter his mouth if he were to open it to chant the incantation.



"Boom!"

The sea waves started to rise and quickly reached the height of twenty meters, their momentum unstoppable.

Wolf One and the others were picked up by the waves and dragged toward the shore on the island—these waves seemed intent on throwing them onto the sandy beach.

When he was dragged away by the waves, the silly and handsome Fox Ten unconsciously shot a glance toward the island. It was at that point that he saw a fearful figure in white. The figure in white had a gentle smile on its face. It almost seemed as though this sudden tsunami was within its calculations.

Is this the doing of that handsome cultivator?

I should have tried to convince Wolf One to use gentler means to retrieve Whale Wight and Shark Nine. We shouldn't have gone for

something as extreme as kidnapping the small monk or that youngster!

Although Fox Ten was regretting his decision, he did so only after things were over for them. Thus, it was completely useless.

The sea waves kept dragging Wolf One and company, as well as Song Shuhang, toward the island.



Song Shuhang hadn't been too lucky, and while being dragged away by the sea waves, he was pressed beneath the tsunami, continuously sweeping the seafloor. Just like Wolf One and the others, he struggled with all his might, but couldn't get away. In front of this tsunami that was akin to a natural disaster, he felt small and insignificant.

'Now then... is 'jumping through the dragon gate like a fish' even more difficult than getting away from this tsunami to reach the surface of the sea?' Song Shuhang suddenly recalled what Senior White had told him earlier. Since his Turtle Breathing Technique was still active, he didn't have to worry about drowning.

What Venerable White described at the time was the real process of the fish jumping through the dragon gate, and it had nothing to do with the 'jumping through the dragon gate' bottleneck that cultivators of the First Stage had to face. But if that bottleneck was only 1/10 as scary as this tsunami, it was still pretty difficult to overcome.

Song Shuhang clenched his fists and thought to himself, 'I won't give up so easily. I'll jump through the dragon gate at once. I don't want to merely live for up to a hundred years.'

When this thought flashed through his mind, the disposable Song Shuhang 001 edition on his body suddenly lit up.

Soon after, he felt an endless stream of energy burst out of his body. All this energy produced a powerful force that pushed his

body away from the frenzied waves.

This thing is finally working! Song Shuhang thought and seized the opportunity to move toward the surface of the sea.

The talisman-like effects that Senior White had added were very powerful. Thanks to their strength, he was able to easily proceed toward the surface of the sea. Under the astonished gazes of Wolf One and the others, Song Shuhang rode the wind and cleaved through the powerful oceanic waves, getting out of the sea.

"Ahaha, I managed to come out." Song Shuhang heartily laughed and prepared to move toward the island and Senior White.

But right at this time, he felt as though he had lost control of his body. Just as before, that burst of energy was continuously surging and the powerful force beneath his feet wasn't showing any signs of stopping.

At last, Song Shuhang broke through the surface of the sea like a missile. Without the resistance of the water, the speed at which he was rising toward the sky became even faster.

"..." Song Shuhang.

"Senior White, the brakes! How do I brake?!" Song Shuhang shouted. He even unconsciously used the 〈Roaring Lion's Technique〉. His voice was deafening and spread very far away.

But did Senior White even have the concept of 'braking' in his mind? The answer was: no. The only concepts in Senior White's mind were: speed increasing, 3x speed, 5x speed, 10x speed, XXx speed. Something like braking wasn't worth considering!

And just in this fashion, Song Shuhang shot toward the sky, flying higher and higher.

He had been too naive! Although there was no coiling flight feature, there was the rocket-style speed increasing feature!

The happiness I long for lies in the higher skies~ I want to fly

higher and higher, dancing like the wild wind, escaping the earth's embrace~ I want to fly higher and higher~ the wings stirring up a storm, and the heart howling~ fly higher and higher...

"Oh... after I removed all the other features and changed the energy of the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique into an upward thrusting force, the strength of the generated propelling force turned out to be vastly superior to what I had expected... I need to further improve this part." After seeing Song Shuhang shoot up in the sky, Venerable White started to think about how to develop the 'disposable Song Shuhang 002 edition'.

Wait, I shouldn't be thinking about improvements right now. I should save Song Shuhang first.

Venerable White calmly took a wooden sword out of his sleeve—he had prepared this sword beforehand.

"Disposable meteor sword 001, go! Safely return little friend Song Shuhang here!" Venerable White activated the sword art, and the wooden sword shot up in the sky, chasing after Song Shuhang's silhouette.



At the same time, those huge sea waves clashed against the sandy beach with a loud sound. After clashing against the island, they broke into tiny pieces and dispersed, changing into raindrops that returned to the sea.

On the sandy beach, Wolf One and the company were lying on the ground, not even having the strength to stand up.

Venerable White calmly gazed at them. Afterward, he shot a glance at the far-off submarine, faintly smiling. Next, Senior White didn't pay any attention to Wolf One and the others, letting them lie on the beach like corpses.

Wolf One and company gasped for breath, trying to slowly recover their strength.

At the same time, Bull Two shot a glance at Venerable White. He had no idea what this cultivator was planning to do. Since he bothered to drag them onto the sandy beach, why didn't he take any action but left them here, drying in the sun?



Venerable White picked up Yu Jiaojiao with his hand and said with a smile, "Thank you, Jiaojiao. You saved me a lot of trouble this time. Is there any matter you need help with?"

He needed to give Yu Jiaojiao a gift for their first meeting. Moreover, she even helped him, wouldn't it be embarrassing if he were to give her nothing in return? He couldn't let that happen.

Yu Jiaojiao's body started to become pink; she seemed somewhat embarrassed.

In the next moment, she said, "Senior White, there is indeed something I need help with."

"Do tell. Let's see if I can fulfill this wish of yours," Venerable White said with a smile.

"I wondered if you could help me experience the 'shapeshifting dragon gate'." Yu Jiaojiao's body became even pinker, but her small eyes were looking at Venerable White expectantly.

Venerable White's smile disappeared, and he gazed at Yu Jiaojiao with a serious expression on his face. "The shapeshifting dragon gate? Are you sure?"

In regards to cultivation, although monster cultivators had a very long lifespan compared to humans, their cultivation speed was several times slower than humans before they could condense a Monster Core and assume a human form.

Before condensing their Monster Core, they wouldn't be able to assume a human form even if they had already reached the peak of the Fourth Stage Realm.

That was of course unless they had had some kind of lucky encounter—like Lady Onion in Song Shuhang's pocket, or if they were part of a particular race. In that case, they would have the opportunity to change into a half-human form while in the Fourth Stage Realm.

Amongst snakes were several species of monster snakes that would shed ten layers of snakeskin every realm, and after they had reached the Fourth Stage Realm and shed their snakeskin forty times, they could turn the upper part of their bodies into that of a human while the lower part would remain that of a monster snake. Monster snakes such as lamias were very famous in Chinese legends.

Monster fishes also had the opportunity to assume a half-human form. They were precisely those mermaids in legends.

But unlike monster snakes, who only needed to shed their snakeskin, monster fishes needed the help of a Seventh Stage Venerable to gain the ability to change into half-human form. The Venerable would have to cast a shapeshifting illusion spell on them while they were trying to break through the Fourth Stage Realm.

After experiencing the spell, they would be able to change into a half-human form, greatly increasing the speed of their cultivation. However, the difficulty in breaking through would also increase tenfold, if not more.

"Yes, I'm sure." Yu Jiaojiao's voice was still lovely as before, but also very resolute. "I've already prepared all the materials, offerings, and spirit stones necessary for the creation of the shapeshifting dragon gate."

It seemed that she hadn't decided to experience the shapeshifting dragon gate on a whim. She had been preparing for it for years, if not decades.

"I see." Venerable White faintly nodded and added, "But I have a condition."

Then, he shot a glance at Song Shuhang who had already turned into a black dot...

Chapter 351: Senior White, let's shoot a movie!

Song Shuhang had finally understood what the sentence 'tears flying in the wind' meant.

Although the coiling flight feature was scary, the rocket-style feature wasn't inferior to it at all. Shuhang felt as though he had a missile in his butt that was continuously pushing him upward, higher and higher.

The fearful thing was that the speed he was flying at wasn't fixed. The speed of the 'disposable Song Shuhang 001' was 'fluctuating'!

In other words, after he had flown for a certain period of time, the speed would start decreasing until reaching the minimum threshold. After reaching the threshold and having accumulated enough energy, it would propel Song Shuhang once more, making him speed up again.

Slow~ fast~ slow~ fast~ it was a beautiful cycle of never-ending happiness.

Song Shuhang was even thinking of using Lady Onion's signature move, the 500 Ways to Surrender to a Human Cultivator You're Unable to Defeat, to beg for forgiveness from Senior White. Too bad he didn't get the chance. Soon after, Shuhang had flown so high that he was about to touch the clouds... I won't directly fly into space, right?

He would surely die if he were to go into space! He was currently in a defenseless state and had nothing to protect himself with. Wouldn't he die if he were to catch fire due to the friction? Or perhaps he would directly freeze due to the cold air?

Just as he was in deep thoughts, Song Shuhang saw a sword light approach from below with a 'pew~' sound. Next, it arrived beneath his feet and supported his body.

At this time, the energy of the 'disposable Song Shuhang 001' also seemed to have been used up, stopping Shuhang from going any higher.

Song Shuhang immediately calmed down.

The flying sword supported Song Shuhang, and since it was already high up in the sky, it didn't make use of its coiling flight feature. However, it still diligently used its meteor-like effect and slowly brought Song Shuhang downward toward Venerable White's position.

The fact that there was no 'parachute style landing' made Song Shuhang heave a sigh of relief.

But when he thought that he was going to land next to Venerable White, Shuhang started to get somewhat uneasy... after all, Soft Feather had sent in the group chat seventy or so emotes of Senior White! If he were to land next to Senior White and Senior White was still angry, wouldn't he develop very soon a disposable Song Shuhang 002 edition, or even 003 edition?

No, I mustn't resign myself to death!

I'll gain the upper hand by seizing the initiative! Should I apologize to Senior White as soon as I see him? No, perhaps it's already too late for that... I should try to divert his attention, then!

But how should I divert his attention?

Song Shuhang operated his brain at full speed until he suddenly got an idea.

That's it!

When he returned home for summer vacation and Papa Song discovered all those certificates, didn't he tell him that they were stage props for a small movie he was going to shoot?

Moreover, he said that he was going to shoot it before the end of the year.

...At first, Song Shuhang was planning to ask the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group if there was someone with a movie or television-related business amongst them.

There was no need for it to be a professional production. He just needed the seniors to send over a minor director to shoot a casual movie where he and his friends could act as the main characters. After they were done with the shooting, he would show it to his family members and make them happy, that was it.

Therefore, Song Shuhang had a sudden epiphany—would Senior White be interested in shooting a movie?

After this epiphany, his mind was full of ideas.

If Senior White was willing to act in the movie, whether or not he was playing the role of the main character, didn't he just need to stand in front of the camera and smile to sell billions of tickets?

Moreover, if they were really shooting a movie, they could let Senior White play all kinds of different roles.

Perhaps this idea could really work.

Therefore, as soon as he was going land next to Senior White, Song Shuhang was planning to take the initiative and ask him to shoot a movie together!



Below, on the small island.

Yu Jiaojiao blinked her lovely little eyes and asked in a soft voice, "Senior White, what condition do you have? Please, do tell."

Venerable White said calmly, "I want a drop of your blood essence, as well as let another person experience the 'shapeshifting dragon gate' together with you. Of course, he won't influence you in any way. He'll just stand below the gate and try to comprehend the entire process."

Yu Jiaojiao hesitated—a drop of blood essence wasn't a big deal,

but letting someone else experience the 'shapeshifting dragon gate' with her made her anxious.

Although Venerable White said that it wouldn't influence her, just the fact that an unrelated person was experiencing the shapeshifting dragon gate with her was enough to increase the difficulty.

The shapeshifting dragon gate was indeed an extremely good opportunity, but it wasn't devoid of dangers. Moreover, Yu Jiaojiao would also have to face the heavenly tribulation while trying to jump through the gate!

The heavenly tribulation was a very personal matter, and if someone were to interfere in the process, the might of the tribulation would increase severalfold.

It was precisely because of this that Seven didn't dare to help Sixteen when she was facing the heavenly tribulation, and only when there was no other choice did he disperse the heavenly tribulation and saved Sixteen's life.

Yu Jiaojiao's life as a cultivator was at stake here, and a single mistake could lead to a lifelong regret. Therefore, she had to carefully decide and not make haste.

Venerable White faintly smiled. This was precisely what he wanted to see. The fact that Yu Jiaojiao didn't choose immediately proved that she was a meticulous girl. Therefore, he felt even more relieved in letting Song Shuhang experience the shapeshifting dragon gate with her.

Venerable White smiled and continued in a gentle voice, "Of course, I know that letting him experience the shapeshifting dragon gate together with you will slightly increase the strength of your heavenly tribulation. Therefore, as an extra, I can give you another guarantee."

"A guarantee?" Yu Jiaojiao blinked and asked out of curiosity.

Venerable White raised his index finger and said, "I can guarantee that even if your attempt to jump through the shapeshifting dragon gate were to fail, you would come out unscathed! Your realm and strength won't drop even after failing. Once you've rested enough, I can give you another opportunity to experience the shapeshifting dragon gate. Of course, I'll provide the materials for the second try!"

These conditions were truly generous!

"Senior White... this proposal of yours seems impossible to refuse," Yu Jiaojiao said—she was basically getting an extra opportunity to experience the shapeshifting dragon gate. If she could jump through the gate, it would be awesome. If she were to fail, she could try a second time for free.

Wouldn't she be stupid to refuse such good terms?

"In that case, it's settled." Venerable White stretched his hand out and waved it. The flying sword carrying Song Shuhang quickly descended and arrived next to them...

Chapter 352: Let's kidnap an author and have him write the plot

A bald and shining head flashed through the air!

Afterward, Song Shuhang successfully landed.

At this time, just as Venerable White was about to tell him about the matter of the shapeshifting dragon gate, Song Shuhang seized the initiative and shouted, "Senior White, let's shoot a movie!"

"???" Venerable White was confused. Has Shuhang gone mad? Was the power of the disposable Song Shuhang 001 too overbearing and damaged his brain?

Yu Jiaojiao, who was lying on Venerable White's palm, blinked a few times. Afterward, she slammed her head against Senior White's palm. Don't tell me that I have to experience the shapeshifting dragon gate with this idiot?

She felt that her first try would surely end up in failure if he were the one!

Please, let it be someone else! Let it be someone else!

"Cough, Senior White! Don't you find movies beautiful and interesting?" Song Shuhang jumped down from the disposable flying sword and opened his arms wide, saying, "The world of movies is boundless. As long as people have imagination, you can bring it to reality with movies! Familial love, romance, science fiction, fantasy, martial arts, action, horror, historical films... there are all kinds of genres in movies! As long as you have imagination and the necessary equipment, you can shoot everything!"

Venerable White nodded. He had seen several movies recently. "Indeed. Although some movies are garbage, others are quite interesting."

"Therefore, we should shoot our own movie!" Song Shuhang clenched his fist and said, "When I returned home, I had a sudden idea—I thought of shooting an interesting movie before the end of the year! Senior White, do you want to shoot it together? It's a very rare experience!"

...Venerable White's eyes lit up. "It seems fun."

Yu Jiaojiao looked at Venerable White in astonishment. Then, she slammed her head against Venerable White's palm once more—now that even Senior White had gone mad, she felt that her first experience of the shapeshifting dragon gate had failed before even beginning.

Alright. Perhaps I can get some experience from it for the second try. Yu Jiaojiao was traumatized and depressed at this time.

Song Shuhang had managed to successfully pique Venerable White's interest. Therefore, they had put the matter about the shapeshifting dragon aside for now.

Senior White asked out of curiosity, "Have you already decided the theme?"

"I've only got a general idea for now. However, I need someone to write down the plot and turn it into the script later." Song Shuhang made a fist—the general idea he was talking about consisted of him dressing up as a nouveau riche and showing off around those car registration certificates.

He needed to show those important 'stage props' in the movie no matter what!

"We can look for a novel writer and ask them to write down the plot," Venerable White said.

"But where do we find a suitable novel author?" Song Shuhang held his chin and said, "Should I ask in the Nine Provinces Number One Group? Maybe one of the seniors can recommend us a good author that writes interesting stories?"

"No need to complicate things this much." Venerable White waved his hand and said, "We can casually choose a novel author from the web. We should shoot the movie according to our wishes, and there is no need for a complicated script. We can look for a suitable webnovel author and see if their writing style is interesting and funny."

Song Shuhang silently nodded.

At this time, the depressed Yu Jiaojiao suddenly interjected, "If you're looking for authors with interesting writing styles, I have several candidates. I'm currently following several interesting novels, and I also know the approximate address of one of the authors!"

Miss Yu Jiaojiao suddenly barged into the strange topic! She didn't seem interested in movies, but novels piqued her interest. She interjected as soon as the topic of conversation shifted to novels.

"Eh? That axolotl can talk?" Song Shuhang discovered that there was a small pink-colored fish that had grown limbs on Venerable White's palm.

"Hehe, her name is Yu Jiaojiao, and she's the daughter of an old friend." Senior White smiled and continued, "Moreover, she is not an axolotl. She was born from the union of a flood dragon and a monster fish."

She is the descendant of a flood dragon? Well, you can't really judge a book by its cover! Song Shuhang couldn't help but shoot a few glances at the small pink-colored fish... all creatures related to dragons were very amusing.

"Hmph!" Yu Jiaojiao snorted and continued with what she was saying, "Ahem, what was I saying again? Right, I know the approximate address of an author that writes comedy novels. After locking down his position, we can kidnap him—"

"Miss Yu Jiaojiao, wait a moment!" Song Shuhang quickly interrupted and asked, "What do you mean by 'kidnap'?"

"Oh, I want to find him and drag him over here. This author is too slow at releasing chapters, he only releases from 5000 to 6000 characters daily. Moreover, he uploads the chapters only in the evening. Tsk, he can't even write 10,000 characters per day. So lazy and he still wants to stay in the webnovel business? Such being the case, I decided to kidnap him and lock him into a small black room and have him write 20,000 characters every day. Otherwise, I won't give him food," Yu Jiaojiao said calmly.

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva and mentally lit a candle for this unknown author that Yu Jiaojiao was targeting.

Next, Song Shuhang said, "Fine. Once we return to China, we can contact that interesting author and have him write the plot for us. Money isn't a problem. Afterward, I'll contact the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group and ask them to send over a movie director. After we gather the necessary equipment, we can start shooting the movie."

Senior White nodded and added, "I was about to invite a few old friends over and have a get-together. Perhaps we can have them participate in the movie. They are fellow daoists with rich life experiences, it would be interesting to have them perform in the movie."

"Good, it's settled then!" Song Shuhang said excitedly—at the same time, he clenched his fist and thought to himself, Yes! I managed to divert Senior White's attention!

The little fellow daoist surnamed Song had managed to increase his lifespan by three more episodes!

"Me too, me too! After I jump through the shapeshifting dragon gate, I'll be able to assume a half-human and half-fish form. At the time, I'll be able to participate in the movie too!" Yu Jiaojiao waved her claws with excitement.

"Sure, you can participate too," Song Shuhang said with a valiant expression on his face. Then, he paused for a moment and asked, "A half-human and half-fish form? Yu Jiaojiao, you can change your shape?"

"Of course. Just wait till after I experience the shapeshifting dragon gate, I'll be able to assume a half-human and half-fish form!" Yu Jiaojiao said proudly.

"Oh, I almost forgot about the matter related to the shapeshifting dragon gate." Venerable White clapped his hands and said, "Shuhang, I'm going to give you a very rare opportunity, don't waste it!"

Chapter 353: Twin-dragons shapeshifting gate!

"A very rare opportunity? The shapeshifting dragon gate?" Song Shuhang's body unknowingly shivered. Lately, he was quite sensitive toward the words 'dragon' and 'gate'. In the last two days, these dragon gates made him experience things he wouldn't forget for the rest of his life.

Thereupon, Song Shuhang quickly tried to change the topic of conversation, asking, "You said you could assume a half-human and half-fish form? Like a mermaid?"

"Correct, a half-human and half-fish form," Yu Jiaojiao said self-satisfied. Just like monster snakes, half-human and half-fish monsters were also very famous in old Chinese stories.

"Cool, I'll look forward to it," Song Shuhang said. "At the time, we must take a group photo!"

He felt that taking a group photo with a mermaid would be rather cool.

"Sure," Yu Jiaojiao said—since she had the opportunity to experience the shapeshifting dragon gate twice, she would use the first opportunity to gain knowledge and experience, and the second one to break through!

"You two seem to be in pretty good condition." Venerable White stretched his hand and revealed two medicinal pills, which he gave to Song Shuhang and Yu Jiaojiao.

Song Shuhang took the pill in his hands. It didn't seem to be a qi and blood pill. What kind of medicinal pill was it?

Venerable White explained, "Yu Jiaojiao, give a drop of your blood essence to Shuhang first. Then, eat the medicinal pill to replenish the consumed physical strength and mental energy. I want the both of you to prepare and be in your optimal condition."

Yu Jiaojiao stretched her small claw and poked it with her other claw, her look distressed. Afterward, a drop of pale-golden blood essence dripped from the tip of her claw.

Venerable White gently flicked his finger, stopping the gold blood essence in midair.

"Shuhang, open your mouth," Venerable White said.

Song Shuhang subconsciously opened his mouth. Soon after, the golden drop of blood entered his mouth, directly sliding into his belly.

Is this the same as Lady Onion's tender shoot? A powerful tonic? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

However, he didn't feel any earth-shaking change in his body after swallowing the drop of blood down. His body didn't increase in size, ripping his clothes apart, and he didn't obtain dozens of years' worth of knowledge about cultivation techniques either.

After swallowing the blood essence, he felt that there was a strange connection between him and Yu Jiaojiao now—it was a familiar feeling.

There was a similar connection between Song Shuhang and the ghost spirit in his Heart Aperture. The only problem was that the connection between Shuhang and the ghost spirit would often get interrupted. But as time went on, the duo had almost completed their synchronization, and once it was complete, his ghost spirit would get upgraded.

"Good. Now, take the pills and adjust your condition. Yu Jiaojiao, bring all the materials, offerings, and spirit stones needed here. I'll immediately create the shapeshifting dragon gate for you," Venerable White said self-satisfied.

Yu Jiaojiao's eyes lit up. She waited for this day for decades!

After taking the pill, she said, "Senior, I'll go take the materials for the shapeshifting dragon gate. I'll come back immediately."

In the next moment, she leapt with all her might and changed into a ten meters long red-colored huge fish while in midair. Her four small and cute claws enlarged and changed into the claws of a flood dragon, sharp and dreadful.

After seeing Yu Jiaojiao's sudden transformation, Song Shuhang almost choked on his pill—there was just too much difference between her previous cute self and her new form!

Do all cute creatures have ferocious and dreadful true bodies?

After swallowing the medicinal pill with much difficulty, Song Shuhang sat cross-legged and closed his eyes, starting to contemplate—once he heard about the 'shapeshifting dragon gate', he couldn't help but connect it to the fish jumping through the dragon gate.

Therefore, he was sure that it wouldn't be a joyous experience... since he had no leeway to refuse, he could only prepare himself and face the challenge with everything he had.



On a side, Venerable White shot a last glance at the sandy beach.

Wolf One and company were still lying on the sandy beach like corpses. That huge tsunami had consumed all their strength. After the monster energy that Yu Jiaojiao mixed within the waters of the tsunami penetrated their bodies, it was difficult for them to recover within a short period of time.

Venerable White called out softly, "Doudou~"

Doudou yawned and came out of the tent, heading toward Senior White together with the small monk.

"Help me keep an eye on these guys. Don't kill them and don't let them escape," Venerable White said with a smile. "I need them to bait the big fish hiding in the shadows."

After hearing Venerable White's words, Wolf One's heart

twitched.

"Senior White, don't worry. With me here, none of them will be able to escape," Doudou said as his body inflated, changing into a five meters long monster dog. The monster energy inside his body was unleashed and exploded with all its might.

Wolf One and company secretly cursed in their hearts. This pekingese is absolutely a monster beast of the Fourth Stage or above!

It was over, they had no way of escaping.

The small monk squatted beside Doudou with a curious expression on his face, staring at Rabbit Twenty-Eight.

After Guoguo stared at her for a while, Rabbit Twenty-Eight started to feel nervous.

After seeing Guoguo's appearance, Doudou teased him, "Guoguo, do you like that girl?"

The small monk joined his palms together and said, "Senior Doudou, don't speak irresponsibly. Buddhist monks aren't like this. I was just curious."

"Curious? About what?" Doudou asked in puzzlement.

"Although that benefactor is dressed up like a woman, and resembles one too, how come they have no swelling around the breast area? Therefore, I started to wonder if they were one those legendary 'transvestites' that people talk about on the net. This is what got me curious," the small monk explained to Doudou with a serious expression on his face.

Doudou shot a glance at Rabbit Twenty-Eight's chest. Yeah, it was indeed a bit flat.

"You might be right. Hey, you. Are you a transvestite?" Doudou asked.

Rabbit Twenty-Eight closed her eyes with a bitter expression on

her face. Transvestite your sister! Transvestite your eighteen generations! I became like this due to the technique I practice, ok? It's already a sad story, so stop poking at my sore spot!

❄ ❄ ❄

Around three minutes later.

The sea started to churn once more, and the huge fish version Yu Jiaojiao emerged from the water. She was carrying a large number of materials on her back.

If she hadn't changed into this ten meters long form, she wouldn't have been able to bring all the materials back!

"Senior White, all the materials needed for the shapeshifting dragon gate are here," Yu Jiaojiao said as she placed the materials on the ground.

After hearing Yu Jiaojiao's voice, Song Shuhang opened his eyes, ending his meditation. Thanks to the medicinal pill, he was now in perfect condition.

The nearby Senior White faintly smiled and nodded. "You two, get ready."

After saying this much, he stepped into the void, ascending to the sky step by step. All the materials Yu Jiaojiao had brought along started hovering and followed Venerable White into the sky.

While flying toward Venerable White's position, the materials started to slowly merge together.

After merging together, they gave birth to two lifelike dragons in the air. The two dragons faced each other and bent their bodies, forming a gate.

Chapter 354: Hello, open the door. I'm here to deliver a package!

After forming the gate, the two dragons calmly hovered midair. Their eyes were blank and expressionless, but except for this one small imperfection, they seemed almost lifelike.

It was Song Shuhang's first time seeing such an incredible scene, and he had been completely entranced by it. Although he knew that Venerable White was very strong, the latter had rarely used much of his strength in front of him. Therefore, each time Venerable White revealed a small fraction of his power, Song Shuhang would gasp in astonishment—stepping into the void and rising high in the sky as all the materials accordingly rose into the air, fusing and turning into dragons... it was such an incredible scene! If you were to hit on a girl with this move, wouldn't that be a guaranteed success?

In the air, Venerable White gently stretched his finger and pointed at the gate formed by the two dragons.

Song Shuhang could faintly feel the power of 'illusory reality' come from Venerable White's finger. It was the same power he felt when entering the desert and meeting the young man in green clothes riding a white horse. The only difference was that it was concentrated on his finger instead of being unleashed in the surrounding area.

Venerable White pointed toward the gate!

In the next moment, the eyes of the two dragons lit up. Venerable White's finger was like the touch that brought the work of art to life, making the two dragons truly lifelike.

At this time, Yu Jiaojiao's ten-meter-long body started to shrink until it reached the length of two meters. This was the real size of her body. While trying to jump through the shapeshifting dragon

gate, assuming one's original shape would give the best results.

"I must succeed," Yu Jiaojiao muttered to herself.

At this time, Song Shuhang could faintly induce Yu Jiaojiao's nervousness through the drop of blood essence. He felt as though his heartbeat was synchronized with that of Yu Jiaojiao. He could feel her nervousness and her pulsating heart.

In the air, Venerable White said, "Shuhang, stand where you are and don't move. You mustn't disturb Yu Jiaojiao while she tries to break through the dragon gate. You just have to stand there and rely on the drop of blood essence to feel whatever she's feeling and learn from that."

"I understand," Song Shuhang said with a nod—he secretly heaved a sigh of relief after knowing that he didn't have to jump through the dragon gate together with Yu Jiaojiao.

"Yu Jiaojiao, get ready," Venerable White said as he withdrew his finger from the two dragons forming the gate.

In the next moment, an extremely pure spiritual energy burst forth from the gate. It was obviously a very thin stream of spiritual energy, but after coming out of the gate, it suddenly transformed into a big waterfall!

The water rushed down toward Yu Jiaojiao...

Song Shuhang blinked a few times. This waterfall was much smaller than what he had imagined. It was even smaller than the waterfall he'd faced yesterday when Senior White transformed him into a small golden fish with his 'real illusion'.

If the waterfall was only this big, Yu Jiaojiao shouldn't have too many problems sailing against the water and jumping through the gate, right? After all, she had the bloodline of a flood dragon and the strength of someone at the peak of the Third Stage.

So... is this waterfall hiding something else too? Song Shuhang thought to himself.



Just as he was in deep thoughts, Song Shuhang saw Yu Jiaojiao firmly anchor her legs to the ground. She didn't move forward while waiting for the water to reach her. Instead, she firmly stood in place, preparing to welcome the waterfall.

In the next moment...

"Splash!" The water clashed against Yu Jiaojiao's body with a large splashing sound, covering an area of several meters around her in the process.

The strange thing was that besides the water that came in contact with Yu Jiaojiao's body, the rest of the water that hit the ground, Song Shuhang, Doudou, and Guoguo changed into fog, disappearing without traces.

Apparently, it was only Yu Jiaojiao that bore the pressure. Under the strength of the waterfall, her body was crushed to the ground, and her four legs deeply sank into the earth!

"Crack, crack~" Song Shuhang could hear the crackling sound of bones come from her body.

'Is the pressure of the waterfall this big?' Song Shuhang was puzzled... just as he was in deep thoughts, the drop of blood essence inside his body transmitted Yu Jiaojiao's experience to this mind.

In the next moment, he felt as though he was carrying a weight of several tons on his back. His entire body leaned forward, gluing itself to the ground as if it was being crushed.

In truth, Song Shuhang's body wasn't bearing any load. He was merely experiencing the same things as Yu Jiaojiao and his body unconsciously reacted, making him lean against the ground.

'Scary... it's just a small waterfall, but each drop of water seems as heavy as a drop of liquid iron. Being hit by this water feels the same as being hit by a barrage of fists. With so much water coming

down, no wonder Yu Jiaojiao had to go all-out just to resist the impact,' Song Shuhang thought to himself.

That was the reason she didn't rush forward before the water could reach her and stood in place, preparing herself to bear the pressure of the waterfall. If she hadn't done that, she would have ended up in an even more tragical state.



Around five seconds later, Yu Jiaojiao somewhat adapted to the pressure of the waterfall. She propped herself up on her four legs and slowly started to straighten her body.

Monster qi exploded and shrouded her body, protecting her.

In the next moment, she emitted a dragon cry and her body rose toward the sky, slowly going against the stream.

"Incredible!" Song Shuhang gasped in admiration while lying on the ground.

He also straightened his heavy back and slowly crawled from the ground, looking at the scene of Yu Jiaojiao facing the waterfall of the dragon gate without blinking.

When he saw Yu Jiaojiao slowly going against the stream, Song Shuhang felt and grasped through the drop of blood essence the feeling of breaking through the water.

This precious experience was bound to completely change Song Shuhang's approach when trying to jump through his own dragon gate, giving him more assurance to break through the final bottleneck of the First Stage.

'Unless something unexpected happens, Yu Jiaojiao should be able to go against the stream and jump through the dragon gate by relying on her physical strength alone. Afterward, she'll change into a half-human and half-fish form, right?' Song Shuhang thought to himself.

But just as this thought flashed through his mind, drastic changes appeared in the waterfall.

Balls of lightning appeared out of nowhere and started to attack Yu Jiaojiao. These balls of lightning appeared very suddenly, not giving her any time to react.

It was the water-type tribulation thunder... those balls of lightning were part of the heavenly tribulation! The shapeshifting dragon gate wasn't only a lucky opportunity, it was also the 'heavenly tribulation' Yu Jiaojiao had to face in order to break through the Fourth Stage Realm.

The tribulation thunder was extremely powerful, and as soon as it hit Yu Jiaojiao, it seriously injured her.

A dense layer of fish scales with astonishing defensive power covered her entire body, but in front of the tribulation thunder, it was ripped apart like a piece of paper. Even the skin below the scales was badly burned by the balls of lightning.

Yu Jiaojiao's flesh and blood, as well as her fish scales, were washed away under the heavy water of the dragon gate, dyeing the entire waterfall red!

The unbearable pain of having one's body scorched and lacerated as well as part of the skin washed away by the water was transmitted to Song Shuhang.

"Ouch!" Song Shuhang took a deep breath... F*ck, so painful!!

Under the waterfall, Yu Jiaojiao emitted another dragon cry. Although the waterfall had been dyed red with her blood, she didn't take as much as half a step backward—if you were to take a single step back while under the massive waterfall, you would be immediately washed down.

Not advancing meant falling back. If she were to take a step back, it was over!

Yu Jiaojiao clenched her teeth. Since she couldn't retreat, she

could only advance!

Advance! Advance! Advance!

At this time, she activated her innate skill, and a brand-new layer of fish scales started to grow beneath her badly mangled skin...

The skill was somewhat similar to the ability to shed one's skin. When your skin was heavily injured, you could turn that layer of injured skin into a layer of defense that you could later shed off. The only problem was that you would feel an indescribable pain while using this skill, as though your skin was being scraped off with a blade.

"ROAR~" Yu Jiaojiao emitted another dragon cry—originally, she was roaring to bolster her courage, but this time, she was calling out due to the unbearable pain.

She shot a glance at the upper part of the waterfall... in that place, even larger and stronger balls of lightning were waiting for her!



Beneath the waterfall, Song Shuhang complexion was deathly pale. First the powerful impact with the waterfall, then the pain of being scorched by those balls of lightning, then the pain of having your mangled skin washed away by the water, and now the pain of having your skin peeled off... Song Shuhang felt all this, without a single exception, through the drop of blood essence.

How is this experiencing the fish leaping over the dragon gate?! This is like experiencing a collection of 108 different tortures!

Amidst the pain, without him even noticing, the qi and blood energy inside his five apertures started to link together, changing into a small dragon gate.

On the outside, Song Shuhang was still experiencing the jump through the shapeshifting dragon gate together with Yu Jiaojiao.

But on the inside, he had started to unknowingly face the last bottleneck of the First Stage Realm—the jump through the dragon gate!



In China.

A six-winged white crane grasped a phone with the GPS activated with one leg, and a cosmos bag with the other.

"According to the address fellow daoist Yellow Mountain gave me, Fairy Lychee's immortal cave should be here." The six-winged white crane descended to the ground, landing before an immortal cave covered in old vines.

It was a place that mortals were unable to find. Only cultivators could possibly come here.

After descending to the ground, the white crane assumed the appearance of an angel. This crane was precisely our True Monarch White Crane who was currently delivering the boxes for Senior White.

True Monarch White Crane arrived in front of the immortal cave and started to rhythmically knock on the door, just like True Monarch Yellow Mountain told it to.

Soon after, Fairy Lychee's pleasing voice echoed from the inside. "Which fellow daoist is it?"

"Fairy Lychee? It's me, White Crane! I'm an old friend of True Monarch Yellow Mountain, and I've come here to deliver a package!" True Monarch White Crane called out and said...

Chapter 355: One step away!

"A package?" Fairy Lychee had a confused expression on her face. Recently, she hadn't bought any treasure or another article from the 'cultivators' marketplace'. As for the things bought in the world of mortals, they would be delivered to her residence in a small town 50 km away from here. She entrusted another person to accept the deliveries in her stead.

Although confused, Fairy Lychee still went to the door to receive the package.

After opening the door, she saw a six-winged angel with a face shrouded in holy light.

As soon as she saw White Crane, she got the impulsion to throw a Lightning Palm in its face—Fairy Lychee had a very bad relationship with western aboriginal deities. When the two parties met, they would immediately start fighting.

"So, you're Fairy Lychee. Senior White asked me to deliver you this gift. Please accept it." True Monarch White Crane took out an exquisite wooden box with the words 'Fairy Lychee' written on it.

"Senior White?" Fairy Lychee received the wooden box, her confusion even greater. After hearing 'Senior White', the first person she recalled to mind was the most handsome person in the Nine Provinces Number One Group, Venerable White.

However, why would Venerable White suddenly send her a gift?

"Right, Senior White said that there is a seal on the wooden box, and it will untie itself five days later. Wait, it should be four days now! The seal would untie itself in four days, and you'll be able to enjoy the super big surprise inside the box!" True Monarch White Crane explained.

Fairy Lychee blinked a few times. "The seal will untie itself in four days? And there is a super big surprise inside?"

"Yes! A super big surprise!" True Monarch White Crane faintly smiled and said, "Fairy Lychee, I need to deliver the gifts to the other fellow daoists in the group too. See you!"

After saying this much, it looked inside its cosmos bag. There was still a big pile of undelivered gifts inside.

Most of the fellow daoists in the Nine Provinces Number One Group lived in secluded places, and some of them had their immortal caves in independent secret realms. Therefore, it was quite the task to deliver the gifts in time. Being a courier wasn't easy these days!

"You have to deliver gifts to other fellow daoists too?" Fairy Lychee tilted her head and asked, "Are you saying that Venerable White prepared gifts for several fellow daoists in the group?"

"Yes! Many fellow daoists got their share, myself included. It's such a joyous occasion," True Monarch White Crane said with a satisfied face while pointing at the box hanging around its waist.

After seeing the gift hanging around White Crane's waist, Fairy Lychee quietly nodded—it seemed that Senior White had decided to send gifts to the fellow daoists he was familiar with after coming out of secluded meditation.

In the past, there had been other cases where seniors sent gifts to their juniors after coming out of secluded meditation. It wasn't any different than an elderly person giving money to kids on New Year.

Next, True Monarch White Crane cupped its hand and said, "Fairy Lychee, I'll take my leave now. I still have many gifts to deliver!"

"Fellow Daoist White Crane, I wish you a safe trip!" Fairy Lychee also cupped her hands and gazed at the leaving True Monarch White Crane.



After it disappeared on the horizon, she took her phone and went

into the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

After two days of unrestrained flooding, the fellow daoists in the group had somewhat calmed down and weren't spamming Senior White's emotes as much as before.

But although the spam had decreased, emotes would frequently pop out during conversations.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "Now then, the 'flying sword competition' is about to start, isn't it? :senior_white_smile:"

Northern River was still using the :senior_white_look_down: emote as his profile picture.

This picture gave him a really good feeling while chatting with Immortal Master Copper Trigram—too bad that Copper Trigram was also using the same profile picture. While chatting, they would continuously feel as though the opposite party was looking down on them. After a while, the atmosphere would tense up, making him wish that he could beat Copper Trigram to death without waiting for the battle at the summit of the forbidden city.

Moreover, it seemed that Copper Trigram was busy acting as a matchmaker for True Monarch Yellow Mountain's subordinate, 'Heaven Shrouding Hook' Zhou Li. Although fortune telling and matchmaking were closely related since ancient times... this shady fortune teller was giving everyone a bad feeling! He wasn't going to ruin everything, was he?

Just as he was in deep thought, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber sent a message. "Is there any fellow daoist in the group that wants to participate in the flying sword competition for some extra fun?"

In the group chat, there were fellow daoists of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Stages. Therefore, there was always someone that would participate in the three categories of the flying sword competition.

And although it was called 'flying sword competition', there were no restrictions on the weapons you could ride.

Sabers, rods... even hammers were fine. As long as you were fast enough and using something akin to a sword controlling technique, you could participate in the competition.

Cave Lord Snow Wolf: "There should be many fellow daoists participating. Unfortunately, I'm busy with work lately, and I won't be able to join in the fun."

Fairy Lychee scrolled through the chat logs and wrote, "I'll participate. This time, I'll participate in the 'sword flight competition' reserved for people of the Sixth Stage Realm and compare my speed with the seniors!"

"In the 'sword flight competition' for people of the Sixth Stage Realm? 🤔" Northern River's Loose Cultivator opened his eyes wide and wrote, "Fairy Lychee, when did you exactly break through the Sixth Stage Realm? :senior_white_surprised:"

How come there wasn't any sound or other trace of the heavenly tribulation in the sky if she broke through from the Fifth to the Sixth Stage? Fairy Lychee had clearly the same cultivation realm as him before!

Fairy Lychee replied, "After I went to the West to kill that aboriginal deity, I got a sudden enlightenment while in its special dimension and broke through in there. Since I spent quite some time abroad, I continuously stayed in secluded meditation after returning to China in order to consolidate my realm. :senior_white_shy:"

"..." Northern River's Loose Cultivator.

"Right, I almost forgot. I came here for another matter." Fairy Lychee took a photo of the wooden box Venerable White sent and uploaded it in the group chat.

"True Monarch White Crane just delivered this gift from Venerable White. This gift is quite mysterious, and it seems it will open only after four days. Venerable White said that there is a

surprise inside. What gift do you think it is? And is there any other fellow daoist that received it?" Fairy Lychee asked.

Cave Lord Snow Wolf: "Oh, Fairy Lychee also received that gift. I got one as well."

True Monarch Fallout: "I also got the gift... and the seal on my gift will also disappear in four days."

Fairy Dongfang Six: "Same here!"

Great Master Profound Principle: "👍"

Additionally, the number of people that were receiving gifts was continuously increasing.

"So many fellow daoists received a similar gift?" Fairy Lychee felt relieved. It seemed that Senior White was giving gifts to everyone; there seemed to be no other meaning behind it.

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In the meantime, on a lone island in the East China Sea.

Yu Jiaojiao emitted a long dragon cry. At this time, blood was dripping from all over her body, and there were tens of wounds on her body that had reached the bones.

Currently, she was only one meter away from the dragon gate!

It was a distance she could cover with one step. After taking this step forward, she would be able to pass through the dragon gate and assume a half-human and half-fish form!

Chapter 356: A beautiful reverse mermaid!

Below the 'shapeshifting dragon gate', the spectating Song Shuhang was extremely anxious—based on his experience, whenever one was the closest to success, it would also be the most dangerous and difficult position to be in. Regardless of whether it was a movie, a novel, a television series, or even a game, the last step would be the most dangerous hurdle.

Perhaps when Yu Jiaojiao was about to step into the 'dragon gate', the two dragons that formed the dragon gate would suddenly attack her? Or perhaps some heavenly tribulation attack would suddenly appear within the dragon gate and send Yu Jiaojiao flying back to the starting point?

'Keep going, you must hang in there!' Song Shuhang was extremely anxious, but he did not dare to make any sound for fear of distracting Yu Jiaojiao. If Yu Jiaojiao were to return to the starting point, she would have to start all over again. Wouldn't the pain he went through via the shared senses be for nothing?

Below the dragon gate, Yu Jiaojiao let out a cry once again. In the next moment, her right claws aimed at the dragon gate, seizing it! At the same time, she used her last ounce of strength to push her enormous body and shot into the dragon gate like an arrow.

Water splashed.

Succeeded? Yu Jiaojiao successfully jumped through the dragon gate!

Below, Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide and stared at the dragon gate; he was still afraid to make any sound.

About three seconds later, the water gushing out of the dragon gate suddenly stopped! In the next moment, 'pow pow pow...', the sound of crackling lightning was heard. Lightning-like light exploded from the bodies of the two dragons forming the dragon

gate.

A moment later, it was as though a petrification spell was cast on their bodies—starting from their heads, they completely turned into stone. During the process, all their energy was channeled into the gate, and then into Yu Jiaojiao's body, who was at the other end of the dragon gate.

Song Shuhang finally heaved a sigh of relief. From the looks of it, she had successfully jumped through the shapeshifting dragon gate!

In the air, Venerable White smiled and lightly tapped on the petrified dragon gate. The dragon gate broke into fragments and fell from the sky.

Yu Jiaojiao, who was supposedly on the other part of the gate, was nowhere to be seen.

"Eh? Senior White, where's Yu Jiaojiao?" Song Shuhang was puzzled.

"Don't be anxious." After saying this much, he snapped his finger once again.

Thereafter, with Venerable White at the center, a small desert started expanding, engulfing Song Shuhang within it.

It was the illusory reality!



After stepping into the familiar desert once more, Song Shuhang raised his head and looked around in an attempt to find Yu Jiaojiao.

"Over there, do you see it?" Venerable White pointed toward a certain place in the desert.

Song Shuhang immediately turned his head to look at where Venerable White was pointing at.

Thereafter, he saw it—there was a figure standing over there,

beautiful yet still.

That figure had two fair jade-like legs—albeit not as slender as that of Soft Feather's, that pair of legs had the same luster as pearls and were perfect in their own way. Above those legs was a short skirt that was made of fish scales, completely covering those parts of her body that should be covered.

After seeing this much... Song Shuhang did not have the heart to continue looking upward.

After monster fishes jumped through the shapeshifting dragon gate, they would be able to transform into a half-fish and half-human form... when talking about half-human and half-fish, people would immediately think of the legendary and beautiful mermaids. The top half of their body was that of an incomparably beautiful woman, and the lower half would be a lovely and colorful tail...

If Yu Jiaojiao had a pair of fair, flawless jade-like legs... as for how the top half of her body looked like, there was no need for guesses.

Shuhang's gaze continued to shift upwards. Indeed, Yu Jiaojiao's upper body was that of a pink fish that would look very adorable if reduced in size.

There was still a pair of sharp claws on the side of her fish body.

Just by looking only at her lower body, it was very beautiful. Her upper body, on the other hand, was very adorable. But when both were combined together... it would have a forceful impact on one's eyes.

As it turned out... a half-fish and half-human form did not necessarily have to be in the form of a 'mermaid', being a 'reverse mermaid' was also possible! Such being the case, was it possible that there were cases where the left side of the body was that of a fish and the right side that of a human?

Song Shuhang looked at Yu Jiaojiao worryingly—if her current form looked different from what she expected, would she be traumatized?



Yu Jiaojiao seemed somewhat stunned. She reached out with her claws and looked at them before bending her body and seeing her legs, not uttering a word.

Something seemed amiss; it looked different from the 'human-fish hybrid' she had in mind.

As she was thinking, she heard the sound of footsteps coming from behind her. She turned around and saw Venerable White and Song Shuhang.

"Senior White, did I successfully jump through shapeshifting dragon gate? Or was it a fail?" Yu Jiaojiao asked in puzzlement.

"You succeeded. Your current physical form is undoubtedly that of 'half-fish and half-human'," Venerable White replied assuringly. "If your current physical form is different from what you thought it'd be, don't worry. After you get to the Fifth Stage Realm and condense your Monster Core, your transformation would be complete."

"Ooh, I succeeded? Haha, I got scared for a moment!" Yu Jiaojiao laughed, her mood lightened up.

Afterward, she took a few steps in the desert using her legs. Using her legs to walk instead of four claws to crawl made her very happy.

After taking a few steps, Yu Jiaojiao happily waved at Song Shuhang and said, "Song Shuhang, quickly come over. Didn't you say you wanted to take a picture with me? Why don't we take one in the desert now!"

Seeing how Yu Jiaojiao did not look traumatized due to her physical appearance and state, Song Shuhang secretly heaved a

sigh of relief.

It made sense as well... after all, Yu Jiaojiao did not belong to the human race, so her perception of beauty would be different, too. Perhaps to her, she looked extremely beautiful right now, just like a flower.

"Alright!" Song Shuhang took out his phone. Even though there was no signal, there wasn't a problem with taking a picture. At the same time, he was thankful that he'd learned the battery charging technique.

It was because of this little spell that his mobile phone could work for several days without being switched off.

However, just as Song Shuhang took two steps forward with his phone in hand, his body suddenly stiffened. While running, he realized that the qi and blood energy inside his five apertures was crazily revolving, finally rushing to his lower abdomen.

Even the ghost spirit within his body was constantly channeling the extra 'qi and blood energy' into Song Shuhang's Heart Aperture, and then channeling it into his lower abdomen via the Heart Aperture.

Such a feeling was akin to downing a hot boiling drink when one was thirsty during the cold winter. The heat was felt all the way to his abdomen area.

Song Shuhang remained frozen in place, not budging a single bit. He called out to Senior White, "Senior White, I feel that my condition right now is somewhat weird."

"Don't worry, there isn't anything weird or strange." Venerable White turned around and smiled. "Congratulations on overcoming the bottleneck of the First Stage, the 'dragon gate'... and in a while, I can start calling you Second Stage True Master Song Shuhang."

Chapter 357: Where's the pause button?

Upon hearing Venerable White's words and realizing that there was nothing wrong with his body, Song Shuhang sighed out of relief in his heart. At the same time, he had a dream-like fantasy feeling in his heart.

Second Stage True Master Realm? I am about to enter the Second Stage Realm???

The qi and blood in all five apertures within his body combined into one, opening up his dantian while turning into true qi. He was becoming a Second Stage True Master—the first enemy in Song Shuhang's memory, 'Altar Master', was precisely a Second Stage True Master.

At that time, Song Shuhang could still remember distinctly that even though Altar Master was severely poisoned by Medicine Master, when the western monk, a First Stage Dragon Gate Realm, fought against Altar Master, he was unable to put up a fight against him. With a light strike from Altar Master's palm, where true qi was gathered and concentrated, all of the western monk's defenses were shattered, forcing the western monk to flee within the train.

Even though Song Shuhang had the talisman treasure given to him by Senior Seven Lives Talisman in his possession, he still had to use two 'sword talismans' as well as one evil-warding talisman to fight the Altar Master. The difference between a first and a second stage cultivator was that big.

Now, he was actually about to step into the Second Stage Realm?

As he was thinking, the qi and blood energy within Song Shuhang's five apertures continuously flowed to his lower abdomen and forcefully filled up the embryonic form of the 'dantian'. Afterward, he just had to wait for the rest of his qi and blood to flow into his dantian and change from illusory to real, becoming true qi. Then, Song Shuhang would have officially

stepped into the Second Stage True Master Realm!

There wasn't any heavenly tribulation when a cultivator got promoted from the First Stage Realm to the Second Stage Realm.

Or rather, when the qi and blood energy within the five apertures transformed into a dragon gate, that was the 'heavenly tribulation'.

And after the First Stage, every time a cultivator increased his rank to the next stage, he would undergo a different kind of heavenly tribulation based on his personal attributes. It was not only a test for him but also a training for the cultivator's body. The power accumulated by undergoing a heavenly tribulation was a good helping hand to bring the cultivator to a higher realm.

Just as Song Shuhang was immersed in the feeling of promotion to the next realm, Venerable White, who was next to him, said, "Shuhang, before you completely promote to Second Stage True Master, do you want to consider pausing the promotion, slightly delaying the process?"

"Delaying the process?" Song Shuhang looked puzzledly at Senior White. But deep in his heart, he knew that if Senior White suggested that, it was definitely good for him. Hence, he asked, "Senior White, could it be that my process of being promoted to the next realm is too fast, and my will is not too firm yet? And since my mental state is not ready for the next realm, I need more time to train my mental state for a while more before getting promoted to the Second Stage?"

"..." Venerable White.

A moment later, Venerable White didn't know whether to laugh or cry as he said, "Shuhang... xianxia novels, movies, and whatnot are fun to watch and laugh about. But, don't take the contents for real."

"..." Song Shuhang.

"Pfff~" Yu Jiaojiao who was observing broke out in a melodious laughter. If the upper half of her body could be transformed into a human body, her laughter would definitely be a 100 times cuter.

"Cough." Venerable White coughed and explained, "Previously, didn't I mention to you the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect's lost technique, the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique>?"

Song Shuhang's eyes immediately lit up. "The technique that could create a pseudo innate true qi even after missing the best time for cultivation practice?"

Venerable White smiled slightly and nodded. "Shuhang, you have already missed the best age for cultivation practice and lost the 'innate true qi' from your mother's body. In the future, before you get promoted to the Fourth Stage Innate Realm, your speed would be much slower compared to other cultivators who have that innate true qi, and you would also have to consume a lot more resources. But if there were a way for you to gather that pseudo innate true qi, the difference between you and those cultivators with the innate true qi would decrease greatly. Sharpening your axe will not delay your job of cutting wood, what is your choice?"

"I choose to wait!" Song Shuhang called out without hesitating—only a fool would yearn for short-term pleasure; one ought to plan long-term. "However, Senior White, I don't know how to pause the process of promoting to the Second Stage, where's the pause button?"

"Don't be anxious." Venerable laughed. "And you don't have to worry, within ten days at most, I'd be able to bring the lost technique of 'Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect' to you. You won't have to wait for too long."

Venerable White was full of confidence. From the looks of it, it seemed as though he'd already made some progress with regards to the 'Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect's technique'? This was the formidable power of a Seventh Stage Venerable!

Yu Jiaojiao looked at Song Shuhang and secretly came to the conclusion that his luck was quite good—this was one of the pros of having good relations with a Venerable.

"Almost there." As he was speaking, Venerable White reached out with his palm and a layer of dark earth-type aura appeared on it. Thereafter, Venerable White struck Song Shuhang's abdomen with his palm.

In the next moment, the link between the qi and bloody energy within Song Shuhang's five apertures and the embryonic dantian was cut off. The process of his promotion to the Second Stage was forcefully cut off by Venerable White. But such a sealing technique was very special—even though he cut off his promotion to the next rank, it did not inflict any harm on Song Shuhang's body.

Eh, is this the 'Qi Storage Expanding Technique? Yu Jiaojiao thought as she saw Venerable White executing the hand technique.

The hand technique that Venerable White chose to pause Song Shuhang's promotion process with was the 'Qi Storage Expanding Technique' that cultivator sects used on extraordinarily gifted core disciples when they got promoted to the Second Stage.

They made use of the special technique to pause the process of being promoted to the Second Stage. Then... before the seal of the 'Qi Storage Expanding Technique' disappeared, the disciples would take advantage of it to fill up their five apertures with qi and blood again.

When the seal of the technique disappeared, the disciples would be able to channel the new qi and blood energy within their five apertures to the embryonic dantian once again.

In this way, the disciples affected by 'Qi Storage Expanding Technique' would have a newborn capacity in their dantian that was much bigger than that of the disciples who got promoted in one go.

Unfortunately, the sealing technique could only be used once. This was because when the second batch of qi and blood energy was channeled into the dantian, it would directly start transforming into true qi, completing the promotion.

Nevertheless... before the 'Qi Storage Expanding Technique' was executed, it seemed to required one day of preparation. That was also to say that Venerable White had probably already prepared the seal of 'Qi Storage Expanding Technique' way in advance, waiting for the moment when Song Shuhang got promoted to apply it.

Isn't he treating Song Shuhang too well?

Is he Senior Venerable White's direct disciple? Is that why he's treating him so well? The Qi Storage Expanding Technique and the pseudo innate true qi... could it be that he is his descendant?

Just as Yu Jiaojiao was letting her imagination run wild, Venerable White lightly snapped his finger. The illusory reality dissipated.

The three of them were back on the barren island.



After the three of them returned to the island, Doudou turned around and looked at them. Thereafter, he saw Yu Jiaojiao's half-fish and half-human body and became speechless.

Doudou silently turned his head around... Doudou had two aesthetic point of views—that of a human, and that of a dog's.

But regardless of which aesthetic point of view he used, Yu Jiaojiao was not even close to the 'beautiful mermaid' he had in mind.

Is this the legendary half-fish and half-human? My fantasies are crumbling.

Next to Doudou was the small monk, who was sternly glaring at

Wolf One and the gang. He was afraid of them getting away. He was earnestly carrying out the task handed to him by Venerable White.

And next to Guoguo, there was a short-haired woman. She was very petite, and a red light would often flash in her beautiful eyes. Even though she was petite, she had the loftiness of a tiger patrolling the mountains and forests.

"Eh? Miss Riverly Purple Mist?" Song Shuhang called out the moment he saw her.

She was Medicine Master's disciple, Miss Riverly Purple Mist—even though she had always wanted to become Medicine Master's wife.

Similarly, Riverly Purple Mist looked at Song Shuhang and at first, her small face tensed up... but when her gaze fell on Song Shuhang's smooth and shiny head, she couldn't stifle her laughter.

"Puhahaha~ Shuhang, you became a monk?" Riverly Purple Mist couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"I did not become a monk!" Song Shuhang shouted. "It was because of a certain reason that I ended up changing to a more refreshing hairstyle!"

"Yeah, this hairstyle is not bad. Especially in the hot summer." Riverly Purple Mist covered her mouth, and her red eyes blinked... perhaps when she went back, she could shave Medicine Master's head bald, too? When Medicine Master became a monk, the chances of other female cultivators developing an interest in him would be lower. Right, she could also change his daily clothes to a monk's robes, eliminating the other female cultivators' interest in him.

Song Shuhang had completely no idea what Riverly Purple Mist was thinking when she was looking at him. He asked, "Miss Purple Mist, why did you come here?"

"I'm here to give the girl from the Chu Family some new medication for her injuries. Let me give it to you, the new medication has a manual inside. Even though it can't speed up her recovery, it can ensure no hidden injuries remain. Also, before I head back, I was thinking of taking the test subjects Medicine Master requires—according to Senior White, because of some reason, fellow daoist Copper Trigram wanted to act as a matchmaker. Hence the task of bringing back the test subjects was passed to me." Riverly Purple Mist wore a beautiful smile on her face.

As she was talking, she thought of the text message Medicine Master received.

Venerable White: Medicine Master, fellow daoist Copper Trigram disappeared with a 'pew~', send someone else to collect the test subjects.

Medicine Master: Roger that!

Speaking of which, Riverly Purple Mist was rather curious what that 'pew~' meant.

Song Shuhang reached out with his hand and took the new medication.

"Oh right, before you use the new medication, you got to activate the medicinal property. Just look for any male cultivator and get him to put a few drops of blood to activate it," Riverly Purple Mist casually instructed him.

Male cultivator's blood?

Song Shuhang looked at the small monk but immediately shook his head. The small monk was still very young, how could he make him use his blood?

Thereafter, he looked at Wolf One and the rest who were laying on the ground.

Yeah, a big source of blood. I can just get a random member of

that bunch and take a few drops of blood, I guess? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"Shuhang, draw a few drops of your blood." At this time, Venerable White said, "There is a problem with the bodies of those guys on the ground, do not use their blood."

Chapter 358: A wonderful dream

There is something wrong with the bodies of these guys? Is it possible that they are not normal human beings?

"Right! I forgot that I could use my blood too," Song Shuhang said as he patted his forehead. Eyes could easily see others, but they would often fail to see oneself.

After saying this much, he said to Riverly Purple Mist, "In that case, can you apply the medicine to Miss Chu Chu while I drip some blood on the materials to active their medicinal properties?"

"Sure." Riverly Purple Mist nodded. After all, it wasn't that much of an effort.

Venerable White added, "I need to mark the bodies of these test subjects. After she's done treating Miss Chu Chu, fellow daoist Purple Mist can bring them away."

If one wanted to obtain the lost technique of the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect, they needed to start from the bodies of these test subjects. Venerable White already had a plan.

"Sure." Riverly Purple Mist nodded.

...The number of test subjects had increased all of a sudden. Luckily, she brought a flight-type treasure along that would allow her to bring them back in one go!



Inside the tent, Chu Chu was gazing at the ceiling in a daze.

Earlier, Song Shuhang assured her that he would mention the matter about the Grievance Settling Platform to Venerable White. With his help, the Chu Family would be able to stay alive even if they were to lose the battle on the platform.

It was a pity that she couldn't help with the battle. If she had the strength, she would have crawled up from this bed and gone there

—dying in battle was way better than staying here and helplessly lying on the bed!

Just as her imagination was running wild, the tent opened and two figures stepped inside.

One was Song Shuhang—his shining bald head was very eye-catching amidst the sunlight.

The other was a petite girl. Her short purple hair and the red light flickering in her eyes made her resemble a demonic spirit.

Song Shuhang faintly smiled and said to Chu Chu, "Miss Chu Chu, we've come to apply the new medicine."

"New medicine?" Chu Chu gazed in puzzlement at Shuhang, and her eyes lit up a moment later. "Can this new medicine allow me to recover at a faster pace?"

Song Shuhang forced a smile and comforted her, "It won't let you recover at a faster pace, but it will eradicate potential hidden injuries that might otherwise remain. Anyway, you don't have to worry. The battle between the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School will not go as badly as you think. Don't lose hope." After all, Soft Feather was there!

Chu Chu forced a smile and said, "Sorry, I was being impatient."

Riverly Purple Mist shot a glance at Chu Chu and said, "Tsk, these injuries are quite serious. Even worse than what Medicine Master said."

"Shuhang, quickly drip some blood here. My time is limited," Riverly Purple Mist said as she unwrapped the new medicinal paste—she wanted to return to Medicine Master's side as soon as possible!

"Sure," Song Shuhang said as he extended his arm. Then, he grabbed Broken Tyrant and made a cut on his wrist; he looked very valiant while doing so!

It was strange though. He should have felt nervous since it was his first time doing something of the sort, and yet, he made the cut skillfully and without hesitation. Had he already done something like this earlier?

After his wrist was cut, blood spurted out, falling on the medicinal paste in Purple Mist's hands.

When the blood of the male cultivator came in contact with the medicinal paste, there was a sudden change. The originally dark-colored paste became deep-red, and bubble-like things appeared on its surface. It seemed as though the whole paste had started to boil.

"Miss Purple Mist, is it enough?" Song Shuhang asked.

Riverly Purple Mist nodded and said, "It's enough."

"In that case, can you stop the bleeding?" Song Shuhang asked. He felt that he cut too deeply, blood was quickly gushing out.

Riverly Purple Mist blinked a few times. "I have no idea how to stop a bleeding."

"What?" Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide... Aren't you Medicine Master's disciple? How come you don't know how to stop a bleeding?

As though she had realized what Song Shuhang was thinking, she said innocently, "I just recently switched to this profession! Moreover, I'm Medicine Master's disciple in name only. If we compare our cultivation realms, I'm slightly stronger than him."

Song Shuhang had tears streaming down his face. He covered his wrist and ran out of the tent, heading toward Venerable White as he shouted, "Senior White, save me~"

"..." Chu Chu who was lying on the bed.

Riverly Purple Mist shrugged. "And here I was wondering why he cut his wrist so deeply. I even thought that it was to act cool in front of a sick beauty."

After saying this much, Purple Mist raised the quilt and looked at Chu Chu's chest. "Heh, it's completely flat."

The corner of Chu Chu's mouth twitched.

Purple Mist started to treat the injury on Chu Chu's chest. She quickly removed the old paste and started to apply the new one. Although she had become Medicine Master's disciple not too long ago, she could easily do something as simple as applying a medicinal paste.

After the new medicine was applied, Chu Chu opened her eyes wide. A hot feeling spread from her chest, and soon after, she felt a piercing pain—so painful that even her eyes turned red! She could only emit a pigeon-like cooing sound.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you that the new medicinal paste would cause some pain. Endure, endure!" Riverly Purple Mist heartily laughed and even carefully covered Chu Chu with the quilt.

Chu Chu clenched her teeth. What's the point of saying it now! I already know it!

Riverly Purple Mist smiled and added, "If it's fate, we'll meet again. I have other matters to attend to and I can't accompany you any longer. If you need someone to comfort you, I can call little friend Song Shuhang and the two of you can have a heart-to-heart talk."

Little friend Song Shuhang was after all a good person, and like every good person, he had the innate talent to comfort young girls. After he had comforted the heartbroken girl, he would be conveniently added to the friend zone.

Chu Chu gasped for breath and slowly shook her head.

"In that case, rest well and try to recover from your injury. No need to overthink stuff. Things will work out by themselves. If you don't have the strength to change some things, you should let them take their own course." Before leaving, Purple Mist consoled Chu

Chu a bit and stretched.

Chu Chu resisted the pain with much difficulty and heaved a sigh. "Things will work out by themselves, huh...? But wouldn't things have changed a bit if I had participated in the battle? Now, I can't even do that..."



Riverly Purple Mist summoned a huge rosy cloud and put Wolf One and company on it, leaving the island.

This rosy cloud was a flight-type treasure. Although its speed couldn't be compared to that of a flying sword, its cargo capacity was much greater. One was like a racing car, the other like a big bus.

After Riverly Purple Mist left, Venerable White and the others didn't leave the small island immediately. For some unknown reason, Senior White decided to spend some more time there.

Night approached, and the moon and the stars shone brightly in the sky.

Since Venerable White decided against leaving the island, Song Shuhang and others could only pass the night there.

After saying goodnight to Doudou, Senior White, and Guoguo, Song Shuhang returned to his tent. Perhaps because he had experienced too many things today, exhaustion got him as soon as he lay on the bed. He quickly fell asleep.



After he closed his eyes and fell asleep... he made a strange dream.

In the dream, he had changed into a cute and adorable little girl and was standing in the middle of the room all by himself. The room was decorated with simple things, but if you were to look carefully, you would notice that these things were somewhat old.

For example, the TV was as big as a cupboard and had a black and white screen; it was currently broadcasting a stupid advertisement.

After experiencing it a few times, Song Shuhang was already used to it. As soon as he saw this lifelike dream, he knew that he had carelessly entered another dreamland and was going to experience someone else's life experiences.

Although he didn't know why he kept dreaming about other people's life experiences, he had gotten used to it by now.

Now then, after experiencing Altar Master, Li Tiansu, and Lady Onion's lives, whose life would he experience next?

Did someone curse him lately? Or did something happen on the mysterious island?

Just as he was in deep thoughts, the gentle voice of a woman echoed in his ear, "Chu Chu, it's getting late. It's time to rest."

"Teacher's wife, I just finished practicing. I'll go to sleep after I watch the TV a little." In the dream, Song Shuhang replied with the lovely voice of a little girl.

Chu Chu?

Chu Chu from the Chu Family? Does it mean that I changed into the flattened Miss Chu Chu from the nearby tent?

Why am I dreaming about her life?

I dreamt of Altar Master's experiences because he 'cursed' me...

I dreamt of Li Tiansu because the ghost spirit swallowed some of his energy and also due to the ancient bronze ring.

I dreamt of Lady Onion because I ate her green onion shoot.

But why am I dreaming of Miss Chu Chu? I don't think we have such a close relationship... and I didn't receive any 'gift' from her either.

Forget it... regardless of the reason, I'm already in her dreamland.

Then, what will I experience this time?

"Take a good rest. Tomorrow, you'll start practicing the 'sword technique' handed down in our family. You must be in good condition," the woman said with a smile.

I'm going to practice the sword technique? The same sword technique that the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School are fighting over?

And Chu Chu will start practicing it tomorrow?

"Teacher's wife, I understand. I'll try to be in my best condition. I'll surely learn the sword technique and bring glory to our Chu Family!" the small Chu Chu said full of confidence as she clenched her fists.

"Ahaha, I believe you." The woman with a gentle voice patted Chu Chu's head. Chu Chu was the most outstanding disciple of the family in the last 200 years. Perhaps the family would really flourish under her leadership.

"However, let me watch some TV first. Otherwise, I won't be able to sleep in peace." Chu Chu acted like a spoiled child.

The teacher's wife didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She patted Chu Chu and said, "Sure. But you aren't allowed to watch for too long... go to sleep soon. If it affects your practice tomorrow, I'm sure your teacher will directly throw the TV away."

"I understand. I'll pay attention to my condition." Chu Chu made a fist.

Although I know that it's just a dream, being in the body of a little girl and using that cute voice to speak is rather creepy! Song Shuhang thought to himself.

In the dream, the teacher's wife seemed to have a lot of faith in

Chu Chu. After that last warning, she left Chu Chu alone in the room, not fearing that she would be mesmerized by the TV program.

The screen of the TV was somewhat dim, and the small Chu Chu was watching attentively.

Half an hour later, the TV program ended. Chu Chu switched the TV off and climbed onto the bed, quickly falling asleep.

Sleeping inside a dream...

That was a rather peculiar feeling.



In the dream, the next day.

Chu Chu got up very early in the morning and meditated to strengthen her mental energy. Afterward, she started to practice a small fist technique in the middle of her room, moving her body around and activating her qi and blood energy.

Next, her teacher's wife came over and spoiled her with a very rich breakfast.

Soon after, a man with a dignified face arrived in front of the small Chu Chu. He explained to her some matters with a serious look on his face.

This portion of the dream was all in fast-forward mode.

Unlike Lady Onion's hellish dream where he stayed as a green onion for years, Chu Chu's dream seemed rather succinct. All the daily routine matters were quickly skipped... This is how these dreams should be! More content and less fillers!

Otherwise, wouldn't it be embarrassing if he had to continuously eat, drink, pee, and poop while in Chu Chu's body?

As the story went forward, Song Shuhang saw the scene change.

Finally, the dignified middle-aged man brought the small Chu

Chu to a tightly guarded basement.

"Chu Chu, this room contains the greatest secret of our Chu Family—inside lies a mysterious sword technique! The origin of this sword technique is very mysterious, and even we of the Chu Family don't know its real name. Its power is incredible, and according to the senior member of the Chu Family that obtained it, it's a sword technique that can allow you to reach even the Fifth Stage Golden Core Realm! Once you enter the room, make sure to calm yourself and carefully comprehend the technique. As for how much of the technique you'll be able to comprehend, it depends on your ability. Chu Chu, go inside," the dignified man said in a grave tone.

He didn't bother to tell Chu Chu about the details of the sword technique because there was no point to it. This sword technique wasn't like those ordinary techniques that were passed down in written form!

Chu Chu silently nodded and entered the secret room.

Inside the secret room, two golden crystals were emitting light and illuminating the whole room.

After entering the room, she took a look around. Inside were only four huge canvases that were hung on the walls.

On the canvases, a green-robed cultivator was standing with his hands crossed behind the back and a short blue-colored sword on the back of his hand. Although he was only standing still, he was emitting the aura of a noble person; he was surely someone out of the ordinary.

"What...?" After seeing the man in the painting, Song Shuhang was stunned for a long time.

A green daoist robe and a short blue sword...

And also that familiar look.

If he wasn't mistaken... the person in the painting should be

surname Li and named Tiansu. A loose cultivator of the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor Realm. Song Shuhang remembered that he also had a seriously ill daughter.

Chapter 359: Shuhang, how about becoming a girl?

The sword technique of the loose cultivator Li Tiansu... a technique that could allow the owner to reach the Fifth Stage Golden Core Realm; in other words, a technique of the Fifth Stage! Song Shuhang recalled the sword technique that Scarlet Heaven taught Li Tiansu before leaving.

When he entered Li Tiansu's dreamland back then, Song Shuhang experienced firsthand his childhood where he was affected by a strange disease until the days where he became Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven's disciple. Finally, he experienced the entire process of him obtaining fortuitous encounters during his life, too.

From what he remembered, Scarlet Heaven had indeed taught Li Tiansu a sword technique that would allow him to reach the Fifth Stage and condense a Golden Core.

Song Shuhang had seen the process of Scarlet Heaven passing down the technique with his very own eyes.

It was unfortunate that while he was playing Li Tiansu's role and listening to Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven pass down the technique, the memory was fragmented and confused, and some important bits were even skipped.

As if that wasn't enough, when Scarlet Heaven passed down the sword technique, he used a language that Song Shuhang couldn't understand.

In regards to the sword technique, Song Shuhang remembered only a few moves and nothing else.

"So, the sword technique concealed inside the paintings is the same sword technique that Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven taught Li Tiansu?" Song Shuhang guessed.

Just as he was in deep thoughts, the little Chu Chu sat cross-

legged in the middle of the room. Afterward, she carefully gazed at the four huge canvases and tried to comprehend their contents.

The four paintings depicted Li Tiansu in four different poses.

Will one obtain an excellent sword technique if they were to connect the four paintings and look at the complete picture? No, it should be only a disguise. There must be something else hidden in the four pictures that would help one 'comprehend' the sword technique.

Song Shuhang attentively followed Chu Chu's gaze and stared at the canvases—perhaps because his comprehension skills were too low, aside from seeing Li Tiansu's cool poses, he didn't notice anything particularly mysterious in the paintings.

Did the disciple of the Chu Family really comprehend the sword technique from these four canvases?

It seems you need pretty high comprehension skills to learn this technique!

Song Shuhang faintly sighed. Even after linking the four pictures to the incomplete memory fragments where Scarlet Heaven was passing down the sword technique, he wasn't able to get any clue.

Are my comprehension skills so low?

In other words, since it was impossible for me to learn the sword technique, Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven didn't bother with it and taught me the Flaming Saber Technique directly?

Does it mean that I won't have the opportunity to use the sword for my whole life? Was I born to pick up a saber and slash people with it?

Song Shuhang's imagination started to run wild.



Now then, if the sword technique concealed in the canvases really belongs to Li Tiansu, why did it end up in this place?

Song Shuhang recalled Soft Feather's words as she told him about the enmity between the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School. According to what she said, the Chu Family obtained this sword technique around a century ago.

After obtaining the sword technique, all the disciples of the Chu Family started to practice it secretly without leaking any info to the outside world. Unfortunately, no secret could be kept forever. It was unknown how it happened, but the nearby Illusory Sword School got wind of the existence of the technique. Afterward, they got greedy and started to make things difficult for the Chu Family.

The problem is... a century ago, from whom or where did the Chu Family obtain the sword technique?

The loose cultivator Li Tiansu was alive and kicking not too long ago. It was only a month ago that he tragically crashed in front of Venerable White and me, passing away.

A hundred years ago, how did the Chu Family manage to obtain the sword technique from the hands of a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor? Or did Li Tiansu lose the technique back then and didn't bother retrieving it?

Song Shuhang tried to carefully recall Li Tiansu's life experiences in the dreamland, but no matter how hard he tried, he didn't find anything even remotely related to the Chu Family or these four canvases before his eyes.

It seemed that this part of the memory had been 'skipped'.



'Such being the case... is it possible that Senior Li Tiansu personally gave this sword technique to the Chu Family a hundred years ago?' Song Shuhang thought of another possibility.

...But this possibility was rather low. The Chu Family was just a mediocre small family, while Li Tiansu a dignified Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor. There was no reason for him to give such a

valuable technique to the Chu Family.

Hmm? Wait!

It might be possible. It was precisely a century ago that Li Tiansu's beloved daughter got very ill and he had to sell everything in his possession to keep her alive.

Perhaps that senior from the Chu Family had some treasure that Li Tiansu desperately needed, and he traded the treasure for the sword technique?

'No, it can't be.' Song Shuhang quickly denied the possibility. Given Li Tiansu's disposition, even if he were broke, he wouldn't casually give away the technique Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven passed down onto him.

Scarlet Heaven had an incredibly high status in Li Tiansu's heart... after experiencing his life, Song Shuhang was very clear about this point.

In that case, is this sword technique something Li Tiansu created personally? Or is it something he collected during his life?

From what Song Shuhang remembered, Li Tiansu had very good luck before his daughter fell ill. On his road to the Fifth Stage, he had gathered so many treasures that he was rich even by the standard of cultivators!



Just as Song Shuhang was in deep thoughts, Chu Chu suddenly stood up.

"I see, so that's the secret behind the sword technique!" the small Chu Chu said happily.

Did she comprehend the technique? So quickly? Miss Chu Chu's comprehension skills are heaven-defying! Song Shuhang was astonished. Compared to her, his comprehension skills were garbage.

"Well, my comprehension skills aren't that bad either," Song Shuhang said quietly. Whether it was the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>, the <True Self Meditation Scripture>, the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>, or the Lightning Palm, both Senior White and Medicine Master praised him for his comprehension skills. Apparently, he had mastered these techniques rather quickly.

...Were Senior White and Medicine Master just comforting me?

Or is there really no fate between me and the sword?



Inside the room, Chu Chu extracted the short sword she brought along and started to wildly dance in the middle of the room, executing the sword technique.

At a glance, the sword technique didn't seem too incredible.

It wasn't any different than other ordinary basic sword techniques.

But as the small Chu Chu was dancing faster and faster, the sword technique started to change gradually. It kept changing until it converged into four sword styles.

These sword styles were the same that Li Tiansu was displaying on the canvases. The original form of the sword technique was that of these four sword styles, but when unleashed, it would reach up to 108 stances.

"Riiip!" Finally, the small Chu Chu slashed toward the void with all her might.

The short sword emitted a faint sword cry.

"The sword of my life, appear," Chu Chu said in a low but firm voice. When she said these words, the cry of the short sword in her hand became even louder.

Song Shuhang could feel Chu Chu's blood and qi energy pouring

into the short sword, and as though the sword had accepted this energy, its sword light became even brighter and sharper.

At this time, Song Shuhang felt his own heart speed up.

It wasn't Chu Chu's heart that was speeding up... it was his own heart that started to beat crazily.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!"

His heart was beating so fast that it felt as though it was going to jump out of his chest.

Something inside his Heart Aperture was trying to break out.

It was the ghost spirit!

From its actions, it seemed it wanted to enter the dreamland and approach the small Chu Chu in the dream. The sword in her hands had aroused its interest.

It wasn't only Chu Chu; the ghost spirit wanted to approach those four pictures as well. Since their senses were interlinked, Song Shuhang could understand the intentions of the ghost spirit.



In the next moment, Song Shuhang opened his eyes. The dream had come to an end.

He looked outside the tent and saw through the cracks that the sky was still dark and full of stars. The moon and the stars were both shining brightly.

"It's still night?" Song Shuhang forced a smile and stretched his hand to feel his chest.

His heartbeat was still unstable, and the ghost spirit in his Heart Aperture was acting up as though it had received a strong stimulation. The fact that the ghost spirit was this lively wasn't really a bad thing. It would just give Song Shuhang a large quantity of qi and blood energy.

Song Shuhang deeply sighed and couldn't calm down for quite a while.

He touched the ancient bronze ring on his finger. Was this the karma that Li Tiansu left behind after his death?

"Those four canvases in the basement of the Chu Family... perhaps I should take a look at them?" Song Shuhang muttered to himself.

But how could he enter that secret basement in the Chu Family?

The night was still long, and Song Shuhang couldn't get any sleep.

After heaving a sigh, he came out of the tent.

As soon as he came out of the tent, he noticed a figure sitting on a smooth rock not too far away from his position.

The figure was holding a teacup made of bamboo in its hands, with hot steam coming out of it.

Beside the figure was a simple shelf with some food, fruits, and steaming hot tea water on it.

The gentle light of the moon shone on the figure, and the entire world seemed perfectly still at this time.

Song Shuhang blinked... the figure was Venerable White!

It was already late. Hadn't Venerable White gone to sleep yet?

Right. Given Venerable White's strength, something like sleeping wasn't necessary anymore. Recently, he had been sleeping only because he was coordinating with Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang scratched his head in puzzlement. As far as he remembered, that rock wasn't there earlier! He didn't remember seeing it this morning. Moreover, its surface was too smooth, as though it was cut with a sword.

Just as his imagination was running wild, Venerable White

turned his head around and narrowed his eyes into a smile, saying, "You woke up? Did you have a nightmare?"

"Ahaha." Song Shuhang laughed embarrassed and said, "No, it wasn't really a nightmare... just a strange dream. After waking up, I couldn't get any sleep. Therefore, I decided to take a stroll."

"^_^" Venerable White faintly smiled and said, "If you can't fall asleep, how about you come over and sit here?"

"In that case, I'll be impolite." Song Shuhang quickly climbed onto the big rock, sitting beside Venerable White. Then, he stretched his hand out and took a fruit, starting to eat it.

Venerable White lightly smiled and poured some tea for Song Shuhang, placing the cup on the shelf.

Soon after, he picked his own cup and gently blew on it, taking a sip. After slowly lowering his eyes, he asked, "What was the dream about?"

Song Shuhang took the cup of tea from the shelf and imitated Venerable White, taking a small sip as well. "I dreamt about Miss Chu Chu's life, as well as some matters regarding Daoist Priest Li Tiansu. Li Tiansu is that cultivator that came crashing at us when I was contracting the ghost spirit."

"Oh, I remember him." Venerable White slightly nodded. "If you don't mind, can you share the details with me?"

"I don't mind... however, the dream was a bit strange," said Song Shuhang, somewhat embarrassed. He hadn't told anyone about his ability to dream about other people's lives.

"Let's hear it then." Venerable White laughed.

Song Shuhang nodded and started to tell Senior White about what happened in the dreamland...

Venerable White was silently listening to Song Shuhang's story, slightly nodding his head from time to time.

"That's the gist of it. In the end, the ghost spirit in my Heart Aperture started to act up, and I woke up." After narrating the matters related to the dreamland, Song Shuhang drank the tea in one go.

"Ah! Hot, hot, hot!" He spat his tongue out and gasped for breath. At the same time, he felt that the flavor of this tea was excellent. Several times better than the 'Spirit Green Tea'. The flavor was so incredible that his taste buds were in ecstasy.

Venerable White shot a glance at the lively Song Shuhang and said with a smile, "Do you feel better now?"

"Yes... after talking to someone, I indeed feel better," Song Shuhang replied. His heartbeat had slowed down, and the ghost spirit in the Heart Aperture had also settled down.

"If you have calmed down, you should go back to sleep. We'll leave the island tomorrow." Venerable White gazed at the bright moon hanging in the sky. Then, he lowered his head and blew on the tea.

"Senior White, don't you find it strange? The way I have these dreams, as well as their contents?" Song Shuhang asked.

"They are indeed strange," Senior White said with a calm expression on his face. "But it's not like they're causing you harm, right?"

"That's also true." Song Shuhang scratched his head and laughed.

Soon after, he stood up and waved his hand to Senior White. "In that case, I'll go back to sleep."

"Goodnight," Venerable White said.

"Goodnight," Song Shuhang said as he jumped down from the rock.

Now then, who thought that Senior White had such a womanly side, he's really gentle and understanding, Song Shuhang thought

to himself.

"Hmm... womanly side?" Venerable White calm voice transmitted from the rock. "Shuhang, I feel that it won't be bad for you to impersonate a woman. Hmm... for example, Miss Chu Chu."

Eh? Did I carelessly blurt out what I was thinking?

Chapter 360: From today onwards, I won't swear an oath so easily!

Just when did I say my thoughts out loud? Song Shuhang felt things had taken a wrong turn; being 'straightforward' was one of his merits that he had been trying to change, but he didn't expect that apart from being straightforward, he also had the tendency to accidentally spill things he had on his mind?

Song Shuhang stiffly turned his head around and made a hollow laugh. "Senior White, could it be possible... what did I exactly say earlier?"

"Hehe." Senior White did not answer Song Shuhang's question—he smiled and sipped on his tea before calmly saying, "In the midst of your dream, didn't the ghost spirit in your Heart Aperture want to get closer to the four canvases in the Chu Family's secret room? That should be because you inherited Li Tiansu's karma... such being the case, you should look for an opportunity to go to the secret room and personally come in contact with the four canvases. And if you want to get closer to the room, then wouldn't it be a good idea to transform into Miss Chu Chu's appearance...? I remember you have a brooch that can transform one's appearance."

So I've indeed spoken out loud earlier! At this time, Song Shuhang really wanted to slap his face as hard as he could—was Senior White saying that he should transform into Miss Chu Chu and infiltrate the Chu Family?

Then wouldn't he have to become Miss Chu Chu for a long period, even imitating her when eating, drinking, and going to the ladies' bathroom?

No way, he definitely didn't want to do that. The topic of being a woman and living life as a woman was too perverted for his tastes.

Hence, Song Shuhang resisted for the final time and said, "Senior White, the brooch can only change one's appearance, but my aura and that of Miss Chu Chu are entirely different. If others were to sense it carefully, they would be able to tell. Hence, isn't it useless?"

"Don't worry, I will help you resolve the issues pertaining to the aura and bloodline," said Senior White as he lightly blew on the steam above his tea.

Song Shuhang clenched his teeth and continued looking for loopholes, "Senior... I think that my build is very different from Miss Chu Chu's. Even if I look like her, when someone she is close to gets near to me, he or she would definitely notice the difference!"

"Don't worry, I can teach you a bone-shrinking technique, which is what Immortal Master Copper Trigram used to change his physique when changing appearance—there is definitely no problem." Senior White looked at Song Shuhang with a tranquil expression and said, "Do you have any other issues?"

"Senior..." Song Shuhang opened his mouth, but he could not think of any other problems despite using all his brain cells.

"If there aren't any problems, then you should sleep early. It's late," Senior White said in a gentle voice. "Also, let me give you an advice... do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own."

Song Shuhang had nothing to say to that.

Song Shuhang's face was filled with tears as he ran back to his tent.



In the still of the night, most people were already asleep, but there were still some people who were working hard.

For example, extremely fast-typing internet writers, who got

more inspiration at night.

Or such as a lot of present-day Chinese journalists, who had to work overtime all the time.

That was because whenever there was good news material, they had to rush to publish it first thing in the morning—the case of the airplane that was lost three days ago while flying towards the island resort in the East China Sea finally saw a new development!

It was said that the entire crew of the plane safely landed on some small island in the Pacific Ocean after the aviation accident—even though it was not known why the passengers landed in the Pacific Ocean when the plane was headed toward the East China Sea. However, this wasn't the problem; the problem was that everyone was safe and sound!

The passengers, captain, and flight attendants all landed on a private island owned by a 'mysterious nouveau riche' in the Pacific Ocean.

Yesterday, all the passengers and flight attendants one by one contacted their family members through a private communication facility on the island and reported their safety.

They had a great time on the private island. Also, that 'mysterious nouveau riche' had guaranteed them that in a month, his luxurious private cruise would arrive at that mysterious little island.

By then, that luxurious private cruise ship would transport all the passengers and crew members back to China!

It was a piece of news that stirred up a lot of emotions.

When journalists from every big news outlet, newspaper company, and news platform made inquiries, a luxurious cruise ship had indeed started heading in the direction of the Pacific Ocean after all relevant formalities were settled the night before in Shanghai.

Evidently, that luxurious cruise ship was the one that belonged to the mysterious nouveau riche...

Statements such as 'meeting a benefactor, who sent charcoal in the snowy weather', etc., were all used by reporters to describe that mysterious nouveau riche!

And on the other hand, all the relatives of the passengers and cabin crew of that plane heavily heaved a sigh of relief; the great burden resting on their shoulders had been lifted.



At this time, on the primitive island in the Pacific Ocean.

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman calmly crossed out an 'oath' written in his small notebook: [I want to rescue the passengers that met with the misfortune in the vast ocean and safely send them home.]

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman remembered that entry from over twenty years ago—back then, he was watching a western movie named [The cruise in the Pacific Ocean] in a theater that revolved around the plot of a sinking cruise ship and swore an oath when his brain wasn't thinking straight.

Goddammit, I was just watching a movie, why did I swear an oath? F*ck, f*ck, f*ck!!!

"Phew. Luckily, I managed to conveniently fulfill my oath in one go. There is no end to virtuous achievements, hehehe." Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman put his small notebook into his cosmos bag and chuckled.

Finally, he thoughtlessly added, "I swear, I will never swear an oath so lightly again!"

After the end of his statement... Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman suddenly went into a daze. Thereafter, his eyes began tearing up slightly... he took out his small notebook once again and wrote a new oath: [From today onwards, I won't swear an oath so

easily!]

Once again, he closed his small notebook with a lot of strength and tightly clenched his fist as hot tears trickled down his face...

❄ ❄ ❄

Inside the tent.

Song Shuhang fell asleep again...

Thereafter... he entered his sweet dreamland once more.

When he opened his eyes, he realized that he was in the small room again. At this moment, he was making funny faces at the mirror... the reflection in the mirror was little Chuchu's adorable loli face.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

The dream about 'Miss Chu Chu' has not ended? The dream even has a self-pause function!

The dreamland started again.

As the little Chu Chu understood the mysterious 'sword technique' from the hidden room, she became the treasure of the Chu family; her family poured in all kinds of resources to help her in her cultivation.

And in the later part of the dream, Song Shuhang got to know a lot of people—he got to know all the people Chu Chu came in contact with through the dream...

Something felt amiss...

Chapter 361: Quick, let me wake up from this goddamn dream!

After getting to know so many members of the Chu Family and becoming familiar with Miss Chu Chu's long life experience... Song Shuhang could confirm that when the sun rose the next day, he would be the person who knew Miss Chu Chu the best. Even more than her own mother!

The word 'real friend'... was really fitting in this case!

Tomorrow onwards, there would be no secret between him and Miss Chu Chu!

Just thinking about that seemed pretty scary!

The dream continued.

Chu Chu was a very self-disciplined young girl. She did not fail to live up to the Chu Family's expectations. No matter how tough, she never skipped her practice, working hard every day.

Finally, after she turned eighteen, she successfully jumped through the dragon gate. The qi and blood in her body transformed from illusory to real, changing into true qi that gathered within her dantian. She thus stepped into the Second Stage True Master Realm, becoming the youngest Second Stage True Master in the history of the Chu Family!

"..." Song Shuhang.

Wait a moment, becoming a Second Stage True Master is so difficult?

Chu Chu had been practicing since she was young, completing her foundation when she was seven years old, and the 'innate true qi' within her body that came from her mother's womb did not dissipate. Under such circumstances, she still had to continuously train till the age of eighteen before successfully breaking through

to the Second Stage?

Song Shuhang started counting the time he had been practicing with his fingers... this year, on June 4th, 2019, he accidentally made his first 'body tempering liquid'. After that, he officially stepped into the world of cultivation with the help of the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

And today, it was currently the wee hours of July 18th. Taking everything into account, he had been a cultivator for about a month and a half...

If Senior White hadn't stopped his promotion yesterday... he would have already become a glorious Second Stage True Master!

A month and a half...

A month and a half!

As for Miss Chu Chu, she required over ten years' worth of time to get to the Second Stage!

Unless one compared it, they wouldn't know how shocking it was!

Miss Chu Chu was a super-rare genius, and someone like her hadn't appeared in the Chu Family for centuries. Nevertheless, she still had to spend more than ten years to become a Second Stage True Master. What was up with him taking only one month and a half?

"Did I cheat?" Song Shuhang had a sudden 'enlightenment'.

Speaking of cheats, he surely cheated. But we weren't talking about small-scale cheats like the middle-rank ghost spirit and the enlightenment stone... we were talking about something far scarier... Song Shuhang himself was a living cheat!

After I leave the small island, I must ask the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One group if promoting to the Second Stage True Master within a month and a half is normal, Song Shuhang

thought to himself.

Right, the first thing I have to do when I leave the island is to send a message to Soft Feather and tell her that she mustn't open Venerable White's gift. That gift would send Soft Feather flying up into the sky with the coiling flight feature, and additionally, getting her to land with a parachute style landing with an incorporated bungee jumping-like joyful feeling... but for all I know, Soft Feather might even like it? I seem to remember she mentioned before that she wanted me to accompany her to bungee jump?

While Song Shuhang was letting his thoughts run wild, he was still experiencing Chu Chu's life experiences.



After Chu Chu got promoted to Second Stage True Master, she continued to practice hard—never once did she slacken.

After reaching the Second Stage, her five apertures continuously produced qi and blood energy at all times, channeling it into her dantian. Thereafter, like fuel, her qi and blood energy transformed into strong and powerful true qi within her dantian.

Her true qi was nurtured and accumulated in her dantian. After her true qi was sufficiently accumulated, it would flow upwards, following the body's vertebrae, allowing her to open her second dantian... and then the third and fourth dantian, and so on. The aforementioned 'dantians' weren't referring to the three upper, middle, and lower dantians, but to the nodes in the body where true qi converged.

In the Second Stage Realm, cultivators could open seven dantians in total.

The second dantian was known as 'Dragon Tail'.

The third dantian was known as 'Dragon Claw'.

The fourth to the seventh dantians were known as 'Dragon Body',

'Dragon Palm', 'Dragon Neck' and 'Dragon Head', respectively. Also, the eighth dantian was known as the transforming 'Dragon Horn'.

Once the eighth dantian was opened, with the first dantian as the starting point and the eighth dantian as the final point, all eight dantians would connect and form an enormous dragon made of true qi.

During this period, when true qi was channeled into the eighth dantian, it would not return to the first dantian, because the Second Stage cultivator's body could only accumulate this amount of true qi at most.

The additional true qi would leak out of the eighth dantian, the transforming Dragon Horn, triggering changes in the external world, leading to the heavenly tribulation.

That was the heavenly tribulation cultivators of the Second Stage faced.

After surviving the thunder of the tribulation, the Second Stage cultivator's body would be greatly strengthened. The true qi within the body would not flow outside, but begin to flow backward from the Dragon Horn dantian, following the dragon made of true qi and returning to the first dantian, circulating continuously, transforming into a dragon-shaped large river of true qi.

At that time the 'true qi' would undergo a qualitative change, transforming into its second form, 'true liquid'.

That would be the Third Stage Battle King Realm, which was also Soft Feather's current realm.



After Chu Chu opened the first dantian, she spent months nurturing it, consolidating her cultivation.

Past the Second Stage Realm, even though she continued to

practice diligently without any breaks, the results of meditation practice worsened.

She hadn't undergone any near-death experiences and lacked stimulations. Without inspiration and support from a sufficient number of natural treasures, the pace of her cultivation slowed down.

Hence, with the aid of her family, Chu Chu spent five years traveling around different parts of China.

However, she did not have any fortuitous encounters during that time—she even barely met fellow cultivators and did not take part in any big cultivator holidays and festivals. Ultimately, after five years, she opened only her second dantian, the 'Dragon Tail' dantian. Her cultivation speed was not slow, but it was definitely not fast, either.

Hence, Chu Chu chose to risk leaving China and enter a more vast world.

Four years later, in the East China Sea, she did have a few small fortuitous encounters.

She spent four years and successfully opened her third dantian, the 'Dragon Claw' dantian. She used less time despite the higher difficulty, which showed that her travel was indeed fruitful.

Hence, Chu Chu's became a lot more determined, bold, and unconstrained; she prepared to travel somewhere further to take greater risks in search of opportunities.

But one day... Chu Chu received news about the Chu Family.

The news she received briefly mentioned the recent developments of the Chu Family, causing her to rush back as quick as she could, preparing to participate the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform with the Illusory Sword School.



Eh? The storyline reached this part already? That was quick, Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Wait a moment, if it reached this part, there seems to be a huge problem!

Song Shuhang had a bad premonition.

He recalled something—after this part, it should be the assassination attempt on Miss Chu Chu by Wolf One and the rest.

Lastly... Miss Chu Chu would be almost killed by Whale Eight's deadly hug, flattening her mountain peaks until turning them into plains.

That day, Song Shuhang saw the entire scene with his own eyes. Just by watching from the side, he felt the pain.

Did it mean that he would experience Chu Chu being flattened next?

No, I don't want to! I am currently possessing Miss Chu Chu's body, experiencing everything from first person's point of view! I would have to experience the anguish of being squeezed into a tablet as well!

I have to stop it... this ending is too cruel!

Quick, end it! Stupid dream, end quickly! Cmon, end! Let me wake up! Song Shuhang's soul struggled.

But all the struggle was for nothing. Even though dreaming about someone else's life experiences was very useful, the only downside was that he could not control when to wake up... his ghost spirit didn't react either, not bringing him out of the dream.

No matter how unwilling Song Shuhang was, the dream continued to progress.

Very soon, in the dream, Chu Chu was on a small island, and encountered Wolf One, Bull Two, and Ape Four's ambush!

Ultimately, Chu Chu struggled with all her might to escape the

clutches of those three experienced Second Stage True Masters and leapt into the vast sea. She was as agile as a mermaid, and rapidly disappeared, leaving behind Wolf One, Bull Two, and Ape Four on the island, saluting with their eyes.

On the surface, Chu Chu had narrowly escaped. But Song Shuhang knew that Whale Eight and Shark Nine would catch up with her later and that she'd be squeezed till becoming flat.

Such a prophet-like ability could really cast one into despair! Especially when one knew what kind of 'tragedy' he was about to face but couldn't do anything about it!

Let me wake up, let me wake up! Somebody, please wake me up... Doudou, Guoguo, Senior White... no matter who it is, please wake me up! Give me two slaps! Song Shuhang roared in his heart.

Unfortunately, the night was still long...

Regardless of who it was, they would not wake him up at this time—additionally, was there really a point in waking him up? Perhaps when Song Shuhang fell asleep the next day, he would directly dream about Whale Eight's loving embrace.

Hence... Song Shuhang was utterly in despair.

He could only clench his teeth and tense up in preparation to receive the pain from the incoming deadly hug.

Eh... speaking of which, what is this feeling of déjà vu?

When he dreamt of Lady Onion's life the last time, Song Shuhang also struggled as hard as he could to wake up from the dream.



No matter how unwilling Song Shuhang was, the storyline continued to progress.

Ultimately, in the dream, Whale Eight and Shark Nine caught up with Chu Chu.

After a short fight, Chu Chu scattered Shark Nine's instant kill

move, the Hundred Sharks Palm, and when she was preparing to run for her life... she bumped into a thick wall of meat.

"I really enjoy hugging girls with soft bodies like you. Now, I'll hug you until you are reduced to a meat pulp." A loud and deep voice was heard, bursting into an evil laugh.

Immediately after, two muscular arms embraced Chu Chu's body tightly; the strength of the muscular arms was formidable.

Chu Chu felt as though the bones in her body were about to break into pieces.

Song Shuhang who was possessing Chu Chu's body also experienced the same intense pain, as though his ribs were about to be broken and his internal organs about to be crushed.

Although Chu Chu had two twin peaks, they could not cushion Whale Eight's deadly embrace at all.

So painful...

I can't breathe...

I'm dying...

Chapter 362: Soft Feather's message

The next day. July 18th, early morning.

The warm sunlight passed through the small cracks in the tent and shone on Song Shuhang's body.

Shuhang opened his eyes in a daze. Next, he discovered that he was completely covered in sweat. He felt as though his chest had been crushed with a huge rock, and he was having trouble breathing.

"Huff!" Song Shuhang exhaled a big mouthful of bad air. Yesterday, he experienced a terrifying dream!

Luckily, he had avoided the worst calamity in the dreamland yesterday. Just as Chu Chu was hugged to death, the dream suddenly stopped and didn't continue further. One had to remember that Chu Chu had been thoroughly flattened only after Song Shuhang fell from the sky along with the whale.

In other words, if the dream hadn't stopped, Song Shuhang would have experienced an even more brutal and painful deadly hug!

He felt fear just by thinking about it.

After coming out of the tent, Song Shuhang discovered that Doudou and Guoguo were already up. Due to yesterday's dream, Song Shuhang got up relatively late.

Guoguo was sitting on a rock and chanting some early morning scriptures.

Doudou was standing up like a person. His current size was of two meters; he was cooking something in a cauldron.

The hybrid version Yu Jiaojiao was currently as big as a palm and was sitting beside Guoguo, curiously looking at Doudou with her small eyes; it was unknown what she was thinking.

The scene of a little monk, a monster dog, and a monster fish gathered together in the early morning... this seemed something out of a crazy movie!

On another side, on the smooth stone. Venerable White was kneeling comfortably, fiddling with his phone.

After seeing Song Shuhang, he gently smiled and said, "Shuhang, good morning."

"Good morning, Senior White. Good morning, everyone," Song Shuhang greeted everyone.

"Right, there is a piece of news you might be interested in." Venerable White smiled as he clicked and swiped on the screen of his phone.

Then, a ray of light flew out of the phone and projected a piece of news into the void.

Just what kind of scary modifications has Venerable White done to that phone...

As for the contents of the news... it was explaining how those unlucky passengers that had disappeared together with the plane met a mysterious nouveau riche on a lone island in the Pacific Ocean.

According to the news, the missing flight crew members, as well as the passengers, called home to inform their relatives that they were safe and sound.

Moreover, it was mentioned that a luxurious cruise ship was headed toward the Pacific Ocean and that it would bring back all the missing passengers in a month's time.

"Is this 'mysterious nouveau riche' Senior Seven Lives Talisman?" Song Shuhang asked.

Venerable White faintly smiled and nodded.

Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh of relief... it seemed that the

teaching process on the island was proceeding smoothly. Senior Seven Lives Talisman had already made preparations for the departure of the passengers.

With Seven Lives Talisman there, Song Shuhang didn't have to worry about the safety of Gao Moumou and the others.

As for the fact that they would return only after a month, it wasn't a problem, either. After all, they were originally planning to go to a resort island to have some fun. Perhaps this island with primitive men living on it was even more interesting than that...

"Senior White, thank Senior Seven Lives Talisman on my behalf!" Song Shuhang said. It seemed that Senior White had no plans to let him touch the phone.

"Good." Venerable White nodded and quickly typed something on the keyboard.

At the same time, he also added, "I received another news earlier. Three days later, the Illusory Sword School and the Chu Family would fight on the Grievance Settling Platform. Since we have free time, how about going on a trip to the Chu Family? If your luck is good, you might be able to enter that secret basement and get to see the paintings."

"We're going to the Chu Family?" Song Shuhang pondered for a moment and his eyes suddenly lit up. "Senior White, I have an idea. I can ask Soft Feather to help me enter the secret basement! She has some connections with the Chu Family, and she's currently there!"

"Soft Feather is a guest in the Chu Family?" Senior White asked.

Song Shuhang vigorously nodded. "Yes! Therefore, we can ask her for help. Perhaps she can make use of her relationship with the Chu Family to let me see those paintings!"

"So it was like this." Venerable White nodded and said, "Alright. Such being the case, let's contact Soft Feather in a while."

Venerable White wasn't too interested in the conflict between factions on the level of the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School. His interest lay in turning Song Shuhang into Chu Chu and make a trip there.

Song Shuhang excitedly clenched his fists. As long as he didn't have to turn into a girl, it was all good.

* * *

At the same time...

On the border between the East China Sea and the Pacific Ocean, in a place where multicolored butterflies were dancing—the Spirit Butterfly Island.

"Knock, knock..." Someone knocked on the formation above the island.

It was True Monarch White Crane. After knocking on the formation, it flapped its wings and asked cautiously, "Excuse me, is fellow daoist Soft Feather at home?"

It was this cautious because a powerful senior like Venerable Spirit Butterfly lived in this place!

Venerable Spirit Butterfly was a mighty senior. He was an honest and chivalrous person... the only issue was that he really liked to quibble about trivial matters. He had already reached the peak of haggling over every ounce. And while others were simply haggling over ounces, he was haggling over every single gram!

Actually, saying that he was haggling over every gram was just an exaggeration. Most of the time, Venerable Spirit Butterfly was a very kind and likable person... unless his weirdo-mode was triggered.

"Little friend White Crane? Come in." Venerable Spirit Butterfly said with a smile and opened the formation covering the island.

True Monarch White Crane passed through the formation and

entered the island, heading toward the handsome and suave Venerable Spirit Butterfly.

"Hello, Senior Spirit Butterfly. Is Soft Feather at home?" True Monarch White Crane asked.

"She left home a while ago to meet a friend. Does little friend White Crane need something from her?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly heartily laughed. He didn't consider True Monarch White Crane a threat. After all, it already liked someone else and wasn't interested in Soft Feather.

"It's like this... Venerable White just came out of secluded meditation and decided to send gifts to a lot of fellow daoists in the Nine Provinces Number One Group. There is a seal on the gift, and it will automatically untie itself in three days. At the time, the big surprise inside will be revealed. Since I was on my way, I decided to conveniently deliver the gift to Soft Feather," True Monarch White Crane said with a smile.

"Oh? So it was fellow daoist White that sent the gift to my daughter?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly smiled. "In that case, you can leave the gift to me. I'll give it to Soft Feather once she comes back. If she doesn't come back within three days, I have the means to deliver it to her within one hour. I guarantee that she won't miss the surprise. How about that?"

"Such being the case, I'll leave everything to Senior Spirit Butterfly." True Monarch White Crane passed to Venerable Spirit Butterfly the wooden box with the words 'Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather' written on it.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly received the gift and put it on a side.

"I'll take my leave then." After successfully delivering the gift, True Monarch White Crane cupped its hands and bid farewell to Venerable Spirit Butterfly.

"Won't you stay over for a while? It's already late, how about

leaving after having a meal?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly politely asked. It was pretty rare for a friend to come and gift Soft Feather something. As a father, he was extremely pleased at this time. Since his mood was good, True Monarch White Crane also became pleasing to the eye.

"I still have more than ten gifts that need to be delivered, and they must be delivered within three days. I'm running out of time." True Monarch White Crane made a hollow laugh and opened his cosmos bag, showing Venerable Spirit Butterfly all the undelivered gifts.

After seeing all the gifts, Venerable Spirit Butterfly faintly smiled. "Such being the case, I'll not insist. But little friend White Crane went through a lot of trouble, how about this..."

As Venerable Spirit Butterfly clapped his hands, a huge multicolored butterfly came over, delivering a small bottle of medicinal liquid.

"This is Spirit Butterfly Island's specialty. It's a medicinal liquid that can relieve fatigue as well as purify all abnormal conditions. I ask little friend White Crane to accept it," Venerable Spirit Butterfly said with a faint smile.

True Monarch White Crane took the bottle and sighed with emotion. Spirit Butterfly was worthily an established and powerful Venerable. Whenever he did something, he would spare no expenses. This medicinal liquid was a medicine of the Sixth Stage, extremely precious. It was a costly treasure very difficult to obtain in the world of cultivators.

This wasn't an isolated case. While delivering these gifts, True Monarch White Crane also received many gifts in return from the kind fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group. Moreover, they insisted so much that it had no way to refuse them. Moreover, refusing the gifts would mean not giving face to its fellow daoists, sigh~



In the meantime, in the Chu Family.

Soft Feather was fiddling with her laptop, feeling somewhat bored. In the past two days, she sent many messages to Senior Song, too bad that the latter never replied. As if that wasn't enough, his phone was also unreachable; it seemed he was in an area with no service.

Soft Feather wanted to ask Shuhang whether he would like to come to the Chu Family if he had free time. After all, her shapeshifting brooch was still in Song Shuhang's possession. Although Chu Chunying had refused her good intentions and didn't want any help, with the brooch, she could prepare for all eventualities.

Who knew when it could come in handy?

"How can I get in touch with Senior Song?" Soft Feather sighed with emotion.

Just as she was pondering, she opened the 'Senior White's expression package' she'd made and casually scrolled through Senior White's beautiful pictures.

"Heh! I really wish I could have taken a few more pictures of Senior White. I took too few the last time, and there are still many interesting ideas that I couldn't put into practice," Soft Feather muttered.

After saying this much, her eyes suddenly lit up. Senior Song and Senior White should be still together, right? If I can't contact Senior Song, I should just contact Senior White!

Said and done.

Soft Feather opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group and clicked on Venerable White's profile picture, sending the following message: "Senior White, are you there~? Is Senior Song by your side? If yes, can you ask him whether or not he's free? If he's free,

can he come to the Chu Family? It's an important matter!"

After sending the message, she quickly received Venerable White's reply.

"Yes, we're free!" The reply was succinct.

Afterward, Senior White also added, "I'll help you inform Song Shuhang."

Soft Feather excitedly clenched her fists and said, "Thank you, Senior White."

"You're welcome 😊." Perhaps it was just a misconception, but Venerable White seemed to be in a pretty good mood.



On the small island in the East China Sea.

Song Shuhang, Doudou, Guoguo, Yu Jiaojiao, and Senior White were sitting in a circle and enjoying Doudou's cooking. Although he was just a pekingese, he was pretty good at cooking.

After all, for these years, he hadn't run away from home just for fun!

Song Shuhang held the big bowl of soup with an excited face and drunk two bowls in one go.

At this time, Venerable White was fiddling with his phone. Afterward, he raised his head, asking, "Shuhang, Soft Feather asked if you have free time."

"?" Song Shuhang looked at Senior White in puzzlement.

"She asked if you could go to the Chu Family in case you were free. She urgently needs your help with something," Venerable White said calmly.

Song Shuhang replied, "She urgently needs my help?"

"I told her that we were free. After all, we're indeed free," Venerable White continued in a calm tone. In regards to the matter

about the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect, Venerable White had already made the necessary arrangements and only had to wait for the prey to walk into the trap. Before getting their hands on the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique>, he and Shuhang were indeed free.

"Therefore, we'll head toward the Chu Family after we're done eating and tidying things up," Venerable White said with a faint smile. Afterward, he also added, "What a coincidence, there are only three days left."

Song Shuhang: 😏

"It's settled then." Venerable White faintly smiled.

Then, he typed on the keyboard of the phone.

Venerable White: "Shuhang is free. We'll set out immediately. Send us the coordinates of the Chu Family 😊."

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: "That's great! Wait a moment, I'll send you the coordinates immediately!"

Song Shuhang: 😏

At this time, in the territory of the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School.

The supervisors of the Grievance Settling Platform were hurrying over.

These supervisors were the true line disciples of the illustrious and morally upright 'Eternal Sword Sect'. They were two powerful swordsmen of the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor Realm!

Originally, two disciples at the peak of the Fourth Stage were enough to watch over the battle of factions at the level of the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School.

But according to the information the Eternal Sword Sect received, Venerable Spirit Butterfly's dear daughter, Miss Soft

Feather, had also joined in the fun. Therefore, the sect clenched its teeth and dispatched two Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors to put up a good front.

With two Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors on the scene, even if the treasured daughter of the Spirit Butterfly Island were to cause trouble, things shouldn't go out of control, right?

At least, this is what the Eternal Sword Sect thought.

The school head of the Illusory Sword School and the family leader of the Chu Family had agreed to meet beneath the platform to sign the contract of the Grievance Settling Platform battle under the supervision of the overseers of the platform.

Even if the idea to fight in order to settle grievances sounded naive and childish, the two parties could at least fight to their heart's content and freely release their anger.

The school head of the Illusory Sword School was a swordsman in a black daoist robe, his cultivation at the Third Stage Battle King Realm. He took a step forward and wore a fake smile on his face as he said, "Old Chu, no one is accountable for deaths on the Grievance Settling Platform. Why are you being so stubborn? You have no chance of winning... why do you want to make your clansmen die in vain?"

"Hehe." The family leader of the Chu Family was an old man with a strong build. His cultivation was also at the Third Stage Battle King Realm. He sneered and said, "It's not decided who will live or who will die."

The school head of the Illusory Sword School strangely smiled and said, "We'll live, and you'll die. This is how things are fated to go. The battle starts in three days; I hope that the participating disciples of your family won't miss the appointment due to 'stage fright'..."

Chapter 363: Hmph, I'll pass by the doors of home three times without entering!

"It would be such a disgraceful sight if the participating members of your Chu Family were too scared to show themselves," the school head of the Illusory Sword School said enigmatically.

The leader of the Chu Family snorted and secretly clenched his fists.

"Anyway, your Chu Family decided to fight us on the Grievance Settling Platform. Are you relying on that talented girl to oppose us?" The school head of the Illusory Sword School laughed and said, "Do you really think you can win just by relying on her? Or do you have another ace up your sleeve? Or perhaps, are you leaving everything to luck?"

The leader of the Chu Family snorted again and didn't reply. They didn't have many chances of winning the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform. But even if their chances of winning were low, they wouldn't let the Illusory Sword School have their way with them.

After the duo signed the contract, the Spiritual Emperor from the Eternal Sword Sect received it, then coughed lightly and said, "Such being the case, the Illusory Sword School and the Chu Family will settle their resentment on the Grievance Settling Platform three days later!"

The school head of the Illusory Sword School heartily laughed and put both his hands inside the daoist robe, returning to his own camp.

The leader of the Chu Family also returned to his camp.

Both sides were glaring at each other.



On a lone island in the East China Sea.

Song Shuhang put away the tents and the other things inside his rabbit-shaped purse. But why did this size-reducing purse have the shape of a rabbit? Song Shuhang had wondered about this point several times.

Next, Doudou changed into a five meters long monster dog and put Chu Chu on his back together with the small monk.

Chu Chu asked weakly, "Where are we going?"

Song Shuhang looked at her and smiled gently as he said, "We're going to the Chu Family."

After experiencing Chu Chu's life in the dreamland, Song Shuhang felt very close to her. He knew everything about her hobbies, life experiences, temperament, and friends.

If Chu Chu were to find out about this matter, she would surely get a scare.

"We're going to the Chu Family?" Chu Chu immediately became happy.

Song Shuhang also added, "The battle between the Illusory Sword School and the Chu Family will start in three days."

Chu Chu faintly sighed... the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform would start in three days. There wasn't enough time for her to recover. How wonderful would it be if they could delay it by a month? At this point, she had no choice but to act as a spectator.



At this time, Venerable White waved his hand at Song Shuhang from afar.

Song Shuhang approached his position, somewhat confused.

"Shuhang, give me your phone," Venerable White said with a smile.

Song Shuhang took out his phone and handed it to Senior White, still confused... My phone can't get any signal in this place. Why does Senior White need it?

Venerable White took the phone and gently waved his hand, making it disappear. Apparently, he received it inside his space ring or another treasure of similar type?

"Leave the phone to me for now. I'll modify it and allow you to get signal anywhere in the world," Venerable White said in all seriousness.

Song Shuhang nodded and replied, "I'll leave it to you then, Senior White!"

"You're welcome. In that case, let's go!" Venerable White took out Meteor Sword and activated a sword art. Soon after, a layer of light started to spread from the body of the sword.

The sword light changed its size and became big enough to accommodate the big-sized Doudou, Song Shuhang, and Venerable White.

The group stepped on the layer of light, and Venerable White activated the sword art, saying, "I've set the coordinates of the Chu Family as the destination. We'll head there at full speed!"

Full speed?

Song Shuhang immediately recalled the event of July 16th. That day, Senior Copper Trigram and Senior Seven shot up in the sky with a 'pew~'.

When the two senior 'pewed~' away, their speed was fast to the point of being unstoppable. Even though he was merely a bystander, he'd felt his legs going soft. He dared to bet that that speed wasn't even close to the 'full speed' Venerable White mentioned just now.

Now then... what speed would Venerable White reach if were to give his all?

No, I can't let Venerable White head there at full speed!

"Senior, wait a moment!" Song Shuhang resolutely suggested, "There are still three days left until the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform. Therefore, we don't really need to hurry over there. We can head there at normal speed. With that, we can also enjoy all the beautiful sceneries we will encounter on our way there."

Doudou backed Shuhang. "I completely agree. Song Shuhang's suggestion is very good."

"I also think that Senior Brother Shuhang's words are reasonable," Gougou said with a serious expression on his face. After experiencing several high-speed flights on flying swords, he was somewhat traumatized by the words 'full speed'.

Venerable White looked at Shuhang, Doudou, and Guoguo, somewhat baffled. But since they asked him to lower the speed, he had no other choice.

"Sure. If we're to head there at normal speed, I don't really need to set the coordinates of the Chu Family as the destination," Venerable White replied. On the other hand, he felt he would get somewhat bored if he were to fly at normal speed...

"Perfect!" Song Shuhang gave the thumbs up and said, "Looking at China's painting-like beautiful sceneries will be a wonderful experience!"

Venerable White forced a smile and activated the sword art. In the next moment, Meteor Sword sword carried everyone and rose into the sky.

Senior White restrained his flying speed to the limit, reaching a speed of 100 km/h.

Moreover, he made Meteor Sword fly at a low altitude to let everyone properly enjoy the scenery below.

The flying sword carried everyone and flew over the boundless

East China Sea.

If one were to see the boundless sea the first time, they would find it very interesting. But after flying over it for a while, they would quickly become bored.

Therefore, Venerable White's eyes started to gradually lose focus as they were flying.



They kept flying until they reached Mainland China. Below was a huge sign with the following words written on it: 'The people of Dongding welcome you!'

Song Shuhang and the others regained their senses; they had finally left the sea!

As they kept flying, another sign appeared...'The people of Wenzhou welcome you!'

Oh, they were flying above Song Shuhang's hometown.

They kept flying and flying...'The people of Lishui welcome you'~

After Lishui was 'The people of Longyong welcome you'~

Next was 'The people of Huangshan welcome you'~

Eh? Huangshan? Was this True Monarch Yellow Mountain's hometown?

"Well, we haven't arrived yet?" Song Shuhang asked. They had flown for so long that he had started to feel a bit bored.

Song Shuhang didn't know the exact position of the Chu Family. Although he had experienced Chu Chu's life in the dreamland, some parts were skipped or fast-forwarded. As a consequence, he had no idea in which part of China the Chu Family was located.

Chu Chu was lying on Doudou's back and couldn't see the land below. Therefore, she asked, "Where are we now?"

"We're in Huangshan, my hometown," Doudou replied. "If I were

to jump down right now, I could see stupid Yellow Mountain. But I won't. I want to pass by the doors of home three times without entering and let stupid Yellow Mountain understand how serious I am! Serves him right for ignoring me for so long!"

Song Shuhang forced a smile.

Chu Chu nodded and replied, "Huangshan? We're almost there in that case."

After hearing this much, Song Shuhang stretched himself... one would get tired after riding a bus for a long time, the same was true for a flying sword. Luckily, they had almost arrived at the destination!

The flying sword kept flying and flying... after flying for a long time, another signboard appeared 'The people of Hefei welcome you'~

Eh? Even after all this time, we haven't arrived?

After traveling for some more distance, the speed of the flying sword seemed to have increased a little...'The people of Xuchang welcome you'~

No, it wasn't a little. The speed of the flying sword had increased quite a bit!

"Ah? We're already in Xuchang. We're still not there?" Song Shuhang asked, somewhat confused.

"We're in Xuchang? In that case, we're almost there," Chu Chu replied with a nod.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Miss Chu Chu, there is a distance comparable to almost half of China between Huangshan and Xuchang. Is half of China 'almost there' for you? It seems that the sense of distance is really too different between cultivators and ordinary people!

Thereupon, Song Shuhang shut his mouth and didn't ask

anymore how much was left until they would arrive at the Chu Family.

The flying sword kept flying and flying.

It was unknown how much time passed, but Shuhang even took a nap.

After waking up, he shot a glance downwards and discovered that buildings had a different style than Chinese ones; they weren't in China anymore!

Even the people below were mostly foreigners.

Eh? Wait, those types of buildings are from...!!

Soon after, Song Shuhang discovered why the style of the buildings was different, because he and the others had arrived in... 'The people of Moscow welcome you!'

"..." Song Shuhang blinked a few times. Although he didn't remember the precise position of the Chu Family, he was sure that it was somewhere in China!

Therefore, he quickly said to Venerable White who was standing in the front, "Senior White, didn't we already pass our destination?"

In the front, Venerable White had his hands crossed behind the back and looked like a celestial being. "Zzzzzzz..."

Is Senior White sleeping...?

F*ck, the driver fell asleep!

"Senior White, Senior White, wake up!" Song Shuhang called out.

But Senior White didn't react at all... usually, given Venerable White's cultivation, calling out his name would be enough to wake him up.

On the contrary, it was Doudou, Guoguo, and Miss Chu Chu that suddenly woke up and looked at each other, somewhat

embarrassed.

While Venerable White in the front... "Zzzzzzz..."

The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched, was it possible that...

He took out a small emerald green bamboo flute and blew into it.

"Buzz... hello. This is the place where 'White' is closing up. I'll be out in 2 days, 15 hours, and 9 minutes; please wait patiently!" Venerable White's gentle voice transmitted from the green bamboo flute.

Venerable White was in secluded meditation.

"Senior White!" Song Shuhang's eyes became wet. You could have set the right destination before going into secluded meditation! That way, Meteor Sword could have brought us to the Chu Family!

Song Shuhang turned his head around and said to Doudou, "What now? Senior White is in secluded meditation."

"We don't have much choice. Let's jump down from the flying sword and head toward the Chu Family first. As for Senior White, he knows the coordinates and can catch up with us once he comes out of secluded meditation," Doudou said.

Next, Doudou jumped from the flying sword...

Chapter 364: Doudou: I'll pass by the doors of home nine times without entering!

In the next moment, Doudou saw the stars. His head slammed against a barrier. The protective shield was extremely durable—worthily something of the Venerable rank. Doudou felt as if he had bumped into a layer of tempered steel; his head was hurting.

Luckily, Guoguo timely held the sickly Chu Chu, preventing her injury from worsening.

Doudou returned on Meteor Sword's sword light and, somewhat depressed, said, "It's useless. Venerable White arranged a defensive barrier around the flying sword, we can't jump down."

"..." Song Shuhang.

After pondering for a moment, he said, "Perhaps we can try to attack Senior White? If I'm not mistaken, he should be able to feel killing intent even while in secluded meditation. That should be enough to wake him up!"

"Hehe. Woof, if you want to die, go die alone and don't drag this dog with you," Doudou said disdainfully. Don't you know how scary Venerables can be?

What would they do if Venerable White were to unconsciously attack them after reacting to the killing intent?

If he were to release a million beams of sword qi as a counterattack, all the people on the flying sword would be instantly cut into fine, uniform pieces!

"In that case, what should we do? Stay on the flying sword for two days?" Song Shuhang said as he shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps we can offer a prayer... according to the rumors, praying to Senior White while he's in secluded meditation is very effective. We can pray for him to come out of secluded meditation

a bit earlier," Guoguo suggested.

Doudou shrugged his shoulders. "But I don't have an incense burner with me."

Shiet, Soft Feather wasn't joking when she said that offering prayers to Venerable White while he was in secluded meditation could produce miraculous effects! There is really such a rumor in the world of cultivators, even Doudou and Guoguo know about it!

"As long as one sincerely believes in it, it will work. Using incense is merely a tradition," Guoguo said in all seriousness. Afterward, he joined his palms together and started his prayer. "Senior White, I hope you can bless Venerable White and make him come out of secluded meditation a bit earlier!"

"..." Song Shuhang. This wish is so goddamn stupid!

After finishing his prayers, Guoguo touched his bald head... While I'm at it, shouldn't I wish for a few more things?

Thereupon, Guoguo continued, "Senior White, give me your blessing! I hope that after Senior Brother Three Realms brings me back, Abbot Profound Principle won't spank me until making me shit all over the place like Senior Brother Shuhang."

"..." Song Shuhang.

When did I exactly spank you until making you shit all over the place? In your dreams? Should I turn your dreams into reality?

After making the wish, Guoguo looked all around before closing his eyes and continuing, "I almost forgot. I hope that Senior White will allow Miss Chu Chu to recover a bit faster."

Alright, this wish isn't too bad.

Chu Chu looked at Guoguo gratefully. Afterward, while no one was paying attention to her, she quietly closed her eyes and wished in her heart, I hope to step onto the Grievance Settling Platform and fight for the Chu Family, defeating all the disciples of the

Illusory Sword School!

After making her wish, she quietly opened her eyes and looked all around. After seeing that Song Shuhang, Guoguo, and Doudou weren't paying attention to her, she heaved a sigh of relief.

At this moment, she felt like a petty thief...



Luckily, Song Shuhang brought with him some fasting pills this time. With that, he wouldn't have to worry about starving in these two days.

In the meantime, Venerable White's flying sword carried them along for a tour around the world.

In the beginning, it was still flying in a straight line. But later, its route changed to a strange pattern.

The people of the United States of America welcome you~

The people of the United Arab Emirates welcome you~

The people of Australia welcome you~

Then, after changing direction again and again... it finally returned to the East China Sea.

After returning to the East China Sea, Meteor Sword's flying pattern returned to normal. They saw once more the sign, 'The people of Dongding welcome you', as well as the other signs in Wenzhou, Lishui, Longyong... and finally Huangshan!

"Oh, we've arrived in Huangshan." Song Shuhang looked downward and yawned.

Perhaps because he was weary, Song Shuhang's straightforward attribute resurfaced; hence, he said to Doudou, "Doudou, this is already the second time you're passing by the doors of home without entering. I have faith in you. I think you can pass a third time as well. Even the fourth or fifth time isn't out of the question!"

Doudou looked at Song Shuhang and gnashed his teeth.

He was planning to give Shuhang a good bite as soon as they descended from the flying sword.

There was no need to worry about getting rabies; Doudou's teeth were very clean.

"So boring," Song Shuhang muttered to himself. Right, there should be signal in this place. After all, we're flying above China. If there is signal, I should contact Soft Feather and tell her to pay attention to Venerable White's gift.

Song Shuhang stretched his hand in a daze and started to look for the phone in his pocket... Eh? Where is my phone?

Wait! Didn't Senior White take my phone when I got on the flying sword?

"..." Song Shuhang.

Did Venerable White take precautions against me leaking information to the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group?



Meteor Sword's speed got faster and faster... to the point that Song Shuhang saw sunrise several times in the span of a few hours.

He was literally closing and opening his eyes just to see the sun rise.

He tried it once more; he closed and opened his eyes. The sun followed suit and rose again!

Hence he decided to keep his eyes continuously closed and afterward continuously open... but the sun kept rising again and again!

He was rather tired.

This trip around the world spanned across several countries.

During this period of time, they nearly crashed against a fighter plane of an unknown country, almost causing an aerial disaster. Luckily, Meteor Sword was a sentient sword and promptly avoided the collision.

After an unknown amount of time, Meteor Sword returned to the East China Sea.

Afterward, they passed through Dongding, Wenzhou, Lishui, Longyong and finally Huangshan again!

Song Shuhang turned his head around and said to Doudou, "This is already the third time you pass by the doors of home without entering."

"Senior Doudou is really heartless. You actually passed by the doors of home three times and didn't enter," Guoguo said to Doudou with a serious expression on his face.

Doudou revealed his sharp claws and aimed at Song Shuhang and Guoguo, seemingly looking for a good place to strike.

Shuhang and Guoguo immediately shut their mouths...

Now then, how much is left until Venerable White comes out of secluded meditation?

While bored, Song Shuhang started to practice the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique> and the <Immovable Body of the Buddha> in place. Qi and blood energy had filled his five apertures once more. He only needed Venerable White to untie the seal to break through the Second Stage and become a True Master.

Next, Doudou passed by the doors of home for the fourth time...

After an unknown amount of time, Doudou had passed by the doors of home for the ninth time... and Meteor Sword's speed was getting faster and faster.

July 21th, in the wee hours of the morning.

In the territory of the Illusory Sword and the Chu Family, on the Grievance Settling Platform.

The battle was about to start.

At this time, the people of the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School were standing on the extremities of the platform.

A tall and thin man approached the leader of the Chu Family and said in a soft voice, "Family leader, Chu Chu hasn't returned yet."

The family leader clenched his fists and gritted his teeth.

On the other side, the school head of the Illusory Sword School had a gruesome smile on his face...

Chapter 365: The start of the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform!

Although it was supposed to be three days later, there were only two days and a half left before the start of the battle. In the wee hours of the 21st, the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform finally started.

The Chu Family decided where to hold the battle, while the Illusory Sword School decided the time...

After looking at the sour expression of the leader of the Chu Family, the mood of the school head of the Illusory Sword School got much better. He knew that the talented Chu Chu was bound not to step on the Grievance Settling Platform.

Everything was proceeding as 'that mister' predicted. At this time, the Chu Family was like a plump piece meat, just waiting to be swallowed down.

However, even a wild beast would fight desperately if cornered. Hence, he needed to strike them hard first.

Since the two supervisors from the Eternal Sword Sect hadn't arrived yet, he could use a few tricks to lower the morale of the opposite party even further.

Therefore, he respectfully said to the two figures in the rear, "I request you gentlemen to show a bit of your strength to the people of the Chu Family, letting them know how short-sighted they are."

The two figures faintly smiled and nodded, their expressions enigmatic. The duo stood up and stepped out of the camp of the Illusory Sword School, turning towards the camp of the Chu Family.

In the next moment, they released their strength and a huge amount of spiritual energy gushed out of their bodies, with a faint golden light appearing on their faces.

They were Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperors!

The overbearing aura of two respected Spiritual Emperors shrouded the camp of the Chu Family. How could cultivators of the First, Second, or Third Stage resist the aura of someone of the Fifth Stage?

Most of the members of the Chu Family had a terrified expression on their faces. Even the face of the family leader became a little paler as he stubbornly stared at those two Spiritual Emperors!

The Illusory Sword School has two members of the Fifth Stage?! Impossible! If they had two Spiritual Emperors as members, they wouldn't be a mediocre second-rate school!

The two Spiritual Emperors kept their aura on for around three breaths. Afterward, they restrained it once more and coldly smiled at the people of the Chu Family, turning around and returning in the rear of the camp of the Illusory Sword School.

"Xu Zheng!" The family leader of the Chu Family clenched his teeth and said, "What do you think you're doing? You can't have helpers fight for you on the Grievance Settling Platform!"

"Hehehe... I know well that helpers can't fight on the Grievance Settling Platform." Xu Zheng faintly smiled and said, "These two seniors are guests of our Illusory Sword School. After hearing that our school was participating in a battle on the Grievance Settling Platform, they decided to come over and take a look. They're just bystanders and have no intention to participate in the battles."

These two Spiritual Emperors had been invited here by 'that mister' to help the Illusory Sword School.

The leader of the Chu Family tightly clenched his fists... even if they weren't going to participate, just with their presence, those two Spiritual Emperors would exercise a lot of pressure on the people of the Chu Family.

As if that wasn't enough, the aura they released just now

completely crushed the morale of the Chu Family. Even the clansmen that were going to participate in the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform had been influenced by their might. It was unlikely that they would be able to fight at their full strength now.

Dammit!

The leader of the Chu Family clenched his teeth so hard that they almost broke. He hated the fact that the Chu Family was so weak and couldn't afford to invite powerful reinforcements.

Amidst the people of the Chu Family, Soft Feather furrowed her brows. Although the aura of those two Spiritual Emperors didn't have that much of an effect on her, she still felt uncomfortable when that power oppressed her.

She rubbed her body, somewhat frustrated, and muttered, "Why is Senior Song not here yet!"

He clearly said he would set out on the 18th, and two days and a half later, he's still not here? Did he get lost?

In the dark.

Soft Feather's senior brother, Liu Jianyi, opened his mouth wide... Shiet, just when I got lazy and took a nap, two Spiritual Emperors suddenly appeared and used their aura to intimidate Junior Sister Soft Feather?!

'If they dare to act against Soft Feather, you know what to do, right?' Venerable Spirit Butterfly's words reverberated in Liu Jianyi's mind.

What should I do? Should I kill those two Spiritual Emperors? That's going to be troublesome!

Just as he was in deep thoughts, his phone suddenly rung. After

unlocking it, he discovered that it was a call from Venerable Spirit Butterfly.

"..." Liu Jianyi.

F*ck, did teacher hid a camera on my body so that he could monitor my actions? Is that why he immediately called as soon as something happened to Junior Sister Soft Feather?

Liu Jianyi stiffly greeted, "Hello, teacher. How are you...?"

"I'm good." Venerable Spirit Butterfly's voice transmitted from the other end. "Jianyi, get ready to receive an express delivery. I'll use a flying sword to send an item there in half an hour. Pass it to Soft Feather as soon as you receive it."

After hearing this much, Liu Jianyi heaved a sigh of relief. "Sure, no problem."

"Right, how is Soft Feather doing lately? Is everything okay?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly asked.

"Everything is fine. There are some minor problems, but I can take care of them," Liu Jianyi said as he clenched his teeth.

"Good, good... remember, don't slack off and immediately kill anyone who dares to harm Soft Feather! Let them know that the Spirit Butterfly Island mustn't be messed with... if you can't defeat them, give me a call. I'll rush over there in an instant," Venerable Spirit Butterfly said in a grave tone.

"Teacher, I understand!" Liu Jianyi clenched his teeth.

After hanging up, Liu Jianyi sighed... things were going to get busy, and he would have to separate from his beloved laziness for a while.

However, his opponents were two Spiritual Emperors... what a headache.

He had told everyone that he was a Fourth Stage Innate Realm, wouldn't it give rise to suspicion if he were to suddenly kill two

Spiritual Emperors?

If he were to reveal his true strength, how could he keep slacking off and reap benefits from the confusion!



Around ten minutes later.

Two lights flashed on the Grievance Settling Platform. They were the two Spiritual Emperors of the Eternal Sword Sect.

Now that they were here, the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform could officially start!

The battle between the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School was divided into three categories.

Juniors below the age of sixty were going to participate in the first category. Both sides would send three people each that would fight a one-versus-one battle to decide the winner.

Core members below the age of 150 were going to join in the second category. Likewise, both sides would send three people each that would fight a one-versus-one battle to decide the winner.

If both sides were to obtain a victory in each category and end up in a tie, they would send their strongest members to fight it out in the third and last category. The faction capable of winning two out of the three categories would be the final winner.

The three disciples chosen by the Illusory Sword School for the first category were all at the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm.

The jump through the dragon gate was a bottleneck that had blocked many cultivators of the First Stage. If you were to fail the jump, your cultivation would drop by a small realm, and you would have to practice again to gather enough qi and blood to try to jump through the gate once more.

Many cultivators would reach the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm while 20-30 years old and spend the next 30-40 years trying to

jump through the dragon gate.

The Illusory Sword School hadn't been too lucky. Amongst the disciples that were nearing the age of sixty, not even one had successfully jumped through the dragon gate, reaching the Second Stage.

On the other side, only two of the three disciples of the Chu Family that were supposed to participate showed themselves. They too were in the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm. Chu Chu was the third participant... however, she had yet to arrive.

Chapter 366: It looks like a missile!

"Hehehehe. Old Chu, as I told you a while ago, the battle on Grievance Settling Platform is no child's play. I hoped that the Chu Family could send a couple of participants out to fight, saving some of its dignity. But in the end, some of your disciples still got a stage fright and didn't show themselves," the school head of the Illusory Sword School, Xu Zheng, said as he inserted his hands in the sleeves of his daoist robe and squinted at the leader of the Chu Family.

The leader of the Chu Family looked grave.

A thin and tall man from the Chu family went next to the family leader and asked in a low voice, "What is your decision, family leader? Do you want to replace Chu Chu with someone else?"

Replace Chu Chu? The family leader sighed once again.

Just who would be able to replace Chu Chu in the Chu Family now? Without Chu Chu, they had not a single chance of winning the first category where cultivators of the age of sixty or below were battling.

And if they were to lose the first category, then they wouldn't be able to ensure victory in the third category even if they won in the second one. That elder of the Illusory Sword School that was at the Fourth Stage Innate Realm was an opponent the Chu Family couldn't hope to defeat.

As far as their strength was considered, the cultivators who could ride a flying sword and those that couldn't were simply worlds apart.



On the Grievance Settling Platform, the two Spiritual Emperors from the Eternal Sword Sect furrowed their brows slightly—from the looks of it, it seemed that one of the disciples of the Chu Family

that was to take part in the first round had yet to arrive...

Both of them knew the ins and outs of the current conflict. As for who was right or wrong, everyone was well aware.

However, as the supervisors of the Grievance Settling Platform, they had to be fair and square, following the rules and regulations... that was to say, if the disciple representing the Chu Family was late, the Chu Family would have no choice but to replace her with another disciple.

"Hehehe. Old Chu, if the talented female disciple from your family isn't here yet, I can give you a chance." The school head of Illusory Sword School laughed. "We can start the matches of the second category first... and if she successfully gets here during the battle, we can then proceed with the first category. Besides, it doesn't really matter whether we start with the first or the second round, does it?"

The leader of the Chu Family looked at the school head of the Illusory Sword School, suspicious of his goodwill. He actually took the initiative to suggest starting with the second category first? What kind of scheme was he plotting?

On the Grievance Settling Platform, the two supervisors exchanged glances and silently nodded.

Thereafter, the Spiritual Emperor on the left said, "If the Chu Family agrees, then there is no harm starting with the second category first."

Starting with either category posed no problem.

As long as the two parties of the battle on Grievance Settling Platform agreed to it, the change in order would not affect the result in any way.

The leader of the Chu Family furrowed his brows... under such circumstances, it was to the Chu Family's advantage if they started the battle of the second category first, but being led by the nose did

not feel good at all. Especially when they did not have a single clue as to what that guy from the Illusory Sword School was plotting.

But at this time, the leader of the Chu Family had no other choice but to agree to it.

For now... they had to concentrate and obtain victory in the second category!

"Alright," answered the leader of the Chu Family with a heavy voice.

"Hehehe." The head of the Illusory Sword School laughed.



On the Grievance Settling Platform, one of the Spiritual Emperors from Eternal Sword Sect pierced the ground with his sword and channeled his spiritual energy into it.

A defensive formation was arranged above the entire Grievance Settling Platform, allowing the participants to fight to their heart's content.

The other Spiritual Emperor announced, "Well then, let the matches of the second category begin! May the disciples from both sides that are participating enter the arena one after another!"

After finishing his sentence, the Spiritual Emperor from the Eternal Sword Sect glanced at the Illusory Sword School camp, paying close attention to the two unknown Spiritual Emperors... according to their intel, the treasured daughter of the Spirit Butterfly Island who came as a guest of the Chu Family should be the only outsider present; the Fifth Stage guests on Illusory Sword School's side were an unexpected factor.

This battle on Grievance Settling Platform was not as simple as they thought. It was a major headache... hopefully, there wouldn't be any chaos.



In the camp of the Chu Family.

"Chu Xiong, go into the arena in the third battle and get us a victory!" said the leader of the Chu Family to a figure behind, lowering his voice.

That figure sat silently within the Chu Family camp, dressed like a monk and with a shiny bald head. At this moment, the monk was silently reciting his scriptures, dispelling the effect created earlier by the two Spiritual Emperors from the Illusory Sword School, returning to his best condition before the battle.

After hearing the words of the leader of the Chu Family, Chu Xiong raised his head and nodded, saying, "Yes."

The leader of the Chu Family nodded his head. Thereafter, he said to the other two participating disciples, "Chu Tie, Chu Yong, both of you go into the arena in succession and destroy the small fries from the Illusory Sword School."

"Yes." The two disciples stood up. They were both Second Stage cultivators with their fifth dantian, the Dragon Palm dantian, opened.

Even though there was another elder in the Third Stage Battle King Realm apart from the leader of the Chu Family himself in their camp, he was already way past the age of 150 and hence ineligible for participation in the second category of the Grievance Settling Platform.

Fortunately, the same was true for their opponent, the Illusory Sword School. Apart from the school head, Xu Zheng, they had another vice school head and a protector. However, the three of them were already past the age of 150 and were unable to take part in the second category.

This was advantageous to the Chu Family.

Under such circumstances, Chu Xiong of the Chu Family, a newly promoted Third Stage Battle King, would definitely emerge

victorious!

Chu Xiong was similar to Chu Chu; he was another talented disciple.

However, the nature of his talent was different from Chu Chu's—he did not have much talent when it came to sword techniques. When he was little, his talent was recognized by a buddhist expert, and he was brought to the Furious Buddhist Sect to practice.

This year, Chu Xiong was only over eighty years old, and he had already stepped into the Third Stage Realm. If no accident occurred, based on his talent, there was hope for him to reach the Golden Core Realm!

Even though Chu Xiong was the disciple of the Furious Buddhist Sect, he was also a member of the Chu Family.

Based on the rules and regulations of the Grievance Settling Platform, he was considered as part of the Chu Family camp and was naturally eligible to compete!

The moment the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School decided to battle it out on the Grievance Settling Platform, both Chu Xiong and Chu Chu were chosen as the Chu Family's trump cards.



In the camp of the Illusory Sword School.

"Indeed, the Chu Family has their methods." The school head of the Illusory Sword School, Xu Zheng, smiled. "However... we have our methods too. Jian Xiao, deal with those two guys from the Chu Family first. Then, probe the strength of that 'trump card' of theirs."

Behind him, a young man stood up. He was holding a broadsword, and his right arm was solid and strong... much stronger than his left.

"Yes, Teacher," answered Jian Xiao.

"Right, don't kill any member of the Chu Family yet." Xu Zheng laughed. "Break their limbs and cripple them permanently."

"I understand," replied Jian Xiao calmly.

Thereafter, he carried his heavy broadsword and stepped onto the Grievance Settling Platform.

At the same time, he started to stir the true qi in his dantian.

The true qi traveled up his body and formed the faint image of a dragon behind his back... except that the true dragon was lacking a pair of horns.

A cultivator of the Second Stage with seven dantians opened. After condensing the horns of the dragon and opening his eighth dantian, he would be on his way to become a cultivator of the Third Stage!

The foundation of the Illusory Sword School was superior to that of the Chu Family by a notch!



On the Grievance Settling Platform, the two Spiritual Emperors from the Eternal Sword Sect leapt up, floating midair.

One of them was observing the duel on the Grievance Settling Platform. He was the judge, and if either party surrendered, he would have to immediately protect them.

The other one was focusing his attention on the camp of the Illusory Sword School; if the two Fifth Stage cultivators from the Illusory Sword School dared to pull anything stupid, he would deal with them immediately.

Then, an entrance opened in the defensive formation above the Grievance Settling Platform.

Chu Family's Chu Tie and Illusory Sword School's Jian Xiao stepped onto the platform at the same time.

When Chu Tie saw Jian Xiao entering the arena, he furrowed his brows slightly—Jian Xiao should be the strongest cultivator amongst the younger generation of the Illusory Sword School; logically speaking, he should be fighting in the third match, the match that would decide victory or defeat in the second category.

Why did Jian Xiao get on stage first? Could it be that the Illusory Sword School assumed that Jian Xiao himself could defeat all three cultivators from the Chu Family?

How arrogant.

Chu Tie gritted his teeth. His condition was negatively influenced by the oppressive aura of the two Spiritual Emperors earlier, and he was unable to return to his optimal state. Additionally, he knew that he wouldn't be able to defeat Jian Xiao even if he recovered. During this period of time, the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School were constantly in conflict, so Chu Tie had encountered Jian Xiao once. Thus, he was aware of his might.

However, even if he was no match for Jian Xiao, he had to do his best to deplete the other party's energy in the first match.

The battle began.

Chu Tie ferociously pounced towards Jian Xiao and frantically executed a set of moves he comprehended from the 'sword technique'.

Based on their different comprehension abilities, the members of the Chu Family would comprehend different types of moves from the 'sword technique'.

If one's comprehension ability were bad, he would not be able to derive any sword techniques at all... however, as long as one succeeded, the resulting technique would be the one that suited that person the most.

The sword technique that Chu Tie comprehended focused on

speed—it was as fast as lightning; its attacks were akin to howling wind and torrential rain. Since he knew about the difference in strength between Jian Xiao and himself, he immediately employed his unique skill.

Facing Chu Tie's fast sword technique, Jian Xiao's face remained calm. The hand that was holding onto the broadsword gripped tightly, his body slightly bent and his muscles from head to toe were flexed.

His gaze was fixed on Chu Tie's quick sword, looking for a weakness in the midst of the chaotic howling wind and torrential rain.



In the Chu Family camp.

Chu Chunying lightly caressed her belly; her eyes fixed on the Grievance Settling Platform showed anxiety. "Soft Feather, does Brother Chu Tie have any chances of winning?"

Soft Feather shook her head lightly.

Chu Chunying sighed softly.

Soft Feather took out her phone and sent another message to Venerable White: "Senior White, where are you guys right now, please reply. You haven't arrived yet? It's urgent!"

Beep beep beep... this time, Venerable White replied very quickly with a voice message. "I'm sorry... We met with a small accident. Right now, we are..."

"Boom, boom, boom~ Thump, thump, thump~ Uwaaaaaaah~"

"Ah! Senior White, be careful! There is something flying in front of us! It looks like a missile!" Soft Feather could faintly hear Senior Song's voice in the background.

"Boom, boom, boom~"

The voice message ended.

Soft Feather broke out in a cold sweat... Venerable White and Senior Song seemed to have embroiled themselves in a rather scary situation?

Chapter 367: Song Shuhang will reach the battleground in ten minutes!

Very soon, Venerable White sent another voice message.

"Ahem, I got slightly distracted and ended up flying to a very strange place. But it's ok, within thirty minutes... eh, no, within ten minutes, we will arrive at the Chu Family!" said Venerable White's calm voice.

If not for the continuous "boom, boom, boom~" in the background that were similar to those from war movies, those words would have comforted Soft Feather a lot more.

Moreover, Soft Feather seemed to have faintly heard Senior Song's panting voice in this voice message.

However, she was only paying attention to Venerable White's voice and the war sound effects earlier, hence she did not manage to catch what Senior Song was saying.

Thus, Soft Feather played Venerable White's voice message once again out of curiosity and listened to it carefully.

Indeed, it was really Senior Song's voice. It was anxious and fast... "Senior White, that's a missile! It will explode, you should have seen it online before. Its might is extremely scary... this is not a souvenir, we can't bring it home!"

"..." Soft Feather.

Missile? Souvenir? Bring it home?

Venerable White caught a missile and wanted to bring it home?

Come to think of it... it does feel somewhat exciting!

She had never seen one of those gadgets from close up. There was clearly quite a number of them hidden all around Spirit Butterfly Island, but her father would not allow her to approach any of

them...

I want to see it! I want to see a missile from close up!

Hence, Soft Feather quickly sent Senior White a message. "Senior White, my current coordinates have changed. The battle on Grievance Settling Platform has already started, and we are currently at the location. Senior White, please hurry, I'm sending you the coordinates!"

As soon as Soft Feather thought about Venerable White making an entrance with the booming missile, her eyes lit up!

It definitely would be very fun!

"Roger that, adjusting the coordinates... Song Shuhang and I will arrive in approximately ten minutes." Venerable White's calm voice once again echoed from the phone.



Soft Feather was very content and shut her phone.

"Was it a good friend?" asked Chu Chunying with a smile. Speaking of which, did she mishear? She seemed to have heard the word 'missile' from the message Soft Feather received earlier...

"Yes, the very kind Senior Song and the almighty Senior White! They will arrive at the battleground in ten minutes. I mean, they will arrive at our location!" said Soft Feather happily.

After Senior Song was here, she would be able to take her shapeshifting brooch back and transform into one of the disciples of the Chu Family and join the matches on the Grievance Settling Platform. Just thinking about it made her feel excited.

Just as Soft Feather and Chu Chunying were conversing, the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform was coming to an end.

Although Chu Tie was attacking at an insane speed, Jian Xiao managed to block every single one of his attacks with his broadsword!

"Is this your fastest sword attack? It's not much. Quick Sword Chu Tie is only so-so," said Jian Xiao coldly. Even though the offensive power of the quick sword did consume quite a bit of his energy when he was blocking, he could easily recover it after a short rest.

On the other hand, Chu Tie's frantic attacks had consumed a large amount of his true qi and stamina.

Hmph, it's still early. Chu Tie snorted to himself.

In the next moment, the sword in his hand shook, and its speed got faster and stranger.

In the blink of an eye, it forced Jian Xiao to continuously retreat.

Blow after blow, Chu Tie's power and momentum reached the limit.

"Dragon God Sword Technique!!" Chu Tie roared loudly, releasing all his strength along with this cry!

Prior to the battle, the two Spiritual Emperors used their power to suppress the members of the Chu Family. Now, Chu Tie had used the momentum to get rid of the negative effects!

Although Chu Tie shouted 'Dragon God Sword Technique', the power of his sword did not assume the shape of a dragon when attacking. The myriad afterimages of the sword changed into a rain of swords. Lastly, they assumed the shape of an enormous cage that engulfed Jian Xiao.

The names of sword techniques cultivators called out in battle mostly did not correspond to reality... it was only a tactic used to increase one's momentum and adjust one's condition, and at the same time, confuse the opponent.

A lot of stupid names of techniques were all conceived at the last minute.

For all you knew, if a cultivator shouted the name 'Raging Waves'

Heavenly Sword Technique', in the next moment, you might see a crescent moon-shaped slash heading toward the opponent's head instead!

Momentarily, Jian Xiao was surrounded by the afterimages of the sword. Unable to dodge, he could only face it head-on.

However, Jian Xiao, who was within the sword qi cage, maintained his composure and said, "It's over."

"Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding!"

Countless sword qi crashed against Jian Xiao's body, but his stocky right arm lit up, and his whole body was shrouded in a layer of dull flickering golden light that protected his entire body.

Even if Chu Tie's countless sword qi attacks were fast and sharp, after slashing through the protective golden light with much difficulty, they only managed to leave a couple of superficial wounds on Jian Xiao's body.

A Second Stage cultivator could completely heal such scratches in a couple of breaths.

"A buddhist body protecting technique? The Golden Body of the Buddha?" Chu Tie cried out in shock.

"Hehe." Jian Xiao lightly laughed and struck ruthlessly with the broadsword in his hand.

Chu Tie had consumed all his energy and had yet to recover any of it. He could not dodge and got struck on his shoulder. The right hand holding the sword was cut off.

In reality, even if Chu Tie had been in his peak condition, he would not have been able to avoid Jian Xiao's attack.

That attack might have looked clumsy, but its speed was alarmingly fast.

"Aaaah!" Chu Tie cried out in pain, repeatedly moving back as blood gushed out from his right shoulder.



Below the platform, Chu Chunying similarly opened her eyes wide and asked, "The Golden Body of the Buddha?"

"No... it's not the Golden Body of the Buddha. It's a special constitution that cultivators can obtain in the Second Stage. Jian Xiao must have experienced a fortuitous encounter and managed to refine his right arm, obtaining a special constitution arm." Soft Feather furrowed her brows.

"A cultivator with a special constitution?" Chu Chunying asked out of curiosity, wondering why she had never heard about it before.

"Elder Sister Chu, I can explain it in detail after the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform ends. It's a complicated topic after all. Anyway, long story short: after a cultivator reaches the Second Stage, they can strengthen their body via certain means, refining it into an 'immortal body' that can have various attributes. According to the rumors, there are more than a dozen different immortal bodies. Likewise, demonic cultivators have their demonic bodies, buddhist cultivators their seed of buddhahood, scholars their scholarly root, and monster cultivators their monster bodies... moreover, they all yield different characteristics. However, it is hard to attain an immortal body. The consumption is very great... and the failure rate is more than 90%," Soft Feather briefly explained to Chu Chunying.

It was unknown what methods Jian Xiao used to refine his right arm into a 'special constitution', and it was also unknown if his right arm was actually an 'immortal body' or a 'seed of buddhahood'.

But his method did not look ordinary at all... there definitely would be a serious backlash.



On the Grievance Settling Platform, after Jian Xiao slashed off Chu Tie's right arm, he did not follow up with another attack.

He merely stood still on the Grievance Settling Platform, silently staring at Chu Tie.

"Chu Family's Chu Tie admits defeat." The leader of the Chu Family surrendered on behalf of Chu Tie, and at the same time, he shot a glance at Chu Xiong behind him.

Chapter 368: Even if we're a bit late, shall we still inaugurate the event?

Chu Tie suffered a complete defeat. But even if he lost an arm, he was still alive at least. As for the lost arm, there was hope to reattach it back. His face was deathly pale as he picked up his right arm and the sword, staggeringly jumping down from the platform.

The medical cultivators of the Chu Family immediately rushed toward Chu Tie. They stopped his bleeding and sealed his right arm as to avoid deterioration.

The leader of the Chu Family said in a grave tone, "Immediately bring Chu Tie back to the clan and try to reattach his severed arm."

The nearby specialized personnel was already prepared; they got Chu Tie into the vehicle and sped up toward the clan. They were planning to reattach his severed arm through a surgery.

After seeing Chu Tie off, Chu Yong deeply sighed and grasped his long sword, ready to go on stage.

His strength was almost equal to that of Chu Tie. Therefore, he had next to no chance of winning against Jian Xiao. Just like Chu Tie, his objective was to consume Jian Xiao's strength and true qi as much as possible.

"Senior Brother Chu Yong, wait a moment. Let me go on stage first." Chu Xiong, who had his eyes closed the whole time, stopped chanting scriptures and stood up.

Chu Xiong had a strong build. After standing up, he was half a head taller than all the people in the Chu Family's camp.

"But..." Chu Yong looked at the family leader.

"Family leader, leave it to me." Chu Xiong turned his head toward the family leader and said, "I'm in the right state of mind to go on stage!"

Soon after, he opened his eyes; flames of fury were burning in them, making him resemble a wrathful Buddha. It was the reason his sect was named 'Furious Buddhist Sect'. Being angry would negatively influence other cultivators, but it was a powerful buff for the disciples of the Furious Buddhist Sect.

"Fine, but try to preserve your strength." The family leader said.

"Don't worry." Chu Xiong slowly walked forward, and a vajra scepter slid into his hands.

The true qi inside his body was surging at each step, just like a big and wide river.

While marching toward the platform, he took off his monk robe and revealed his steel-like muscles.

After shedding his robe, he wrapped it around his waist. This increased his resemblance to those furious Buddhas you see in paintings even more.



"Eh? A disciple of the Furious Buddhist Sect?" Soft Feather discerned Chu Xiong's origin with just a glance.

If he was a disciple of the Furious Buddhist Sect, the winner of this match was already decided. Although it was only a middle-rank school amongst buddhist schools, if we were to take into consideration fighting capacity alone, the disciples of the Furious Buddhist Sect were comparable to those of first-rank buddhist schools.

The angrier they were, the stronger and more fearless they would be!



As soon as Chu Xiong stepped onto the stage, Jian Xiao's expression got serious.

"The second match of the second category will now commence,"

the Spiritual Emperor from Eternal Sword Sect proclaimed.

As soon as his voice faded...

Jian Xiao raised his right arm toward the sky. While raised, his right arm had a length that was comparable to half of his body. Then, he slashed toward Chu Xiong with his broadsword, sending out a blow of slashing light!

The sword qi was extremely sharp and almost comparable to the attack of a cultivator of the Third Stage.

While facing the powerful sword qi, Chu Xiong didn't retreat or evade; he stood still and activated a sealing technique while holding his vajra scepter. "Break!"

Soon after he yelled 'break', a big golden fist exploded from the vajra scepter in his hand.

The glittering golden fist slammed against the sword qi, smashing it into pieces.

The power of the fist didn't diminish as it clashed against Jian Xiao's body, sending him flying against the defensive barrier set up by the Spiritual Emperors of the Eternal Sword Sect.

After crashing against the barrier, Jian Xiao slowly fell downward, spitting out a big mouthful of blood. The deep mark of a fist was left behind on his chest.

This blow had broken more than half of Jian Xiao's bones, as well as damaged the majority of his internal organs. It was unknown how many months or years he would need to recover.

Is the difference between cultivators of the Second and Third Stage so big?

Jian Xiao looked at the towering Chu Xiong with a confused expression on his face. The difference between the two was like that of heaven and earth.

"Illusory Sword School's Jian Xiao admits defeat," Xu Zheng said

in a hurry, making Jian Xiao forfeit the match.



"Is there so much difference in strength between cultivators of the Second and Third Stage?" Chu Chunying was also curious about this point.

Jian Xiao was a cultivator of the Second Stage, with seven of his dantians open, and as Soft Feather said, he possessed that special arm too. Nonetheless, he wasn't even able to withstand a single blow from Chu Xiong?

"Although the difference between the two stages is quite big, it's not insurmountable. The real difference between Chu Xiong and Jian Xiao lies in the techniques they practice," Soft Feather said calmly.

Jian Xiao was practicing the technique passed down within the Illusory Sword School. This technique was only slightly better than the ones commonly found in the word of cultivators.

On the other hand, Chu Xiong was practicing the techniques of the Furious Buddhist School. If we were to take into consideration fighting capacity alone, they were ranked amongst the strongest. Moreover, the move he used just now was the signature move of his sect, the Seal of Buddha's hand.

Comparing the two was like comparing a 12-year-old boy holding a wooden sword to an adult holding a peerless treasured sword.

It was clear who would win.

Soft Feather shot a glance toward the people of the Illusory Sword School... how were they going to deal with someone like Chu Xiong?



In the camp of the Illusory Sword School, Xu Zheng wasn't shocked by this development and was as calm as before.

At the same time, the two Spiritual Emperors in the rear were frequently shooting glances at the disciples of the Chu Family. Although they didn't use their spiritual pressure this time, their gaze alone was enough to apply a lot of pressure to the people of the Chu Family.

The Illusory Sword School was taking advantage of the fact that the Chu Family didn't have any powerful experts in their camp. Therefore, they were relying on their two Spiritual Emperors to gain more and more advantage.

"Tsk. At first, I was even planning to have the Chu Family last an extra match and allow them to retain some of their honor. Too bad they didn't appreciate the kindness." Xu Zheng faintly smiled and shot a glance toward his back. "Junior Brother, go on stage and bring an end to this round. Make the Chu Family despair."

"Hehe..." A giggle transmitted from Xu Zheng's back.

Soon after, a man with a foolish smile plastered on his face stood up. His smile was so bright that saliva was leaking from the corner of his mouth.

This was Xu Zheng's junior brother... he was 142 years old, and his strength was in the later stage of the Third Stage Battle King Realm. He received a severe injury forty years ago, and all outsiders thought he'd died already. However, he unexpectedly survived and turned into a carefree blockhead; that wasn't all, he even profited from the misfortune that befell him and his strength increased by a notch.



In the meantime, somewhere above China's coast. A ray of light that only cultivators could see was covering thousands of kilometers in the blink of an eye.

Doudou, Chu Chu, and Guoguo were wrapped inside the sword light, their faces deathly pale. They weren't only scared of the

terrifying speed of the flying sword—the thing beneath the sword also scared them to death.

Song Shuhang called out in alarm, "Senior White, quickly throw it away! It's going to explode! It's going to explode!"

Beneath Meteor Sword was a five meters long white-colored guided missile; its form was aerodynamic and suitable to ignore the resistance of the air. The fearful thing was that this gadget was currently active and could explode at any moment!

But what was even more fearful was that Senior White was strangely eyeing the missile and had the face of someone that was ready to cause trouble; he seemed intent on disassembling it.

Song Shuhang didn't know how advanced the control system of this guided missile was and if it could track how much distance the missile had traveled after its launch.

If the control system was modern, the guys tracking the missile would be shocked. Their missile suddenly disappeared while flying in the sky, and if they were lucky enough to get a signal, they would discover that it had already traveled a distance comparable to $\frac{1}{5}$ of the equator and was quickly approaching China. Perhaps the guys that launched the missile were already scared sh*tless by this sudden development...?

Venerable White turned his head around and said disgruntled, "You guys are making too much noise. You'll distract me."

Next, with a face full of confidence, he said, "Don't worry. With me here, it won't explode."

Song Shuhang was very familiar with this confident expression of Senior White... because he had the same confident expression when he tried to reassemble the disassembled electrical equipment in the house.

I'm sure the missile will explode!

And we'll all die if it explodes!

"Senior White, please study something else! Perhaps we can contact True Monarch Yellow Mountain and have him deliver a guided missile that has yet to be launched. Afterward, we can look for an isolated place where we can safely study it!" Song Shuhang tried his best to persuade Senior White.

"I agree! I remember that there are many interesting things buried near one of stupid Yellow Mountain's overseas immortal caves. Senior White, if you want to have some fun, I can bring you over there!" Doudou also tried to convince Senior White.

"..." Venerable White.

Sigh... none of them had even a little faith in his abilities~? In the end, he was still a Seventh Stage Venerable! It was just a missile, even if it were to explode, he could easily keep the explosion under control!

"Don't panic. Everything is under control! The missile won't explode for the time being." Venerable White patted several times on the missile with his palm, leaving behind numerous strange runes. "You should have more faith in my skills!"

Song Shuhang and Doudou forced a smile.

"Alright. From the looks of it, we are about to reach the Grievance Settling Platform," Venerable White informed everyone.

After saying this much, he added some spiritual energy to Meteor Sword... Wait, wasn't one supposed to step on the brake if they were about to arrive at the destination?

Nope! Venerable White had great confidence in his abilities. He would skilfully stop the flying sword when they were a few centimeters away from the ground! Therefore, they had to do only one thing for now: accelerate, accelerate, and accelerate!

Their current speed was extremely fast; Song Shuhang and the others felt the surrounding scenery 'skip' at high speed.

With much difficulty, Song Shuhang used his eyesight to look

ahead. There, he saw a huge platform and two groups of people. They were probably the members of the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School.

"Get ready, I'm about to land," Venerable White said.

After saying this much, Venerable White recalled another matter... the gifts he sent to the fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group were about to activate, right?

I've decided. I'll activate all the gifts after reaching the Grievance Settling Platform.

Aren't people always making plans for joyous occasions nowadays? Like setting off firecrackers to congratulate someone?

It wouldn't be bad having a meteor shower inaugurate the matches on the Grievance Settling Platform. It might be a bit late... but it's the thought that counts!

Chapter 369: Careful, a missile is rushing over here!

An hour before Song Shuhang and Venerable White were about to reach the Grievance Settling Platform...

On the border between China and Korea, beneath an ordinary private residence was concealed an immortal cave reserved for secluded meditation.

At this time, Immortal Master Copper Trigram's disciple, Immortal Fortune Teller Iron Trigram, was hiding there. The reason was his teacher's extremely auspicious, lucky, and super, super, super good divination. That divination really scared him to death.

After hiding in the immortal cave, he didn't dare to take a single step out. Even True Monarch White Crane, who came to deliver the gift, had to push the box in from the crack in the door.

This morning, he even had a nightmare. In the dream, his teacher's super, super, super good divination came true, and all sorts of fearful things happened to him. In the next moment, he was startled awake by the nightmare.

After waking up, Iron Trigram switched on his phone and placed the :senior_white_bless: emote on fullscreen.

He made the phone stand vertically and took out the incense burner, starting to burn some incense.

"Senior White, give me your blessings! Let me avoid this tribulation! If I can survive this calamity, I'll make a golden statue for you and worship it day and night!" Iron Trigram muttered.

After burning the incense, he cautiously grabbed the wooden box lying on the bedside. The name 'Immortal Fortune Teller Iron Trigram' was written on this box.

This was a gift from Venerable White... two days after downloading the 'Senior White's expression package' file, Iron Trigram received this gift. He firmly believed that this box was a long-distance blessing gift from Venerable White.

I must always keep this gift with me. I mustn't separate from it even for a second, Immortal Fortune Teller Iron Trigram thought to himself.

Just as he was in deep thoughts, his phone suddenly rung. It was a call from his teacher, 'Immortal Master Copper Trigram'.

Iron Trigram's hand slightly shivered, but he still picked the call up.

"Teacher, hello. Is something the matter...?" Iron Trigram asked cautiously... he was scared that his teacher would suddenly say that he performed another divination.

Sometimes... the world would kick you when you were down.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram's voice transmitted from the other end. "Iron Trigram, are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm fine," Iron Trigram replied.

"Good then." Copper Trigram heaved a sigh of relief. Next, he added, "Iron Trigram, I performed another divination today."

As soon as he heard these words, Iron Trigram felt his knees going soft, and he almost fell to the ground!

He took a deep breath and asked resolutely, "Teacher, how was the divination?"

"The same as before. A super, super, super good divination." Copper Trigram heaved a sigh.

Is this calamity not over yet?! Iron Trigram roared inwardly.

"However, the situation might turn for the better according to today's divination. Within this super, super, super good divination was concealed a hint of bad luck," Copper Trigram continued.

After hearing this much, Iron Trigram's eyes suddenly lit up. "For real? Teacher, was there really a hint of bad luck? Aren't you deceiving me?"

Immortal Master Copper Trigram said hoarsely, "It's true. I'm not deceiving you."

After saying these words, Copper Trigram felt his heart twitch... even his beloved disciple didn't trust his divinations! It was such a tragic thing for someone that had to rely on performing divinations to make a living!

But Iron Trigram was very happy at this moment. "I'm saved! I'm saved! For the past few days, I used Venerable White's emote as a screensaver and burned incense daily; as expected, it was a success!"

After hearing these words, Immortal Copper Trigram was dumbfounded.

F*ck, this brat actually downloaded the 'Senior White's expression package' file? Does he want to die?!

Hmm? Wait! Did he say that he burned incense daily?

So, burning incense really works? The rumor about offering prayers to Venerable White to get miraculous effects was real?

"Teacher, I'll get going in that case! I have to prepare a few things, but don't worry; I'll surely survive this calamity!" Iron Trigram said excitedly.

Without even waiting for his teacher's reply, Iron Trigram hung up.

Next, he started to pack his things.

He was planning to change his immortal cave!

This immortal cave on the border between China and Korea was ranked fifth in regards to defensive power amongst the immortal caves in his possession.

The immortal cave with the strongest defensive power was located in Korea, beneath a huge mountain.

"I'll move to that place, wahaha! Today, I'll risk my life and fight against this tribulation! If I'm still alive tomorrow, I'll be in a very safe place!" Iron Trigram took along the phone, as well as Venerable White's gift, and flew toward his secret immortal cave.

Very soon, he reached the secret immortal cave and successfully managed to enter.

But soon after, he was dumbfounded.

"Eh? How come there is such a mess on top of my immortal cave? What's the deal with these tunnels? Who created such big holes midway up the mountain? Did they start to mine or something?"

Moreover, next to the huge mountain where his immortal cave was located were many strange construction works going on.

"Perhaps I should go back...?" Iron Trigram muttered to himself.



Three minutes before Song Shuhang and Venerable White's landing, on the mysterious Spirit Butterfly Island on the border between the Pacific Ocean and the East China Sea.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly put down his teacup and beckoned with his hand. A huge multicolored butterfly landed in front of him, gently flapping its big wings.

"Go to the 888th storehouse and bring me a flying sword. I need to send something to Jianyi," Venerable Spirit Butterfly explained.

The butterfly flapped its wings and quickly went toward the 888th storehouse.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly faintly smiled and stretched his hand out, making a grabbing motion from afar. The wooden box with the words 'Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather' written on it directly flew into his hand.

"Since Soft Feather has yet to return, I'll use a flying sword to send her the gift," Venerable Spirit Butterfly muttered to himself.

While he was holding the gift, Venerable Spirit Butterfly's hands started to get itchy. He was curious as to what gift fellow daoist White sent to Soft Feather.

Curiosity was a strange thing. Once you became curious about something, it was difficult to ignore it.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly was a strong-willed man and could easily restrain his curiosity if he wanted to... but whenever it was something pertaining his beloved daughter, his curiosity would become particularly strong.

"Perhaps I should take a peek? The seal fellow daoist White used isn't too strong. Should I untie it a little, take a look inside, and tightly seal it again?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly muttered to himself.

I only want to take a peek... I won't lift the whole seal, I'll just lift a small part and see what's the content!

Thereupon, Venerable Spirit Butterfly slowly stretched his hand, positioning it on top of the gift.

"No, I can't. This is a gift that fellow daoist White sent to Soft Feather. What would I do if the surprise inside were to lose its effect after I lift the seal?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly gritted his teeth and stopped himself from opening the gift.

I can't risk ruining my daughter's gift... Venerable Spirit Butterfly deeply sighed.

However, he still wanted to know what was inside! What should he do now?



Inside Fairy Lychee's immortal cave.

Fairy Lychee was wearing the new silk nightgown she bought

online and was currently sleeping. She recently became a Sixth Stage True Monarch and stabilized her realm with much difficulty; she was exhausted. Therefore, she overslept a little.

The gift Venerable White delivered was calmly lying on the bedhead.

In the Ancient Lake Temple.

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple was holding a writing brush and licking his lips while quickly writing on the high-quality paper.

At this time, he was using Venerable White's gift to press down the white paper he was writing on.

Inside Thrice Reckless Mad Saber's immortal cave.

Since he inadvertently offended Scholar Drunken Fruit two days ago, Thrice Reckless secretly moved to another immortal cave... wait, was 'Drunken Fruit' really his name? Anyway, you know who we're talking about. After getting offended, Scholar Drunken Sea said he would look for Thrice Reckless and have a good chat with him.

Thrice Reckless was no fool. He knew that Scholar Drunken Heaven had ill intentions. Thereupon, he hid inside his secret immortal cave and was currently enjoying the hot spring inside. Venerable White's gift was thrown on a side together with his clothes.

"Life is truly wonderful!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber said.

Dharma King Creation, Fairy Dongfang Six, True Monarch Fallout, and the other fellow daoists that received Venerable White's gifts were currently bustling about in their immortal

caves.

All of them had placed the gifts not too far away from them.

At this time, on the Grievance Settling Platform.

"Aaah!" Chu Xiong called out pitifully. His opponent pressed him to the ground.

At this time, that muddle-headed guy had a hideous expression on his face. After throwing Chu Xiong onto the ground, he pounced toward him like a wild beast and bit his neck.

Although Chu Xiong had a body protecting technique from the 'Furious Buddhist Sect', he was unable to block the bite of this beast-like man. Those sharp teeth bypassed the defense of his true qi and body, tearing away a big piece of flesh from his neck.

Next, the beast-like man opened his mouth and swallowed the piece of flesh down.

His strength was incredible. Although he was fighting like a madman and wasn't using any strategy, Chu Xiong had no way to deal with this man. What was the real identity of this person?

"Hehehehe..." After swallowing the piece of flesh, the beastly man cupped his hands and ruthlessly smashed them against Chu Xiong's head, fracturing his skull.

The leader of the Chu Family tightly clenched his teeth and squeezed out a few words, "We surrender!"

This meant that the Chu Family had lost in the second category.

On the platform, Xu Zheng's junior brother was in a frenzied state and seemed to have no intention to stop biting Chu Xiong.

"Are you deaf?!" the supervisor from the Eternal Sword Sect bellowed as sword qi shot toward Xu Zheng's junior brother.

At last, the beastly man got away from Chu Xiong and evaded the

sword qi.

But in this short period of time, he left wounds on Chu Xion's face, neck, and shoulder, badly mangling him.

"That bastard went too far!" the people of the Chu Family roared.

The other supervisor from the Eternal Sword Sect coldly snorted and released his sword qi as well. The sword qi reached the frenzied man in the blink of an eye and slashed at him, sending him flying.

The sword qi left a deep wound on his chest, deep enough that even bones were visible.

"Manage your people well. Otherwise, don't blame me for being heartless!" The supervisor from the Eternal Sword Sect snorted.

The school head of the Illusory Sword School didn't seem to care. He beckoned with his hand to disciples and told them to bring his junior brother back.

On the other side, the people of the Chu Family were infuriated.

"Hmph!" At this time, the two Spiritual Emperors in the Illusory Sword School's camp lightly snorted, calmly releasing their aura to suppress the people of the Chu Family once more...

But right at this time, a meteor came down from the sky at an extremely high speed.

The sharp-eyed supervisor standing on the left saw through the meteor-like thing and exclaimed in surprise, "A missile!"

Why was a missile suddenly rushing toward them?

Chapter 370: Coiling flight feature, activate!

Because the speed of the missile was too fast, the two Spiritual Emperors from the Eternal Sword Sect could only see its afterimage... moreover, they seemed to have caught a glance of something else on top of the missile, but they couldn't see it clearly.

Why was there a missile headed there?

Furthermore, it had obviously locked onto the 'Grievance Settling Platform'!

Who would be so unscrupulous as to aim a missile here? Was it a conspiracy?

Also, what was the grade of its warhead? If the power was too strong, there was nothing the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors could do except for defending themselves.

Ordinary people's ability to court disaster was too strong; the destructive power of the weapons they invented was simply too strong.

"Block the missile, don't let it land!" The Spiritual Emperor of the Eternal Sword Sect maintaining the barrier could not attack in time. Hence he could only instruct his companion.

The other Spiritual Emperor nodded.

However, the moment he leapt up into the air, he was one step behind the other two people.

They were the two Spiritual Emperors of the Illusory Sword School—they almost leapt into the air at the same time and their method was more decisive and direct.

The seemingly middle-aged Spiritual Emperor threw out a talisman after lifting his hand; the talisman was as fast as lightning, and it transformed into a ball of white flames halfway,

rumbling towards the missile...

The other white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor followed behind the middle-aged Spiritual Emperor. Then, he placed his hands together, creating a layer of a ripple-like defensive formation to keep them safe.

He wanted to directly detonate the missile in midair, not letting it land.

The two Spiritual Emperors were close friends, and their coordination was flawless. One of them was responsible for destroying the missile; the other was responsible for putting up the defensive formation.

As for the magnitude of the missile's power, it wasn't within their consideration. Besides, after it landed, it would explode anyway... blasting it in the air was much better than having it land.



On top of the missile.

Song Shuhang, Doudou, Guoguo, and Chu Chu's faces were pale... the speed Venerable White's flying sword was going at was rather fast.

Apart from them, there was also a palm-sized Yu Jiaojiao nestled in Doudou's fur... speaking of which, why did Yu Jiaojiao follow them here? She had already successfully advanced to the Fourth Stage, shouldn't she go back to the sea?

But it wasn't the time for such questions!

Song Shuhang's eyes were wide open, staring at the white ball of fire that was approaching them. If it landed on the missile, it would definitely cause a huge explosion!

"Senior White, be careful of that ball of fire!" he called out. Even though he knew that Senior White could definitely see it, due to the fact that he was very nervous, he could not help but reiterate

it; shouting could help release his pent-up anxiety.

Facing the white ball of fire, Venerable White displayed no reaction.

The speed of the flying sword did not decrease in the slightest, and it was going to crash into the flames head-on!

It was merely a flame technique, and Venerable White could not care less about it.

He was executing a flight technique, and there was the thick layer of a defensive formation surrounding the flying sword and the missile, as well as that overbearing sword qi.

The flying sword and the white flames collided, and the ball of white flames got directly shattered to smithereens!



"Sword qi? Is that a person who is riding a flying sword?" asked the middle-aged Spiritual Emperor of the Illusory Sword School.

Similarly, the white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor responded, "Could it be that a fellow daoist created a missile-shaped flying sword?"

Along with the technological advancement, some unconventional cultivators changed the shape of their flying swords as well.

Life-bound flying swords couldn't be altered carelessly, but the shape of flying swords used as means of transportation could be changed according to one's preferences.

A year ago, the white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor saw a cultivator standing on top of a flying laptop, shuttling back and forth in the sky at high speed. Together with him was flying another cultivator who was standing on top of a flying keyboard...

Hence, it would not be surprising if someone were to change the appearance of his flying sword into a missile.

The only problem was that making it look like a missile would

frighten lots of people.

As he was thinking, the missile flying sword was already approaching them at a super-high speed!

The middle-aged Spiritual Emperor snorted coldly and his qi sunk within his dantian. He shouted in a low voice, "Fellow Daoist on the missile flying sword, stop the flying sword! Or else, don't blame me for taking action!"

His voice was akin to rolling thunder, extremely majestic and impressive. However, his speech was rather fast, and his entire sentence only took a second to utter.

However, the middle-aged Spiritual Emperor was not done acting cool when the missile flying sword was already ten meters away, right before his eyes! It clearly looked as though it was going to knock him out in one go!

F*ck, did the speed of the missile flying sword increase?

Getting hit by the missile was not a child's play; the helpless middle-aged Spiritual Emperor could only clench his teeth and try to evade...

Next to him, the white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor also dodged.

However, when he was dodging it, he calculated the trajectory of the 'missile flying sword' in his mind and decided to exert a little bit of strength to the missile flying sword and change the area of its impact. This was the attack predicting technique—the place where the flying sword was going to land was precisely the location of the Illusory Sword School camp.

Hence, the white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor wanted to push the flying sword to one side!



Whoosh! The missile flying sword flew past the two Spiritual

Emperors in the blink of an eye.

The white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor used his attack predicting technique and tried to gently push on a side of the missile flying sword.

But even so, it could not move the missile flying sword at all!

Instead, after the sword qi of the 'missile flying sword' got hit by the soft strength, it counter-attacked!

In the next moment, the counter-attacking sword qi was like a storm, rolling towards the white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor and the other middle-aged Spiritual Emperor.

Such an intimidating sword qi?

The two Spiritual Emperors could feel a chill go down their spines.

If that storm of sword qi enveloped them... perhaps they would have to use their life-saving trump cards.

They struggled to support the defensive formation and activated the defensive magical treasures on their bodies!

Heavens, what is the rank of this senior cultivator on top of the missile flying sword? The white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor was alarmed.

Just the power of the counter-attacking sword qi's was this scary.

"Bang," the storming sword qi struck their defensive formation.

Their defensive formation was like paper, and it got torn to pieces.

Just as they saw the sword qi heading towards their body... a gentle voice called out, and the scary storm of sword qi stopped immediately, an inch away from the two Spiritual Emperors... the strong wind that came with the sword qi deeply cut their cheeks.

We... we survived?

The two Spiritual Emperors swallowed their saliva; they couldn't help but look where the missile flying sword was heading to.

Just what was the background of this person?

* * *

"Senior White, we're about to craaaash...!!!" Song Shuhang felt his entire leg muscles tense up—if brakes appeared underneath his feet at this time, he would definitely step on them as hard as he could.

It was clearly not the first time, but he still wasn't quite able to get used to Senior White's emergency landings.

At this moment, the missile flying sword was only five meters away from the ground!

* * *

On the ground, all the people stared at the missile flying sword—at such a fast speed, if it crashed to the ground, it definitely would create a huge pit.

Also, more importantly, the area below the flying sword was filled with people.

The faces of disciples of the Illusory Sword School below went pale... it was not that they did not want to escape, but they had no time to make a run for it! They were not Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors!

From the appearance of the missile to the Spiritual Emperors leaping into the air, and then to the missile flying above their heads... the whole process only took a few seconds. Several Illusory Sword School disciples that had fast reflex had already escaped, but most of them were ordinary disciples whose capabilities were not that great yet, and hence they could not escape even if they wanted to.

This was true despair!



The two Spiritual Emperors of the Eternal Sword Sect on the Grievance Settling Platform had a gloomy expression. As expected, this battle of Grievance Settling Platform became chaotic, after all.

What were they going to write in their report about this battle on the 'Grievance Settling Platform'?

They couldn't possibly write that a missile flying sword suddenly landed from the sky, crushing most of the disciples from the Illusory Sword School, and since the casualties were too high, there was no way they could continue with the battle on the 'Grievance Settling Platform'...



Below the missile, there were several kinds of people. The disciples of the Illusory Sword School felt as though doomsday was coming.

The members of the Chu Family had bloodshot eyes and were hoping to see the disciples of the Illusory Sword School crushed to death by the missile.

However, the scene of the missile landing and crushing everyone on site did not occur.

The enormous 'missile flying sword' instantly stopped when it was commanded to. Such a sudden change made it hard for people to adapt.

Just like that, the enormous missile flew a meter above the heads of the disciples of the Illusory Sword School.

The legs of the disciples below, who could not escape in time, lost their strength.

The faces of the people from the Chu Family were filled with regret.



"We have arrived!" On top of the missile, Venerable White showed a satisfied smile... yeah, it was indeed more exciting when bringing a couple of other people to speed on the flying sword. He had a great time during this flight.

Doudou leapt down from the missile and mumbled, "Woof woof... even today, I managed to survive."

On his back, Chu Chu sat slightly upright with a joyful look on her face as well. During the journey around the earth over the past couple of days, she had substantially recovered from her injuries and was able to slightly straighten her body.

After the members of the Chu Family saw Chu Chu, they immediately cheered. "Chu Chu!"

"Senior Song, Senior White!" Soft Feather called out after seeing them.

Chu Chu waved weakly at the members of the Chu Family.

Song Shuhang also waved at Soft Feather, except that the smile on his face was somewhat agonizing... Soft Feather still looks very happy, that's good. It's just that... I don't know if she received the gift Senior White sent?



In the sky, the two Spiritual Emperors the Illusory Sword School invited started descending.

The school head of the Illusory Sword School, Xu Zheng, rushed up to them and asked, "Seniors, what is the realm of the cultivator on the missile flying sword? Are they the Chu Family's reinforcements?"

As he was speaking, he secretly glanced at Chu Chu, who was still alive... Dammit, Wolf One and company claimed to be an elite organization, yet they could not even kill off a girl, a bunch of useless fools!

The two Spiritual Emperors laughed hollowly, but for the sake of their face, they put up a front and said, "We can't tell his realm and strength; after all, we only had a short contact."

The school head of the Illusory Sword School pondered for a bit and suggested, "Given the background of the Chu Family, I doubt they would be able to invite a real expert. Seniors, shall we test the ability of the cultivator on the missile flying sword while taking advantage of this opportunity to scare the Chu Family?"

The two Spiritual Emperor's felt their scalps go numb. The middle-aged Spiritual Emperor said profoundly, "Don't panic, wait for me to get to know more about him before discussing the next step."

Xu Zheng lightly nodded his head. "Our Illusory Sword School is depending on you two then!"



Just as everybody was talking amongst themselves, Venerable White raised his hand.

"Clang!" The missile was unloaded by Venerable White from the flying sword, then thrown onto the empty space next to Doudou.

The clanging sound immediately attracted everybody's attention as they looked blankly at the huge missile—that thing did not seem like a flying sword?

Subconsciously, everybody lifted their heads and looked towards the sky... thereafter, they saw a flying sword underneath Venerable White and Song Shuhang's feet.

Everybody's hearts skipped a beat, and they turned their heads around again, staring at the missile... F*ck, that thing isn't a missile-shaped flying sword, but a real missile! The kind that could explode!

All the people moved back instinctively, in a bid to get further away from the missile. After all, most of the people here were

either First or Second Stage cultivators. If the missile exploded, they would die!



On the Grievance Settling Platform, the two Spiritual Emperors of the Eternal Sword Sect looked at each other.

Thereafter, the Spiritual Emperor on the left who tied his hair into a bun stepped forward and bowed towards Venerable White. "Supervisor of the Grievance Settling Platform, Peng Shenghai of the Eternal Sword Sect. Pleasure to meet you, Senior."

The short-haired Spiritual Emperor on the right bowed as well. "Supervisor of the Grievance Settling Platform, Peng Qianyin of the Eternal Sword Sect. Pleasure to meet you, Senior."

Venerable White glanced at them and guessed that the two were worried that he was going to spread chaos on the Grievance Settling Platform. He smiled and said, "Haha, don't be so solemn. I am only here to bring a participant, and since I was at it, I decided to spectate the matches as well."

After the two Spiritual Emperors of the Eternal Sword Sect heard these words, they secretly heaved a sigh of relief... they could not tell what was the realm and strength of this senior, but as long as he was not there to spread mayhem, all was good.

"Right, I prepared a gift for the Grievance Settling Platform. Originally, I was going to present it during the opening, so even though it's a tad late... I hope you'll appreciate my kind feelings!" Venerable White smiled.

"A gift?" The two supervisors of the platform were puzzled.

Then, Venerable White happily reached out his hands, just like the conductor of an orchestra.

In the next moment, Venerable White's both hands started dancing in the air.

Behind him, Song Shuhang's used his hands to rub his temples forcefully, worrying about what was about to start... right now, he only hoped that the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group would not vent their frustration on him later.

After all... he was the one who made Soft Feather send the 'Senior White's expressions package' file to the group.

* * *

In the Ancient Lake Temple.

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple raised the sheet of high-quality paper he was writing on, admiring his handwriting with satisfaction.

"Good writing, good writing." The more True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple looked at his writing, the more satisfied he was. He felt that his calligraphy skills have improved!

At this time, he did not realize that the 'gift' he used as a paperweight had already quietly opened.

Soundlessly, the 'disposable meteor sword 001' floated in midair and locked onto True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple's position.

In the next moment, the disposable meteor sword swiftly inserted itself underneath the feet of True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple.

"?" True Monarch could sense something was amiss.

But it was too late.

The coiling flight feature of the disposable meteor sword activated!

Chapter 371: Aaaaaaaaah~

"What's this thing? A flying sword? Where did it come from? Anyway, it looks somewhat familiar! Where have I seen it before...?" True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple muttered to himself, somewhat confused.

But right at this time, the wooden sword started to emit a blinding light.

Then, the coiling flight feature activated.

The most efficient and fastest way to ascend to the sky, exactly what you deserve!

The video-recording feature also activated.

In the next moment, True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple's body started to spin like a drill and shot up into the sky.

"Uwah, uwah, uwah..." True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple cried out strangely while spinning...

Due to the high speed he was spinning at, a fearful hurricane formed around his body as the sword qi exploded!

And just in this fashion, True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple spun like a top and passed through the skylight of the temple, ascending to the sky like a hurricane. The skylight allowed him to quickly get out of the temple with his flying sword in times of need. Thanks to it, he wouldn't have to repair the ceiling of the temple later.

Due to the ear-splitting sound effects and the overbearing visual effects, many disciples of the Ancient Lake Temple were startled awake.

"Hey guys, look over there, what's that?"

"Looks like the temple master."

"Ah! It's really the temple master!"

"The temple master is ascending to the sky!"

"Is he testing a new flying technique?"

"It seems very powerful. Perhaps it's the combination of a flying technique and a sword technique? Look at that terrifying sword qi revolving around him, so cool! And his strength seems to have increased by leaps and bounds yet again. The speed of that flying technique is incredible!"

"It's really too quick! He's already high up in the sky!" The disciples made all sorts of comments.

What they didn't know was that True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple was equally baffled at this time... moreover, he finally remembered where he had seen this particular wooden flying sword... Isn't this Senior White's disposable flying sword?

Inside that 'gift' was a disposable flying sword? Is this sword trying to send me into space?

Is this that 'big surprise'? True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple had tears streaming down his face.

As if that wasn't enough, he felt his head spinning. Was it because he was rotating too fast?

Not quite right. The body of a Sixth Stage True Monarch was more than enough to resist the power of the rotation, but Venerable White's spiritual energy was also wreaking havoc and causing a disturbance while the coiling flight feature was active. Even Ancient Lake Temple found it difficult to bear under these circumstances.

At long last... the coiling flight feature brought him to the predetermined height and stopped.

Phew, it finally stopped! True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple thought to himself.

But he didn't even have the time to relax when the other two

features of the flying sword activated.

The meteor-like effect and the zigzagged flight pattern!

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple changed into a dazzling meteor and started to streak across the sky. The pattern of this meteor was rather strange though. While streaking across the sky, it would often go up and down and sway from left to right.

"Aaaaaah~" True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple screamed.

Since it was early morning, the meteor-like effect was particularly eye-catching.

"The temple master is so incredible! A flying sword can be actually ridden in such a way!"

"Look at that zigzagged flight pattern!"

"The temple master is incredible!"

"Temple master, another one, another one!"

The unaware disciples of the Ancient Lake Temple cheered out loud.

Then, just as they were spectating the scene with excited looks, True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple streaked across the sky and headed toward a faraway place, slowly disappearing.

"Eh? Where did the temple master go?"

"No idea. He actually flew very far away. Is he going out?"

"Anyway, was it his scream that I heard earlier?"

"No way, you must have misheard. Anyway, let's go back to sleep. Given his strength, it won't be a problem for him to return."

Thereupon, the numerous disciples nodded one after another and returned to sleep.

In the starry sky.

"Aaaaaah~"

I wish to fly in the sky together with the sun~

The world is waiting for me to change it~

I am not afraid to show my dreams to others~

[I can make them come true right here~](#)

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple's pitiful scream echoed in the night sky.

❄ ❄ ❄

Meanwhile, inside Thrice Reckless Mad Saber's secret immortal cave.

Thrice Reckless was humming a song and enjoying the hot spring.

But at this time, a figure appeared in front of him out of nowhere and without making any sound.

It was a man that had the demeanor of a retired scholar, the type that had seen through the vanity of the world and retired to a peaceful life. He had retired so well that you wouldn't be able to find him even if he were standing in front of you.

"Fellow Daoist Thrice Reckless, I hope you've been well since our last meeting." The retired scholar faintly smiled at Thrice Reckless.

"..." Thrice Reckless Mad Saber.

Shiet, although this secret immortal cave doesn't have the same defensive power as the main one, it still has hundreds of formations protecting it! This man was able to break through all those formations and I didn't even notice it?! Moreover, how did he find me?

"Gulp." Thrice Reckless Mad Saber swallowed a mouthful of saliva and forced a smile. "Fellow Daoist Scholar Sober River, nice to meet you!"

"Hehehe..." The retired scholar faintly smiled. "Fellow Daoist

Thrice Reckless, that's not my name."

"I'm sorry!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber immediately apologized and corrected himself, "I remember now, it's Scholar Scattered Ash! I'm sure of it!"

"Wrong, try again." The retired scholar took a step forward and put a hand in the hot spring.

In the next moment, Thrice Reckless felt the temperature of the water rise and the aroma of what seemed to be wine come from the hot spring.

Wine? That's it! His dao name is related to wine!

Thereupon, Thrice Reckless shouted, "Scholar Wine Dust! I'm sure this time!"

"Wrong again. Hmm, I'll give you two more opportunities." The retired scholar gently smiled and said, "If you still can't guess my name correctly, the water of the hot spring will catch fire!"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber broke out in a cold sweat; he couldn't stop sweating even if he wanted to. Although the water of the hot spring was boiling hot, he felt as though he was in the middle of a cold winter.

"Scholar Tyrannical King! Yes, that must be it!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber shouted after racking his brain... Dammit, why didn't I note down his dao name and nickname like Northern River's Loose Cultivator, sticking it in an eye-catching place?!

The retired scholar slightly nodded.

"Is it correct?" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber's eyes suddenly lit up.

"No, but this dao name was rather overbearing. Hehe, you have one last chance. Fellow Daoist Thrice Reckless, don't waste it!" The retired scholar heartily laughed and revolved his spiritual energy.

The scent of wine spread in the air, and just by smelling it, Thrice Reckless felt a bit drunk. If this spring of wine were to catch fire...

Dammit, what is his name?

It's related to wine... It's related to wine... Yes! I remember! The first word is 'drunken'!

But what is the second?

I only have one last opportunity, I can't make a mistake!

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber racked his brain.

Right! The second word is related to celestial bodies!

"It's Scholar Drunken Sun! I'm 100% sure this time!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber said full of confidence. This time, he was sure that the name was correct.

"Hehehehe..." The retired scholar made a long laugh.

"This time it's correct, right?" Thrice Reckless asked impatiently.

"I'm very happy to inform you... that you got it wrong again!" A flame lit on the right hand of the retired scholar and suddenly approached the water of the hot spring. "It's Scholar Drunken Moon!!!! Engrave this name in your mind!!"

But right at this time... on the edge of the hot spring, a sword light suddenly flashed, shooting out of a pile of Thrice Reckless' clothes.

The sword light approached Thrice Reckless and propped up his body, making him come out of the water.

"Are you trying to escape?" How can I let you get away so easily?

"Eh?" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber looked at the flying sword, somewhat confused. Where had this sword come from?

His weapon of choice was a saber, not a sword.

While he was dumbfounded, Scholar Drunken Moon fiercely pounced toward him and grasped his arm. "Come here and taste this fiery hot spring!"

But Scholar Drunken Moon's voice had yet to fade when the

wooden sword flashed faintly once more.

Coiling flight feature, activate!

The Bladestorm-style flight feature started, and due to the sudden rotation, Scholar Drunken Moon and Thrice Reckless Mad Saber unconsciously embraced each other, starting to madly spin like drills.

Thrice Reckless' secret immortal cave was located within a mountain.

Therefore, they really turned into drills and used their heads to drill through the walls of the mountain, spinning and spinning...

Rocks flew about and sparks scattered in all directions.

Thrice Reckless regretted using such powerful formations to protect the ceiling of this immortal cave very much. Even after drilling for a while, they had yet to break through them.

"Bzzzzzzzzzzzz..."

After much difficulty, they were finally able to break through the formations of the secret immortal cave. Next, the duo madly spun and ascended to the sky.

Scholar Drunken Moon shouted, "Thrice Reckless, stop this thing!"

"I don't know how to stop it!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber loudly replied. This sword didn't even belong to him.

In the end, Thrice Reckless could only turn toward his immortal cave and shout, "Ya, keep an eye on the immortal cave while I'm away!"

As soon as he said these words, they changed into meteors and streaked across the night sky, heading far, far away...

Ya was a spirit beast that Thrice Reckless had raised, and it would help him keep an eye on the place while he wasn't there.

Amidst the starry sky, Thrice Reckless and Drunken Moon's pitiful screams were echoing continuously.

Oh, right. Thrice Reckless' disposable meteor sword had the 'windmill feature' attached to it. While flying, the sword would suddenly start rotating like a big windmill. Truly a beautiful sight!

While they were flying, Thrice Reckless suddenly remembered about a matter. "Isn't this one of Venerable White's flying swords? Aaaaah~"

"A disposable flying sword? It won't fly into space, right? Aaaaah~" Scholar Drunken Moon looked at the starry sky.

Follow me through this ocean of stars~

With the heart set on a distance place~

While dreaming of matters light-years apart~

Proud to never utter the word defeat~

"Aaaaaaah~" The high-pitched voices of the duo echoed throughout the night sky...



Inside Fairy Lychee's immortal cave.

The gift box quietly opened and the flying sword silently drilled beneath the sleeping Lychee's body.

"Hmm... stop. Let me sleep some more," Fairy Lychee muttered.

In the next moment, the coiling flight feature activated... whiz!

Fairy Lychee immediately woke up, but it was too late... she had already started to spin.

I want to fly~

Fly past that grassland and look for my lost memories~

I want to fly~

[Fly past those high mountains and look for yesterday's](#)

memories~

Chapter 372: What a coincidence! Fellow Daoist is also flying!

"What's happening?" Fairy Lychee turned pale with fright. No one touched the defensive formations of her immortal cave. Where did this flying sword beneath her body come from?

Soon, her sight fell on that gift Venerable White sent; it had already opened.

"..." Fairy Lychee.

I remember now! It's one of Venerable White's disposable flying swords!

Just as she was thinking, the disposable meteor sword 001 shot upwards.

"Stop!" Fairy Lychee's eyes teared up... Let me change my clothes at least!

At this time, she was wearing a sexy silk nightgown. If she were to fly like this, everything would be exposed!

Unfortunately, the disposable flying sword didn't have any intelligence and wouldn't stop just because Lychee said so. On the contrary, it started to spin even faster and made her shot upwards and bump into the ceiling of the immortal cave.

Luckily for her, the formation protecting her immortal cave wasn't an old model like that of Thrice Reckless. It was a new formation that could automatically recognize its master. Just as Fairy Lychee was madly spinning, the formation opened on its own and created a tunnel for her to pass.

Next, the flying sword brought Fairy Lychee high up in the sky.

Fairy Lychee's flying pattern had the special 'jet-propelled' feature... her speed would suddenly increase after small intervals of time...

"Aaaaaah~" The melodious scream of a fairy maiden echoed throughout the starry sky.



On the faraway Tian mountain range.

A fairy maiden with a long-sleeved dress was dancing. Her dance was beautiful and very pleasing to the eye.

A young and handsome man was sitting beside this fairy maiden. He was attentively watching the fairy maiden dance, without even blinking.

They were both very good-looking. Such a beautiful couple would make everyone feel envy.

The name of this fairy maiden was Dongfang Weiliao, and since she was ranked sixth in order of age amongst her junior and senior sisters, she decided to use 'Dongfang Six' as her nickname in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

The name of the male cultivator was Liu Long, and he wasn't Fairy Dongfang's lover, but just her pursuer...

Just as Fairy Dongfang was gracefully dancing, a flying sword suddenly slid beneath her jade feet and brought her up in the sky.

Is this a new dancing style? The male cultivator vigorously clapped his hands.

When Fairy Dongfang saw Liu Long vigorously clap his hands, she smiled shyly. Is this a surprise from this blockhead?

But as she was acting shy, the flying sword beneath her jade feet flashed.

Coiling flight feature, activate!

"Aaaaaah~" Fairy Dongfang's beautiful face lost color as she started spinning and shot up into the sky!

The male cultivator below, who was still clapping his hands,

opened his eyes wide in shock. After a short moment, he shouted, "Dongfang~"

In the sky, Fairy Dongfang was spinning so fast that she felt dizzy.

"Liu Long, stop it immediately! Otherwise... I won't forgive you!" Dongfang's cry echoed from the sky.

But Liu Long was in a dilemma. Stop it? Stop what? Isn't that flying sword Dongfang's?

At this time, Fairy Dongfang called out once more, "Aaaaaah~"

Afterward, she turned into a meteor and flew far away with a whiz. Her flying sword had the 'infinite acceleration' feature. It didn't do anything else besides continuously increasing her speed. She disappeared into the sky in the blink of an eye.

"Dongfang~" On the Tian mountain range, Liu Long used his own flying sword and pursued the meteor at full speed.

Dear, fly slowly~

[Be careful of the thorny roses ahead~](#)



On the border between the Pacific Ocean and the East China Sea.

On the Spirit Butterfly Island.

A huge butterfly flapped its wings and came over, delivering a flying sword to Venerable Spirit Butterfly.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly took the sword and picked up the gift fellow daoist White wanted to give to Soft Feather.

In the end, he chose against opening the gift.

"Go, fly to Liu Jianyi." Venerable Spirit Butterfly activated the delivering flying sword and set Jianyi's coordinates as the destination.

But just as he was about to send off the flying sword, the gift

suddenly opened!

"..." Venerable Spirit Butterfly.

The gift opened, but I didn't do anything! It did everything on its own!

Is it already time for the surprise?

Dammit!

Venerable Spirit Butterfly faintly sighed. Such being the case, he made his daughter miss the surprise.

Afterward, he forced a smile.

Forget it. I'll make it up to Soft Feather in one way or the other and make her happy.

Now then, let's see what this surprise was...

Venerable Spirit Butterfly looked inside the box and saw a wooden flying sword. Above this sword were inscribed Venerable White's unique runes.

Isn't this one of those disposable flying swords? Is this the surprise that fellow daoist White wanted to give to Soft Feather? Venerable Spirit Butterfly thought to himself.

Just as he was in deep thought, the wooden sword started to hover...

Since 'Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather' wasn't in the surroundings, the sword didn't find her.

Thereupon, it soared into the sky and headed toward the destination Venerable White set earlier... since it couldn't find Soft Feather, none of its special features activated. It acted like a normal flying sword and returned by Venerable White's side.

No, I can't let it get away! This is Soft Feather's gift! Venerable Spirit Butterfly thought to himself.

Therefore, he moved and appeared beside the flying sword,

firmly grasping it.

"Buzz..." After it was blocked, the disposable flying sword struggled a few times.

But it was still suppressed by Venerable Spirit Butterfly in the end.

It was a disposable flying sword that Venerable White had casually manufactured. Therefore, it was not strange if someone like Spirit Butterfly, who was also a Venerable, easily dealt with it.

After stopping the flying sword, Venerable Spirit Butterfly started to examine it.

"Eh? It's a bit different from fellow daoist White's other disposable flying swords, isn't it? Is this a new type of disposable flying sword? Fellow daoist White's talent is really outstanding in this field," Venerable Spirit Butterfly muttered.

He once exchanged letters with Venerable White and studied formation runes together with him, gaining an understanding of his level in regards to runes.

That was why he told Soft Feather that Venerable White could be ranked amongst the first three in the current generation of cultivators in regards to runes and formations!

Venerable Spirit Butterfly had a deep understanding of Venerable White's disposable flying swords. But unlike Senior White, he wasn't at the level where he could casually take a tree branch and manufacture a flying sword.

After carefully observing the wooden sword, Venerable Spirit Butterfly discovered that there were several runes that he didn't recognize.

"Are these runes the surprise fellow daoist White wanted to give to Soft Feather?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly muttered to himself.

In that case, should I activate the runes and take a look? Perhaps

after knowing the effect of these runes, I can try to reproduce a flying sword with the same features as compensation for Soft Feather?

Said and done. Venerable Spirit Butterfly carefully poured his spiritual energy inside the wooden sword. Since he had a deep understanding of disposable flying swords, he didn't damage the runes on the sword while pouring his energy inside.

Very soon, the wooden sword emitted a dazzling light.

"Done!" Venerable Spirit Butterfly faintly smiled. Afterward, he lightly jumped, stepping onto the flying sword.

In the next moment... the coiling flight feature activated!

"Eh? This seems a very innovative way to ascend to the sky!" Venerable Spirit Butterfly calmly said while holding his chin and madly spinning. The speed of rotation was a bit too high and made one's vision blur.

Next, the meteor-like effect activated!

Soft Feather's flying sword was similar to that of Thrice Reckless and had the 'windmill feature' that would allow it to move in circles while flying.

"Oh, this rotation seems somewhat difficult to bear," Venerable Spirit Butterfly appraised.

Will Soft Feather like such a surprise?

Earlier, he indeed heard his daughter say that she wanted to go bungee jumping, ride the roller coasters, and experience other stimulating and exciting things...

Kids these days like to have fun in strange ways. Venerable Spirit Butterfly sighed with emotion.

Anyway, this rotation seems a bit too quick... do youngsters like it this way?

Now then, where is the sword flying heading to?



Korea, beneath a huge mountain. Next to Immortal Fortune Teller Iron Trigram's immortal cave.

"Boom~ boom~ boom~"

The entire world was shaking, and it felt as though everything was coming to an end. Mountains were collapsing, and the earth was splitting.

Is it a nuclear bomb?

What the actual f*ck, why the hell is a nuclear bomb exploding here?

Iron Trigram had an epiphany. Perhaps this was precisely his tribulation?

The formations on the edge of his immortal cave were crumbling one after another... and his strength wasn't comparable to that of Scholar Xian Gong at the time. Even if he had arranged many formations, they weren't as strong as that of Scholar Xian Gong's. Moreover, the nuclear bomb exploded right beside his residence...

At the time, even Scholar Xian Gong narrowly escaped death. Therefore, Iron Trigram felt that it was over for him.

He was already having a hard time dealing with the crumbling mountain and the splitting earth. As soon as the shock of the explosion reached him, he was a goner!

I'm done for. This time, I'm really done for.

But right at this time, a sword light suddenly appeared beneath Iron Trigram's feet.

Coiling flight feature, activate!



Whiz, whiz, whiz!

Fifty or so sword lights simultaneously shot toward the sky from

various locations in China and the neighboring islands.

These fifty sword lights coiled their way toward the sky while accompanied by all sorts of screams.

Some of these voices belonged to men and women; others to males and females; and some neither to a man nor a woman.

For example... True Monarch White Crane.

At this time, it was tightly holding the disposable meteor sword 001 edition and flying in the sky with the 'windmill' pattern.

"Is this Senior White's surprise?" True Monarch White Crane took a deep breath.

I'm done for!

It recalled the fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group...

It felt that it was indeed over for it! It was going to die for sure this time!

White Crane personally delivered the gifts, and the fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group even gave it small gifts for its efforts...



Very soon, the fellow daoists that shot up from those various locations in China converged in the sky, heading all together toward the Grievance Settling Platform.

All the fellow daoists were quite strong, and even while spinning, they could clearly see each other.

"Aaaaah~ Fellow Daoist Creation! You're also flying! Aaaah~"

"Aaaaah~ What a coincidence! Fallout, you're also flying! Aaaaah~"

"You guys are also here! Aaaaah~ Ah, I see Fairy Lychee in the front! She's also flying! Aaaaah~"

"Ahahaha, it's fellow daoist Ancient Lake Temple! Cough... I can't see clearly, what is that thing in the front? A stark naked Thrice Reckless... my eyes!"

Chapter 373: Let's watch together the meteor shower descending onto the Grievance Settling Platform!

"What is fellow daoist Thrice Reckless trying to do? He's not wearing any clothing... Aaaaah~" Dharma King Creation asked in puzzlement while spinning.

"Did my sight get blurry after rotating for so long, or is there someone else next to fellow daoist Thrice Reckless? He looks very familiar! Aaaaah~"

"You're not mistaken. There is indeed someone else. Is that Scholar Sober Eye? Aaaaah~"

"Don't get his name wrong! That's Scholar Sober Star! Aaaaah~"

At this time, a fairy maiden with a tall and thin stature wearing a dancing dress quickly caught up with the group. It was precisely Fairy Dongfang who was previously dancing on the Tian mountain range. She joined the conversation and said, "Stop sowing confusion. I remember that the first word of that scholar's name was related to 'wine'. Perhaps it was 'brew'? His name should be Scholar Brewing Liquid! Eh? Why are the two of them hugging each other? And Thrice Reckless is even naked! He is tearing the clothes of the scholar as well... gaaaaaaay! Ahahahaaaaaaah~"

While this perverted scene was going on, Fairy Dongfang quickly surpassed the others and took the lead, becoming the first person that would reach the coordinates Venerable White set. Her flying sword had the 'infinite acceleration' feature, and it was especially fast.

"..." Dharma King Creation.

"..." True Monarch Fallout.

"Fellow Daoists, you should stop giving the poor scholar random

names just because you can't remember the real one." At this time, a man dressed up like a loose cultivator zigzagged his way toward the group of people. He was still holding a laptop in his hands, and one could faintly see the interface of the Nine Provinces Number One Group on the screen. After saying this much, he shot a glance at the small piece of paper glued to the corner of the screen and said, "Since we can't remember his dao name, we can use his online username for now... When the bright moon appears!"

"Brother Northern River, you're also here. Aaaaah~" A man with snow-white hair and a flying sword with the 'rattle-drum' flight pattern also converged with the group. At this time, he was hugging a cute snow-white wolf. The body of the small wolf was covered in bubbles... it seemed that the man was giving the small wolf a bath when they were seized by the disposable flying sword. The poor wolf had already fainted, and its eyes were still spinning.

The man dressed up like a loose cultivator was precisely the always online holy warrior of the Nine Provinces Number One Group, Northern River's Loose Cultivator.

At this time, some of the sharp-eyed fellow daoists saw on the screen of Northern River's Loose Cultivator's laptop that Immortal Master Copper Trigram had sent a message not too long ago: "Today, I was in the mood and decided to perform a divination for several fellow daoists. I discovered that all of you would receive a blessing from the heavens. I wish everyone good luck!"

F*****ck, it's that shady fortune teller! Speaking of which, why wasn't he sent flying over here as well?

Northern River's Loose Cultivator waved at the man with snow-white hair. "Brother Snow Wolf, you're also here! Aaaaah~ ...the rotation is about to staaaart~"

As they were chatting, more and more fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group started to converge in the meteor shower...

The acquainted fellow daoists forced a smile and started to greet each other.

Very soon, more than forty fellow daoists converged in the meteor shower.

"Eh? There is another fellow daoist coming over," Cave Lord Snow Wolf shouted.

Then, everybody saw the gloomy expression of the newly arrived fellow daoist. He was still holding a bowl of rice in his hands; he was having a meal when the disposable flying sword 'kidnapped' him.

"Eh? It's True Monarch Yellow Mountain!" Northern River's Loose Cultivator exclaimed after seeing the newcomer.

The newcomer was precisely the founder of the Nine Provinces Number One Group, True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

He seemed to have a certain prestige amongst the members of the group. As soon as he appeared, several members of the group greeted him one after another.

"So many of you were sent flying?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain calmly looked at those present. Then, he ate a mouthful of rice and asked, "Now then, was everyone delivered here by Senior White's disposable flying swords?"

"Yes, yes! Aaaaaah~" Northern River's Loose Cultivator replied.

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain continued, "Right, didn't you guys use Senior White's emotes as profile pictures? Then kept spamming them in the chat for the past few days?"

"Ahaha...ahaha..." Several fellow daoists laughed hollowly.

Originally, they all thought that the principle of the masses not getting punished by the law would apply here. Since there were so many people using his emotes, they thought that Senior White wouldn't go to each fellow daoist's place and punish them. No one

imagined that he would send a disposable flying sword to each of them and reunite everyone in one place.

"It seems that all the fellow daoists that received the gift did something of the sort. That's the main reason you received that disposable flying sword in the first place." After saying this much, True Monarch Yellow Mountain deeply sighed. "But why the hell did I receive one too?"

For the past few days, he secretly looked at the events unfolding in the group. Since he was aware of the principle of 'you won't die unless you seek death', he didn't do anything reckless. He controlled himself and didn't download the Senior White's expression package, didn't use Senior White's emotes in the chat, and didn't use his emotes as avatar either.

Such being the case... why did he also receive a disposable flying sword?

Was it because he was the founder of the group?

Or perhaps Senior White had an extra gift and conveniently sent it to him?



True Monarch Yellow Mountain forgot that he also sent a picture of Senior White in the group. It happened when he asked Soft Feather: 'Whose are those two hands in the picture?' after posting the image of the twin-tailed Senior White.

However... True Monarch Yellow Mountain wasn't blessed with a disposable flying sword because he sent that picture in the group.

Senior White sent him that disposable flying sword on a whim.

After reuniting all the fellow daoists, Venerable White wanted to take advantage of the opportunity to hold the 'hand-guided tractor competition'. Therefore, how could someone like True Monarch Yellow Mountain miss such an important occasion?

And how could they easily gather the fifty, sixty hand-guided tractors necessary for the competition without him?

Therefore, since he was at it, Venerable White conveniently sent a gift to True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

* * *

After seeing that the fellow daoists in the front were steadily increasing in number, True Monarch White Crane took another deep breath.

All of them were busy at home when the disposable flying swords kidnapped them, bringing them away. Whenever it recalled that it was itself that delivered those gifts, it became a little panicky.

It's over!

While flying with the 'windmill' flight pattern, True Monarch White Crane dialed Medicine Master's phone number with its shivering hands. "Uwah, uwah, uwah... Dear Brother Medicine Master... Aaaaah~ ...can you prepare the best hospital bed you have for me...? Aaaaah~"

Medicine Master was busy with that memory loss problem lately and rarely got online. Therefore, he was fortunate and avoided the calamity!

"What?" Medicine Master's confused voice transmitted from the other end. "Brother White Crane, what are saying?"

"I think... Aaaaah~ ...I think I'll need a hospital bed very soon... anyway, see you soon!" True Monarch White Crane resolutely hung up. Then, it spun and spun until it caught up with the other fellow daoists.

Soon, the other members of the Nine Provinces Number One Group also noticed True Monarch White Crane.

"Hehe, it's True Monarch White Crane," Northern River's Loose Cultivator said with a sinister smile.

"Hehe, it's True Monarch White Crane," Cave Lord Snow Wolf reiterated.

"Hehe, it's True Monarch White Crane," True Monarch Fallout echoed.

A series of 'hehe' echoed in the sky.

Inside the meteor shower, many fellow daoists looked at True Monarch White Crane with strange smiles on their faces and hehe-ed at it.

True Monarch White Crane felt a huge pressure... and it took another deep breath.

Perhaps I should take advantage of the chivalrous hearts of male cultivators and change into female form? After seeing that I'm in female form, they might hold back a bit?



In front of the Grievance Settling Platform.

All those present looked with a confused expression on their faces at Venerable White, who was now holding his hands high. They were wondering what this 'gift' this senior cultivator was talking about was.

The people in the Illusory Sword School camp were especially uneasy.

The school head of the Illusory Sword School, Xu Zheng, unconsciously got closer to the two Spiritual Emperors. He was continuously trying to bolster his spirit. Nothing can go wrong. After all, we invited two powerful Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors as support!

Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperors were powerhouses that would directly become elders or peak lords even inside large sects or schools.

The Chu Family was one of the weakest family in the world of

cultivators. How was it possible for them to invite a powerful supporter that would help them keep up appearances?

When he thought about this point, Xu Zheng calmed down a bit.

* * *

"It's here!" Venerable White faintly smiled while standing on his flying sword. He saw that a meteor shower was quickly approaching the Grievance Settling Platform from a faraway place.

Behind Venerable White, the corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched again and again.

He felt that the scene where the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group were wailing and falling from the sky in the form of a meteor shower was simply too beautiful... he didn't even dare to imagine it!

At the same time, he shot a glance at Soft Feather. She had been very lucky to escape this calamity.

But he remembered that Venerable White prepared a gift for her earlier, and there was even the name 'Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather' written on it! If Soft Feather didn't receive the gift, who received it? Who was 'pewed~' toward the sky with the coiling flight feature in her stead?

As though she had felt Song Shuhang's gaze, Soft Feather looked at him and smiled; her smile was beautiful.

Next, she pointed at her head with her finger and said something. After reading her lips, Song Shuhang discovered that it was: 'Senior Song, your shiny bald head is beautiful! It's adorable, and it really suits you!'

"..." Song Shuhang.

Can we not mention my bald head?

Soft Feather smiled and asked the nearby Doudou, "Doudou, what is this 'gift' Senior White mentioned?"

"Hmm..." Doudou's voice became heavy and his eyes profound as he said, "It's a meteor shower!"

"A meteor shower?" Soft Feather's eyes immediately lit up. Should she make a wish?

* * *

It's here? The people on the edge of the Grievance Settling Platform looked at Venerable White once more, their expressions still confused. Even after looking around, they didn't notice anything amiss in the surroundings.

Just as they were in deep thoughts, they felt a terrifying pressure descend from the sky!

This pressure was so big that everyone felt as though the sky was about to collapse and crash onto them.

Those whose cultivation was weak felt that breathing was becoming more and more difficult, as if something was blocking their noses.

What was happening?

The two supervisors of the platform raised their heads and looked at the sky... the origin of this pressure was a large number of Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors, as well as cultivators of the Sixth Stage True Monarch Realm, who had gathered together!

In the ceremony their Eternal Sword Sect held every hundred years, where all the talented people were reunited, there would be a similar pressure.

Did it mean that a large number of Spiritual Emperors and True Monarchs were coming over?

Just as they were thinking, a dazzling meteor shower appeared in the sky. It was bright to the point of being eye-blinding!

Beautiful! The same thought welled up in everyone's heart.

But as the meteor shower approached their position, those

present noticed that there were strange screams mixed within it...

Chapter 374: Chu Chu's request

"Awhoooo~" This sounded like the howl of a wolf?

"Aaaaah..." This was the ordinary scream of a man.

"Uwah, uwah, uwah..." There were a lot of muffled sobs like this one.

"Noooo, I'll be exposed... Aaaaah~" The delightful cry of a fairy maiden.

"Fellow Daoist Drunken Star, give me a piece of clothing to cover my private parts! Aaaaaah~" The terrified scream of a man.

"Get away from me! Thrice Reckless, if you don't stop pulling my clothes, I'll kill yooooooooou!" An angry replied followed.

This meteor shower is not a meteor shower but a group of Spiritual Emperors flying together?

On the Grievance Settling Platform, the two supervisors from the Eternal Sword Sect secretly swallowed a mouthful of saliva. Were all these senior cultivators on a group trip? But the level of this battle was so low! Was it really worth it for so many seniors to fly over here to sightsee while screaming and shouting?

Just as they were thinking, the meteor shower had gotten close enough that cultivators could see it with the naked eye.

As expected, the meteor shower was actually a group of cultivators, and each of them was giving off a terrifying pressure.

The two supervisors of the Spiritual Emperor Realm felt that their realm was about the same as of those Spiritual Emperors amidst the group. But at the same time, they felt that their own imposing manner wasn't that strong... the only possible explanation for this feeling was that these cultivators had a very high number of dragon patterns on their Golden Cores!

These two supervisors from the Eternal Sword Sect also had fine

Golden Cores with five dragon patterns.

And if these cultivators of the same realm could make them feel pressure... was it possible that all of them were Spiritual Emperors with seven dragon patterns?

This was a fearful possibility! It meant that these cultivators had infinite potential. They had the chance to become Seventh Stage Venerables, and perhaps even show their divinity in front of the masses and reach the Eighth Stage!



"Aaaaaah! Senior White, I'm going to crash to the ground! Stop the sword!" At this time, Fairy Dongfang, who had the fastest flying sword, was already in front of Senior White. She was only two, three meters away from the ground.

Venerable White was calmly smiling. The disposable meteor sword 001 edition had the 'parachute style landing' feature. When descending, it would let one have a stimulating and beautiful bungee jumping-like experience. Of course, for safety reasons, the disposable flying sword would automatically protect the rider when the height from the ground reached 0.1 meters, allowing the rider to feel free from worries.

Therefore, safety wasn't a problem.

Just as Venerable White was recalling this feature...

"Boom!"

Fairy Dongfang crashed to the ground together with the sword... the sword qi of the disposable flying sword created a huge hole in the ground.

After a short time, Fairy Dongfang crawled out of the hole with her head and face covered with dust and looked at Venerable White with a bitter expression on her face.

"..." Venerable White.

Strange, was there a problem with the landing system? I clearly designed it so that the sword would stop once it was 0.1 meters away from the ground. Such being the case, why didn't it stop?

Just as Venerable White was puzzled...

"Aaaaaah! Senior White, I'm going to crash to the ground! Stop the sword!" Cries similar to Fairy Dongfang's echoed one after another.

The voices belonged to men and women and were both high-pitched and low-pitched.

Soon after... the fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group fell to the ground one after another, resembling dumplings.

"Boom, boom, boom, boom..."

Ear-splitting explosions continuously echoed. It was truly the perfect sound effect for a joyous occasion.

After all, the sound effect used to open a ceremony had a certain importance.

After a short time, the members of the Nine Provinces Number One Group crawled from the holes with heads and faces covered with dust.



In the camp of the Chu Family.

"Eh? How did that meteor shower change into these many seniors?" Soft Feather asked in puzzlement.

She recognized several of these seniors.

Chu Chu weakly sat on Doudou's body and explained to the leader of the Chu Family what happened to her. Afterward, as she saw all those cultivators fall from the sky, she opened her mouth wide.

Even if she knew that Senior White was a 'Venerable', she didn't expect that he could summon so many friends with the casual wave of his hands.

How wonderful it would be if these cultivators supported the Chu Family!

Unfortunately, she could only wish for it in her heart and couldn't say it out loud.



On the other side, in the camp of the Illusory Sword School.

The disciples of the Illusory Sword School swallowed their saliva.

Are all these cultivators the supporters of the Chu Family? This thought simultaneously flashed through their minds.

The voice of the school head of the Illusory Sword School, Xu Zheng, was slightly trembling as he said, "S-Senior... what's the realm of these cultivators?" Things weren't supposed to go this way! They are completely different than how 'that mister' predicted!

At this time, the two Golden Core Spiritual Emperors had stiff expressions on their faces.

Then, the middle-aged Spiritual Emperor said coldly to Xu Zheng, "Who is your senior? Stop currying favor with us!"

Xu Zheng was stunned.

"Cough, we were just passing by and decided to spectate the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform. We don't have any relations with your Illusory Sword School," the white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor echoed in a grave tone.

After saying this much, the two Spiritual Emperors resolutely moved backward and pulled some distance between the people of the Illusory Sword School and them.

If possible, they would have already used their flying swords and

ran away from this hornet's nest. But now that powerful cultivators were falling from the sky like dumplings, they didn't dare to act rashly.

Hence, they could only brace themselves and wait for a good opportunity to take their leave. They had no intention to get involved in this mess!



The first wave of the 'Nine Provinces Number One Group edition' meteor shower descended.

In one of the holes, a scholar clenched his teeth and said to Thrice Reckless, "Bastard, let go! I only have this robe. If you dare to tear it to pieces, I'll kill you!"

After seeing the stark naked Thrice Reckless grabbing the clothes of the scholar, the other fellow daoists had gossip expressions on their faces.

At this time, True Monarch Yellow Mountain coughed and put down the bowl of rice in his hands. Next, he took off his long robe and moved toward Thrice Reckless' position.

As soon as he saw True Monarch Yellow Mountain's actions, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber's eyes teared up. "True Monarch, in times of need, no one is as trustworthy as you!"

After saying this much, Thrice Reckless stretched out his hand, preparing to take True Monarch Yellow Mountain's robe.

But while passing next to Thrice Reckless, True Monarch Yellow Mountain moved to a side and dodged his hand.

Next, he went with large strides toward the place behind Thrice Reckless. There, Fairy Lychee was shrinking into a small ball. At this time, she was only wearing a thin silk nightgown. As long as there was a little wind, she would be completely exposed.

After arriving next to her, True Monarch Yellow Mountain

gently placed the robe on her shoulders, completely wrapping her body.

Fairy Lychee raised her head and gently smiled at Yellow Mountain.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber stiffened. He was extremely embarrassed and didn't know whether or not he was supposed to retract his outstretched hands.

After a short moment, he shouted, "True Monarch, seeing some p*ssy and forgetting about friends!"

"Indeed, stupid Yellow Mountain, seeing some p*ssy and forgetting about pets!" In the camp of the Chu Family, Doudou followed suit and said while clenching his teeth. This damnable stupid Yellow Mountain hadn't even bothered looking at him after descending to the ground. He had eyes only for Fairy Lychee.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain turned his head around and quietly shot a glance at Doudou; the corner of his mouth twitched.

Next, he looked in Thrice Reckless Mad Saber's direction. After a short moment of contemplation, he stretched his index finger and pointed it toward him, saying, "Transform!"

"Puff!"

A cloud of smoke rose, and Thrice Reckless Mad Saber changed into a baboon!

It was a very simple illusory art, and it had covered the surface of Thrice Reckless' body with an illusion.

"Pfff~" Fairy Lychee's lovely laughter echoed.

After seeing Lychee's smile, the corner of Yellow Mountain's mouth rose.

"..." Thrice Reckless Mad Saber.

He was also acting like an idiot earlier. If he didn't have clothes, he could have just used an illusory art!

Anyway, there was no need for it now.

Thrice Reckless looked all around. He first shot a glance at the camp of the Chu Family. There, he saw Doudou and Soft Feather. It seemed that this was their camp?

Then, the baboon version Thrice Reckless looked at the camp of the Illusory Sword School. Since he didn't find anyone familiar, he determined that this wasn't his camp!

Afterward, his gaze fell on the body of the school head of the Illusory Sword School, Xu Zheng.

"Ah? That black robe isn't bad!" Thereupon, the baboon version Thrice Reckless swaggered toward Xu Zheng and said, "Fellow Daoist, can we discuss something?"

Xu Zheng swallowed a mouthful of saliva; he was feeling an enormous pressure right now.

"Can you lend me your robe? I forgot to wear clothes when I got out of home... I hope you'll give me some face!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber stroked his hair... but in everyone else's eyes, he was just a baboon scratching its head.

"Senior, I'm wearing only this robe. I'm just wearing boxer shorts beneath." Xu Zheng forced a smile.

"Are you not giving me face? Do you know who I am? I'm Su Clan's Seven! Do you really think I won't pick a fight with your school? You don't need to make inquiries to know that I, Thri—Spirit River Su Clan's Seven, really like challenging schools in one-to-one battles!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber said coldly.

In the sky, Song Shuhang almost fell from the flying sword... Senior Thrice Reckless, be careful and don't go too far!

In the end, Xu Zheng forced a smile and took off his robe, silently braving the chilly wind with only his boxer shorts on.



Just as Thrice Reckless Mad Saber was posing as Su Clan's Seven and forcibly borrowing the robe, the fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces One Group that had descended to the ground greeted Senior White one after another with stiff smiles on their faces. Afterward, they forced their way through the crowd and arrived beside Soft Feather and Doudou.

Venerable White faintly smiled and said to Song Shuhang, "Almost everyone is here. We should also descend."

Only the flying sword sent to the Spirit Butterfly Island had yet to return. But after recalling that Venerable Spirit Butterfly was there, it was normal that it hadn't returned.

Senior White and Song Shuhang descended to the ground and went toward the camp of the Chu Family.

All the seniors from the Nine Provinces Number One Group quickly sat in a row. They had serious expressions on their faces and looked like students that were earnestly attending a lecture.

Venerable White faintly smiled at them.

The seniors immediately responded with bright smiles on their own, looking very cute.

At this time, Chu Chu sat up with much difficulty.

"Senior White, I have a request." Earlier, the family leader told her what the matters regarding the Grievance Settling Platform.

The Illusory Sword School proposed to start with the second category first.

In the second category, they had already lost two of the matches and had only one match left, where they had no chance of winning.

Therefore, she needed to find a way to participate in the first category and win, giving the Chu Family a small hope of winning the tournament.

"Hmm?" Venerable White looked at Chu Chu in puzzlement.

Chu Chu slid down from Doudou's body and prostrated herself to the ground. "Senior White, do you have a technique that can allow me to burn my potential? As long as I can fight on the platform, I'm ready to pay any price. I beseech you to give me the opportunity to partake in the fight."

Venerable White nodded. Afterward, he turned his head toward Song Shuhang and said, "Sure!"

Song Shuhang: 😳

Chapter 375: What Miss Soft Feather says is reasonable!

Song Shuhang felt that something was amiss... Senior White, why did you turn your head around to look at me? You promised Miss Chu Chu you'd allow her to go onto the platform, but why did you say 'sure' while facing me?

Chu Chu also sensed something was off—it was clearly she who beseeched him, so why did Venerable White turn around to face Song Shuhang?

But no matter what, even if she had to sacrifice her lifespan or pay an even greater price to fully erupt with her latent capacity, as long as she could fight on the platform and win the first category of the Grievance Settling Platform for the Chu Family, she would have no regrets.

Hence, Chuchu prostrated on the ground and expressed her gratitude, "Senior, thanks for your help."

On a side, the Chu Family's leader wanted to say something but hesitated. Ultimately, he sighed... he felt that he was entirely unable to interrupt their conversation.

"Yeah, come with me. Let's look for a suitable place at the back. In a while, Chu Chu will be able to go on stage," said Venerable White.

Thereafter, Venerable White stood up and walked towards the back of the Chu Family's camp. There was a temporary tent there, which was originally meant for treating the injuries of the disciples fighting on the Grievance Settling Platform. It was a place that could hide them from the public eye.

Chu Chu got up with much difficulty and took a deep breath, preparing to follow Venerable White. She had not fully recovered from her injuries. Earlier, she had already used all her strength just

to sit up straight, how would walking be easier?

The nearby Song Shuhang immediately reached out with his hands to support Chu Chu, then followed behind Venerable White. She was a strong woman, and Song Shuhang understood her too well, even better than her own mother. Also... perhaps it was because he dreamt about Chu Chu's life experience the day before, but Song Shuhang felt a natural sense of intimacy with Chu Chu and her family.

"Thank you," Chu Chu said softly. And just like that, Song Shuhang supported her, and the two of them caught up with Venerable White, entering the tent together.



After Venerable White left, the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One group immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator looked at the baboon in a black robe next to him and asked out of curiosity, "Speaking of which, Thrice Reckless, why are you still in the form of a baboon? Why didn't you undo True Monarch Yellow Mountain's illusory art?"

"Who is Thrice Reckless?" The baboon version Thrice Reckless Mad Saber laughed coldly, running his fingers through his hair. "I am Su Clan's Seven!"

...What kind of joke was that? Previously, he had fallen from the sky stark naked. Even if he was beaten to death, he didn't want to assume his real appearance again...

"Pfff~" Fairy Dongfang Six could not help but laugh out loud.

At this time, True Monarch Yellow Mountain said calmly, "Everyone, please do not make a ruckus. We have to think of a way to placate Senior White... I have a feeling that Senior White definitely wouldn't call us here from afar just for us to enjoy the flight on the disposable flying sword. For all we know, there might be something scary brewing behind the scenes."

After True Monarch finished speaking, the fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group all swallowed their saliva one by one.

"Of the Thirty-Six Stratagems, fleeing is the best, don't you think?" asked Cave Lord Snow Wolf cautiously.

"The monk may escape, but the temple can't escape with him. Even if you can escape today, you might not be able to escape tomorrow," said True Monarch Yellow Mountain calmly.

"So, what should we do?" Fairy Dongfang asked.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain replied, "I don't know either. Hence, we need to discuss it together."

The fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group fell silent.

At this time, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber approached Soft Feather, his monkey face full of sadness. "Speaking of which, Miss Soft Feather, you have gotten us into trouble this time."

Soft Feather blinked her eyes and asked out of curiosity, "What relation does it have with me?"

"Because you uploaded the 'Senior White's expressions package' within the group!" answered Thrice Reckless Mad Saber.

The surrounding seniors silently nodded—the 'expressions package' was the main source of the tragedy!

"That expressions package... isn't it nice?" Soft Feather asked cautiously.

"It is nice... but, because of that expressions package, everyone was brought here by Senior White's disposable flying swords!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber said sullenly.

After hearing that, Soft Feather replied with another question in a curious tone, "Isn't it because you seniors courted death? Apart from flooding the group chat with Senior White's emotes, you even

used them as profile pictures."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber replied, "Ah, what I mean is, it was all because of the existence of the expressions package!"

"That's why I'm saying that you can't put all the blame on me." Soft Feather said earnestly. "I merely shared Senior White's expressions package in the group... if you seniors only quietly downloaded the expressions package for your own enjoyment, there would be no problems. But you guys courted death by constantly flooding the group with them, and even changed your profile pictures. So, isn't it only logical that you would prepare yourselves to face Senior White's punishment? Senior Thrice Reckless, don't tell me you don't even have a bit of self-awareness?"

"Ah?" Thrice Reckless sensed something was amiss. Soft Feather's words were quite reasonable and serious. "Don't tell me that you're self-aware of your actions?"

"Of course," Soft Feather said matter-of-factly. "We are not children anymore. Of course we need to be responsible for every action we make. When I sent the expressions package to the group, I was aware of everything... I heard my father once say that Senior White has a hobby of using disposable flying swords to send people straight into space. Hence, I've long prepared myself to be sent into space by Senior White... I even prepared a spacesuit, as well as fasting pills. I have done all sorts of preparations, and I've kept them in my size-reducing purse since a long time ago!"

As she finished speaking, Soft Feather's eyes glowed brightly, her face full of anticipation and longing. She really wanted to be sent straight into space by Senior White on a disposable flying sword.

Thrice Reckless turned his head around and looked at his fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group. Afterward, he looked up to the starry sky at a 45-degree angle... complex emotions were welling up in his heart.

Soft Feather's reply was reasonable, and Thrice Reckless was left

entirely speechless... in other words, so many fellow daoists in the Nine Provinces Number Group shot themselves in the foot because they had little to no 'self-awareness'?

"Ahem, don't get sidetracked... right now, we should rack our brains and think about how we can cheer Senior White up!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain brought everyone back to the main topic. This was the most important thing at hand. They definitely had to bring out the adorable nature of Senior White... no, they had to make Senior White happy again in order to get him to forget the 'Senior White's expressions package' incident.

At this time, Doudou said joyfully, "If you want to make Senior White happy again, I have a neat trick. Woof, woof."

Right now, he had the size of a small pekingese, and there was also a palm-sized Yu Jiaojiao riding on his back. This combination was especially cute.

"What kind of trick, Doudou?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked curiously.

Doudou happily replied, "Hehehe, I will tell you if you call me 'master' three times, stupid Yellow Mountain. Woof!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain sighed deeply—how did he raise such a stupid dog?

"Doudou," True Monarch Yellow Mountain said in a serious tone, "the girl from the Chu Family who was laying on your back is named Chu Chu, right?"

"So what?" Doudou asked in response.

"Doudou." True Monarch Yellow Mountain's tone became even more serious. "I heard that your friend, a female cat monster in Beijing, is also called Chu Chu, correct?"

"They only have the same name." Doudou snorted coldly.

"Doudou," True Monarch Yellow Mountain continued, "I heard

that you have an online wife, and that wife also has the two characters 'Chu Chu' in her name?"

"Stupid Yellow Mountain, you're spying on me? Woof!" Doudou shouted with all his might.

"Do you still want me to continue? You stupid pekingese with a Chu Chu complex! Do you really want me to reveal and expose your inner and darkest dirty secrets that should never see the light?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain stared at Doudou with his torch-like eyes.

Doudou couldn't help but shrink back.

"Do you know what to do next?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain said coldly.

Doudou pondered for a bit, then lay on the ground with zero dignity as he said, "I'm sorry, Lord Yellow Mountain!"

"I can't hear you, and your tone is not sincere!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain said coldly and arrogantly.

"I am sorry, Lord Yellow Mountain. Woof, woof. I am Lord Yellow Mountain's little loyal Doudou... Lord is a generous man; please forgive me my past wrongdoings. Woof, woof!" Doudou cried loudly.

"Very well. Go on and tell me the secret to make Senior White happy!" said True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

"Song Shuhang is preparing to shoot a movie... when he mentioned it to Venerable White, the latter looked very interested," answered Doudou.

At this time, Yu Jiaojiao hurriedly raised her hand and said, "I know about this matter as well. I even know that there's a writer that writes interesting stuff, and we're going to kidnap him and put him into a small black room, making him write the script."

When Northern River's Loose Cultivator heard it, he suddenly

sighed with emotion and said, "It's a suggestion made by little friend Song Shuhang? Hehe, seems like he had a hard time over the past two days!"

That was also true... Song Shuhang was the one who started the whole 'Senior White's expressions package' thing. He had been spending the past few days with Venerable White. After the whole expressions package incident, one could only imagine little friend Shuhang's plight. It must have been really hard on him if he actually thought of shooting a movie to please Senior White.

"Shooting a movie? Seems like a good idea!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain clapped his hands. "In that case, let's take action and provide adequate support to little friend Shuhang and create a movie that would stir the whole nation!"

"Would that be enough to satisfy Venerable White? Why don't we play it safe a little... let's create a movie that would stir the entire world!" suggested True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple.

The fellow daoists within the Nine Provinces Number Group all supported this idea.

At this time, True Monarch Yellow Mountain secretly heaved a sigh—he actually managed to subdue Doudou this time around. Speaking of which, does Doudou truly have a 'Chu Chu complex'? There is definitely a story behind it. It seems I need to dig out more information to make sure. It would be the best blackmail material to use against Doudou.

Yes... the 'secrets' True Monarch referred to were merely a scare tactic he employed to deal with Doudou.



Just as the fellow daoists in the Nine Provinces Number One Group were talking amongst themselves, the last battle of the second category on the Grievance Settling Platform came to an end.

Chu Family's Chu Yong was defeated.

Even though Xu Zheng's junior brother received an injury from the supervisor earlier and got hurt, after the beast-like fellow got patched up, he still managed to defeat Chu Yong easily.

"The Illusory Sword School is the final winner of the second category of the Grievance Settling Platform." When the supervisor announced the results, he secretly glanced at the members of the Nine Provinces Number One Group sitting in a row in the camp of the Chu Family.

He was worried that when he announced the results, it would cause unhappiness amongst them.

The pressure was too great!

Supervising the conflict on the Grievance Settling Platform this time was so goddamn difficult!

"Next, the matches of the first category of the Grievance Settling Platform shall begin. Participants from both sides, please step onto the platform," said the other supervisor...

Chapter 376: Chu Chu's smile

Only the disciples below the age of sixty could participate in the matches of the first category.

The disciples below the age of sixty in both the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword School had been rather unlucky. Most of them were still trying to jump through the dragon gate.

In the Illusory Sword School, one of their disciples had tried to jump through the dragon gate seventeen times, failing each time. After failing, their realm decreased until it reached the Fourth Aperture Nose Aperture Realm. Only by diligently cultivating again would they have another possibility to jump through the dragon gate.

Even though it was just a small bottleneck, the dragon gate had blocked more than 6% of the cultivators. The main victims were loose cultivators or those part of small sects who lacked resources. Some people had tried to break through this bottleneck for their whole lives without success.

The Chu Family was rather lucky to have a genius like Chu Chu.

On the other hand, the Illusory Sword School didn't have a single cultivator below the age of 60 that had reached the Second Stage, and all the participating disciples were at the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm.

The first two disciples the Chu Family sent were also at the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm.

Since the disciples of both sides were well-matched in strength, the outcome would be decided by their equipment and performance at the moment.

The one with better weapons or techniques was more likely to win.

The supervisor of the platform announced the start of the battle.

The disciple sent on stage by the Illusory Sword School was a three meters tall giant that possessed some special bloodline.

In comparison, the disciple of the Chu Family was much less awe-inspiring. His stature was ordinary and his foundation technique solid. It was someone with experience.

For the matches of the first category, the hopes of the Chu Family were pinned on Chu Chu.



A battle between First Stage cultivators might be exciting for the average man, but for the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group, it was rather boring.

The fact that the techniques of both factions were relatively low-level made them feel even more dispirited.

At this time, the leader of the Chu Family was pacing back and forth outside the tent in the rear.

He wanted to know how much of her strength Chu Chu had recovered. She didn't need to recover all the strength, having the strength of the Second Stage First Dantian Realm was enough to defeat the disciples of the Illusory Sword School.

Soft Feather also stealthily appeared beside the tent. She wanted to retrieve the brooch from Song Shuhang and change into Chu Chunying, fighting in her stead. The mere thought of stepping onto the Grievance Settling Platform and defeating all the disciples of the Illusory Sword School was enough to get her excited.

But even after a while... Chu Chu, Venerable White, and Song Shuhang didn't come out of the tent.

"Are they not done yet?" Soft Feather was confused. Hence, she stretched her hand and opened the tent, taking a look inside.

What she saw inside was a stretch of boundless yellow sand.

"An illusory reality?" Soft Feather withdrew her hand and took a

step back. Venerable White unexpectedly used the illusory reality inside the tent! Was it so difficult to forcibly bring out Chu Chu's latent capacity?



At this time, inside Venerable White's illusory reality.

Venerable White didn't forcibly bring out Chu Chu's latent capacity... he merely took some of her blood and put it inside a small bottle. Afterward, he put all kinds of medicinal materials in the bottle as well.

How was Venerable White planning to make Chu Chu recover her strength?

Then, he took his mobile phone and dialed Medicine Master's number. "Medicine Master, did someone contact you?"

Medicine Master's voice transmitted from the other end. "Yes. The day after Purple Mist brought those test subjects over, a person tried to contact me through various fellow daoists. They wanted to know what was the ransom for the prisoners."

"So, did you obtain that thing?" Venerable White heartily laughed.

"Yes. Just like you instructed, I told him that he could have only two prisoners back and that the price was the first two volumes of the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique>. After bargaining back and forth for a day, he came alone and took three of the prisoners with him while leaving behind the technique," Medicine Master said and also added, "Senior, do you think that the other party did something to those volumes of the technique?"

"That's for sure... but it doesn't matter. I just want to understand the logic behind this technique. Send me the first two volumes of the technique so that I can take a look. As for the following matters, I'll look for you in a while and take care of them as well. Hehehe... additionally, inspect the bodies of the other test subjects.

If I'm not mistaken, there should be a problem with their bodies. The true qi in their bodies should have been quietly absorbed by someone else," Venerable White said with a smile.

"Senior White, I understand." Next, Medicine Master asked another question, "I'll send you the technique first. Is it fine to send it online?"

"You can apply some casual security measures and send it to me. After all, it isn't one of our techniques," Venerable White replied.

Medicine Master nodded and hung up.

Very soon, he sent the pictures of the first two volumes of the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique> through the instant messaging program to Senior White.

Venerable White downloaded the file and started to scroll through the pictures on his phone. Since the first two volumes contained techniques suitable for cultivators of the First and Second Stage, it took him a very short amount of time to read the file.

After he was done reading, he closed his eyes and started to ponder...

Soon after, Venerable White reopened his eyes, and golden rays of light shot out of them. Countless golden runes appeared in the space in front of him. The runes kept rotating until they formed thirty-three rings that were continuously revolving in front of Senior White.

"I see... this is indeed a very interesting technique." Venerable White laughed and stretched his hand out, starting to move it in the air.

He removed pieces of the rings and modified some of the runes.

These were the 'mistakes' that the opposite party had intentionally left within the technique, and Venerable White was now fixing them. It was merely a technique of the First and Second

Stage, and if there were mistakes, Venerable White could easily find and fix them.

The revision was complete.

"Shuhang, stretch out your hand!" Venerable White said.

Song Shuhang stretched out his arm toward Venerable White.

Venerable White moved his hand and the golden runes fell on Song Shuhang's palm, changing into several animals. Bull, sheep, horse, pig, dog, lion, tiger, wolf, fox, bear, ape, chicken, wild goose, hawk, snake, rabbit, whale, shark, turtle, crab, shrimp... and so on, for a total of thirty-three animals.

The animals floated above Song Shuhang's hand for a while before heading toward his palm.

Bull, sheep, horse, pig, dog, lion, tiger... the animals orderly clashed against his palm. But when they came in contact with his skin, they changed into mist and dissipated.

The following animals kept advancing and slamming against Song Shuhang's palm, disappearing one after another.

Song Shuhang looked at Venerable White with a confused expression on his face, but Senior White faintly smiled at him and didn't say anything.

Thereupon... according to its turn, a mini-whale also bumped against Song Shuhang's palm. But unlike the others, it didn't disappear. On the other hand, it seemed as though it had come back to life and started to wag its head in complacency, spurting out some steam from the hole on top of its head.

"Eh? It seems that the chapter of the whale is suitable for you." Venerable White faintly smiled.

Chu Chu's corner of the mouth twitched. Recently, she had had awful experiences with whales! That deathly hug, the sound of her bones breaking, and Whale Eight's perverted laughter were still

flashing in her mind.

"In that case, note down this part of the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique>; the chapter of the Huge Whale," Venerable White said as he made another motion with his hand. The ring of golden runes appeared once more, and the revised version of the technique hovered before Song Shuhang's eyes. The runes orderly arranged themselves, forming the complete volume of a technique.

Song Shuhang silently memorized the content of the technique.

The <Huge Whale's Technique> contained a special method to revolve one's qi and blood, and allowed the user to erupt with an explosive power comparable to that of a whale through the regulation of the qi and blood in the five apertures.

"All is ready. Now, you only need to drink the medicinal blood inside this bottle to change into Chu Chu and participate in the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform," Venerable White said as he passed the bottle to Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang: 🙄

Didn't Venerable White say that he would forcibly bring out Miss Chu Chu's latent capacity and let her participate in the battles on the Grievance Settling Platform? How come I have to transform into Chu Chu and fight in her stead now?

As though he had read Song Shuhang's mind, Senior White explained, "I indeed have a method to forcibly bring out her latent capacity... but given her current condition, she will die shortly after I'm done; nothing will be able to save her."

"So... do you want Miss Chu Chu to burn out her life to participate in the battle? Or do you prefer to assume her appearance and fight in her stead?" Venerable White asked.

I will die? Chu Chu was stunned. She had been taking the process of forcibly bringing out one's latent capacity too lightly... after all, it was a method that cultivator used in life and death situations to

die together with the enemy. The consequences of using such methods were extreme.

Song Shuhang looked at Chu Chu and then at the serious-looking Venerable White, opening his mouth wide.

Two minutes later.

The tent opened.

Chu Chu's face was still slightly pale, but her steps were firm as she walked out of the tent. The power of qi and blood was surging on her body; she looked in good health.

She was wearing a brand-new black skirt, and a short sword was tied to her thigh. She was also carrying a long wrapped weapon on her back.

"Chu Chu, how are your injuries?" As soon as he saw Chu Chu come out of the tent, the leader of the Chu Family became happy.

Chu Chu faintly smiled at the family leader but didn't reply.

Meanwhile, on the Grievance Settling Platform.

The gigantic disciple of the Illusory Sword School laughed complacently. Afterward, he raised high the second disciple the Chu Family sent to battle and smashed him against his knee!

The disciple of the Chu Family was like a little chick, completely unable to revolt. After receiving the knee attack, he screamed pitifully and softly fell to the ground, not getting up again.

Two consecutive losses.

The giant arrogantly laughed.

The other disciples of the Chu Family were triggered after seeing this scene... Dammit, if Senior Sister Chu Chu weren't injured, you wouldn't dare to act so arrogantly!

At this time, a tall and slender figure walked across the camp of the Chu Family, heading toward the Grievance Settling Platform.

The steps of this figure were heavy.

After seeing the figure, the disciples of the Chu Family immediately thundered, "It's Senior Sister Chu Chu! It's Senior Sister Chu Chu!"

The figure turned around and made a complicated smile at the cheering disciples of the Chu Family.

Chapter 377: A living cheat

What kind of smile was that? It was gentle like water, had the compassion of a saint and a tinge of helplessness, and was resolute too!

In an instant, all the disciples of the Chu Family turned quiet, and amongst them, many got a heartache... it was due to their uselessness that Senior Sister Chu Chu had to sacrifice her latent capacity and go on stage while gravely injured.

The power of imagination was very strong. It was merely a forced smile, but the disciples of the Chu Family associated so many things with it.

After smiling, Chu Chu kept walking and stepped onto the Grievance Settling Platform.

The supervisor of the platform quietly shot a glance at her and secretly used a technique. It was likely a technique to confirm her lineage and status as Chu Chu.

The light of the technique flashed on Chu Chu's body and didn't discover anything unusual. This person was indeed Chu Chu.

After stepping onto the platform, Chu Chu helped up her wounded clansman and gently delivered him to the other clansmen off stage.

The people off stage had prepared earlier and cautiously received the wounded man, sending him toward the tents in the rear to carry out the emergency treatment.

On the Grievance Settling Platform.

Chu Chu slightly raised her head and looked at the three meters tall giant.

The giant also looked at Chu Chu, and in the next moment, an excited expression appeared on his face. "Even after recovering

your strength, you're only at the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm? Ahaha, your current strength isn't that of the Second Stage!"

For him, it was a pleasant surprise.

For a cultivator of the First Stage, someone of the Second Stage was almost an insurmountable existence. But after discovering that Chu Chu's current strength was still in the First Stage Realm, the giant could rely on his special bloodline to fight against her evenly. Perhaps he could even kill this genius from the Chu Family!

Chu Chu raised her head and faintly smiled at the giant, not replying.

"The battle can continue," the supervisor named Peng Shenghai said in a grave tone.



In the rear, where the tent was located.

Soft Feather looked at the tent in puzzlement. Strange, how come Senior Song and Venerable White didn't come out?

If they weren't here, from whom would she retrieve her shapeshifting brooch?!

She really wanted to participate in the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform!

The leader of the Chu Family was in deep thoughts when his expression suddenly changed. When Chu Chu came out just now... the power emanating from her body... was that of qi and blood and not of true qi?!

Even after forcefully bringing out her latent capacity, and temporarily suppressing her injuries, she's still at the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm?

Such being the case, she didn't have any advantage while facing the disciples of the Illusory Sword School. Moreover, she was even

injured...

No, I can't let Chu Chu participate in the battle!

The family leader quickly rushed toward the Grievance Settling Platform...

...but it was too late; the battle had already started!



On the Grievance Settling Platform.

"Girl, it doesn't matter if you're a genius or not, you're fated to die today!" the giant said in a grave tone to bolster his spirits.

After roaring, he dashed forward and used his huge hand to punch toward Chu Chu's head.

The disciples of the Chu Family nervously clenched their fists... they weren't anxious for Chu Chu; they were excited that they would get to see her use the mysterious and powerful 'sword technique' of the Chu Family.

The people of the Chu Family knew that Chu Chu's sword technique was outstanding.

So what if her strength had slightly decreased due to her injuries? Even if they were in the same realm, that giant had no chance of defeating her as long as she had that 'sword technique'!"

On the Grievance Settling Platform, Chu Chu didn't draw the short sword attached to her thigh.

Instead, she assumed the typical stance of a fist technique, standing still. It seemed she was planning to take the attack of the giant head-on.

"Ahahahaha!" The giant madly laughed and said, "Die! Heart Piercing Palm!"

Even if the move was called 'Heart Piercing Palm', the giant merely poured the qi and blood energy in his five apertures into his

fist, shrouding it in a faint red light. The move relied on mere brute force, all brawn and no brains.

In battles amongst cultivators, it was fine to listen to those scary and cool names. But if you were to take them too seriously, you might as well lose the battle.

The fist of the giant ruthlessly pounded down. He possessed an extraordinary physical strength that became even scarier when used in conjunction with that violent and overbearing fist technique. Even a Second Stage True Master wouldn't feel too well after receiving his fist. Since this girl intended to receive his fist head-on, he would give her a good taste of his power!

In the front, Chu Chu had a calm expression on her face.

Next, she crisscrossed her delicate hands and prepared to take the fist of the giant head-on.

"Clang!"

When the fist bumped into Chu Chu's hands, a metallic sound echoed. It didn't seem as if a fist and a palm had bumped into each other; it felt as though two pieces of metal had collided!

Immediately after, Chu Chu slightly lowered her hands and took advantage of this short moment to apply soft strength to counter the raging power of the giant's fist.

She managed to block it! How did she do that?! The giant was somewhat stunned.

It wasn't only the giant, even the people of the Chu Family were surprised. They knew that Senior Sister Chu Chu was very good with the sword, but they didn't know that even her fist technique was so strong.

On the platform, the situation quickly changed.

The attacker and the defender traded places.

Chu Chu suddenly moved her hands upward, and under her huge

strength, the fist of the giant was pushed away. In the next moment, she dashed forward, brutally clashing against the chest of the giant with her whole body.

"Boom~"

After the clash... the three meters tall giant was sent flying!

This time, she didn't use any sophisticated skill, she merely used brute force!

After he was sent flying, the giant didn't get up for a while. He felt as though a train had hit his chest; even breathing was difficult. He opened his eyes wide and looked at Chu Chu who was standing in front of him.

The physical strength of this little girl was actually higher than his...



At this time...

The somewhat bored seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group repeatedly blinked their eyes.

It wasn't that the battle on the platform had suddenly become interesting... in fact, the level of this battle was still rather low in their eyes.

What piqued their interest was the technique that the girl named Chu Chu used!

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber rubbed his chin and turned his head around, asking his fellow daoists, "If I'm not mistaken, that should be the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>, right? I once saw the disciples of Great Master Profound Principle's temple practice this same technique."

"You're not mistaken. That was precisely the defensive stance of the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>, and what followed next was the explosive attack of the fifth style," True Monarch Yellow

Mountain replied. Even if he hadn't practiced the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>, he had a rough understanding of the content.

The <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique> wasn't one of those common and widespread techniques... it was the treasured lost art of the Jingang Temple back in those days. There was no way the Chu Family could get its hands on such a technique.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator pondered for a moment. Then, as though he had thought of something, he deeply sighed and said, "The Basic Buddhist Fist Technique!"

Cave Lord Snow Wolf nodded and said, "Indeed, the Basic Buddhist Fist Technique..."

Dharma King Creation echoed, "Surprisingly enough, it's the Basic Buddhist Fist Technique!"

Fairy Lychee, who was unaware of the truth, had a confused expression on her face. She couldn't understand why these fellow daoists were sighing with emotion.

"Wait a moment. Since it's the Basic Buddhist Fist Technique, there is another thing that I need to bring to attention." As if he had suddenly remembered something, True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple pointed at Chu Chu on the platform and said, "Carefully check his realm!"

The various people curiously looked at Chu Chu.

After a short moment, Thrice Reckless was the first one to call out in alarm. "F*ck, First Stage Dragon Gate Realm!"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator echoed, "F*ck, it's really the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain said, "...He almost broke through the First Stage in such a short amount of time!"

Fairy Lychee was somewhat stunned. Wasn't that merely a disciple of the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm? Why were these

fellow daoists overreacting like this?

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple asked, "Who remembers when that fellow started cultivating?"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator replied, "A few days after June 1st." He remembered because it was around that time that he decided to challenge that shady fortune teller to a battle on the summit of the forbidden city.

"And today is?" True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple asked.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber looked at the date and said, "July 21st, 2019. In any case, less than two months."

"..." Cave Lord Snow Wolf.

"..." Northern River's Loose Cultivator.

True Monarch Fallout said, "Did he use cheats?"

Fairy Dongfang said, "He cheated for sure."

Dharma King Creation lamented, "For all I know, this isn't even cheating. He himself is a living cheat!"

"If I am to recall my own experiences as a loose cultivator... I had to suffer a lot of hardships just to get a mere 'body tempering liquid'. For some reason, I feel a bit depressed now," Northern River's Loose Cultivator said.

"At least you were a loose cultivator, I was in an even worse situation. I was an ordinary little snow wolf!" Cave Lord Snow Wolf voiced his own grievances.

The topic of conversation quickly changed into what seemed to be a session where everyone was stating their grievances.

Fairy Lychee's mind was filled with question marks. "What are you guys even lamenting about?!"

She felt as though there was a generation gap between the other fellow daoists and her. They weren't on the same page anymore.

Were they purposely bullying her?



On the Grievance Settling Platform, the giant got up once more. Chu Chu didn't take advantage of the fact that he was lying on the ground to keep attacking. She waited for him to stand up while having a calm expression on her face; she even gave him the time to catch his breath.

She was clearly looking down on him!

"Dammit!" the giant roared as he punched once more at Chu Chu.

It was still a fist, and just like before, it relied on mere brute force.

In the front, Chu Chu assumed a defensive stance once again and crisscrossed her hands, preparing to receive the fist of the giant.

Just as they were about to clash, a smug expression flashed through the eyes of the giant.

In the next moment, he took a short sword out of his sleeve.

In the end, the Illusory Sword School was still a school that used swords!

What this giant excelled the most at were sword techniques. Even if he had a large build, he was an expert at using the short sword.

In his hands, the short sword danced like a dagger, nimble and agile.

He instantaneously displayed the strongest sword technique in his possession... the short sword technique of the Illusory Sword School—the Twenty-One Slithering Swords!

While facing this short sword that moved like a poisonous snake, Chu Chu furrowed her brows and sighed with emotion.

Then, her body suddenly moved, causing her to disappear.

The next time she appeared was behind the giant.

"Crack, crack, crack..." A series of crackling sounds echoed.

A ball of lightning had appeared in Chu Chu's hand, emitting crackling noises.

It was the daoist technique, Lightning Palm!

In the next moment, she gently pushed her hand against the back of the giant.

The giant called out pitifully, and his entire body started to twitch crazily. Soon after, he loudly fell to the ground.

This time, he didn't stand up again; he fainted.

Chu Chu turned her head around and faintly smiled at the people of the Illusory Sword School.

Chapter 378: The Second Stage True Master of the Illusory Sword School!

I only have to defeat these guys from the Illusory Sword School, right? Chu Chu gazed at the camp of the Illusory Sword School; there were two more contestants left to defeat.

Send them here so that I can quickly take care of them!

After I take a look at Li Tiansu's canvases in the secret room, everything will be settled.

Something that was supposed to be easy... turned out to be so complicated in the end...

In the camp of the Illusory Sword School.

The school head Xu Zheng took a deep breath. At this time, he was wearing a blue daoist robe. It was the courtesy of a sensible disciple that gave his own robe to the school head, allowing him to cover up his embarrassment.

Xu Zheng felt somewhat uneasy. There was something very, very wrong with this whole situation! Since the gravely injured Chu Chu returned here alive, the whole situation took a wrong turn!

At first, everything was proceeding according to that mister's predictions. But now that Chu Chu had returned, everything was thrown into chaos.

After taking a deep breath, Xu Zheng tried to calm himself... first, he had to deal with these matches of the first category.

Therefore, he said in a grave tone, "Although she received a serious injury and her strength decreased until the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm, Chu Chu's fighting experience and mindset of a Second Stage cultivator are still there. It's not strange that Lu Guan lost to her. Shu Ze, go on stage. Don't act rashly and don't try to deal with her using sheer physical strength, just take your time.

She used a special method to forcibly bring out her latent capacity, but the effects won't last for too long. The more you can drag it out, the better it is."

In the back, a disciple with long legs replied in a grave tone, "I understand."

This disciple was specialized in movement techniques, as well as dodging short-range attacks. He was the best choice if they wanted to stall for time instead of fighting the enemy head-on.



The battle on the Grievance Settling Platform continued.

The second disciple sent by the Illusory Sword School, Shu Ze, stepped onto the platform. In the meantime, their medical staff moved the wounded giant off stage.

"Illusory Sword School's Shu Ze requests Miss Chu Chu to give him some pointers!" After getting on the stage, Shu Ze didn't impatiently attack Chu Chu but started to greet her... he didn't forget his objective, take time!

No matter which method he used, he just had to drag it out—even a few seconds were fine. As long as he could hold on, he would obtain victory!

In the front, Chu Chu faintly smiled and, just as before, didn't reply.

"I hope Miss Chu Chu will show mercy and merely knock me out. Hopefully, I won't have to pass the next few months on a hospital bed!" After saying this much, Shu Ze started to put some distance between Chu Chu and himself.

Chu Chu furrowed her brows. This guy really liked to chit-chat!



Just as the battle between Chu Chu and Shu Ze was about to start, Xu Zheng quietly made a call.

The call quickly connected.

The school head Xu Zheng said impatiently, "Hello. Mister... something unexpected happened."

A gentle sound was transmitted from the other end. "Don't be afraid. I've been paying attention to the scene the whole time. Even if a few things changed, everything is still under my control. Don't get impatient and hang up the phone. Let's communicate through text messages."

The gentle and earnest voice calmed Xu Zheng down.

Thereupon, he hung up and started to communicate with the opposite party via text messages.

Beep, beep, beep. That mysterious mister quickly sent a message: "Let the matches on the Grievance Settling Platform run their course. The fact that Chu Chu was able to participate in the competition was out of my expectations, but we've already won a category. Therefore, nothing will happen even if you lose this one; it won't affect my plan too much. Anyway, you need to gain some time before the start of the third category. I need to take care of some matters in the meantime and draw an important person out of the Chu Family. In short, you don't have to worry. Everything is under my control, and after this matter is over, the benefits you'll obtain will exceed your imagination."

"Mister, the Chu Family managed to invite some powerful reinforcements. I fear something unexpected might happen," Xu Zheng quickly replied. Those powerful cultivators sitting in a row made him feel an incredible pressure!

The mysterious mister tried to comfort him. "Those people aren't the reinforcements of the Chu Family. The Chu Family doesn't have that much power. You don't have to worry, everything is within my calculations!"

After hearing this much, Xu Zheng finally calmed down.



On the Grievance Settling Platform, Chu Chu furrowed her brows and looked at the playful and lively Shu Ze.

Since the start of the battle, this guy had done nothing but chit-chat and jump around like a monkey, not approaching her in the least. What was he trying to do?

Seconds and minutes passed by.

Chu Chu rubbed her temples. Wasn't he tired after jumping around for so long?

Even the supervisors of the platform started to frown.

Everyone could see that Illusory Sword School's Shu Ze was energetically jumping around while trying to provoke Chu Chu.

If she weren't to personally take action, this guy would probably jump around until the seas ran dry and the rocks crumbled...

Chu Chu took a deep breath.

In the next moment—ROAR!!!

The thunderous roar of a lion spread in all directions from Chu Chu's mouth; the sound wave seemed to have materialized and rippled through the area.

The whole Grievance Settling Platform trembled under the effects of this deafening roar. As if that wasn't enough, the sound wave was imbued with the power of the 'Illusory Sound', making it impossible for the opponent to defend against it.

If not for the defensive barrier surrounding the platform, the roar of the lion would have affected many people from the camps of the two factions.

On the Grievance Settling Platform, Shu Ze, who was still happily jumping, felt as though lightning struck him. His mind became blank, and his legs lost strength, causing him to fall to the ground.

Immediately after, Chu Chu took a step forward and easily knocked him out.

After his spirit collapsed, Shu Ze didn't even have the strength to defend himself...

Chu Chu won!



After two consecutive losses, the disciples of the Illusory Sword School didn't have a good complexion.

On the other hand, the people of the Chu Family were loudly cheering.

Since they had found something interesting, the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group weren't as bored as before.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator said, "Hmm, it's the <Buddhist Roaring Lion's Technique>."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber replied, "If we add the fact that he already has the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique> and the <True Self Meditation Scripture>..."

"As well as that big bald head..." True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple added.

"It seems that little friend Shuhang has decided to become a buddhist cultivator..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain said as he pinched his chin.

Such being the case... should he gift Shuhang something related to this aspect?

Perhaps he could gift him a kasaya with powerful defensive abilities? Little friend Shuhang should like it a lot, right?



Just as they were discussing, the last disciple of the Illusory Sword School stepped onto the Grievance Settling Platform, his

expression calm.

"Illusory Sword School's Ye Tang. I request Miss Chu Chu to give me some pointers." This disciple was a middle-aged man with a thin stature. The robe of the Illusory Sword School draped over his shoulders seemed too big for him; it felt as though it was about to fall.

Chu Chu smiled at him... because except for smiling, she couldn't do anything else.

"I would like to clarify something before the start of the match. I'm different from my two junior brothers you fought earlier..." Ye Tang took a deep breath and slowly unsheathed the long sword hanging around his waist. "...because I've already reached the Second Stage True Master Realm!"

Chapter 379: Why aren't you using the sword?!

After saying this much, Ye Tang got serious and poured the true qi inside his dantian into the long sword. Sword qi started to surge on the blade of the sword.

This Second Stage True Master appeared out of nowhere, and even the school head of the Illusory Sword School, Xu Zheng, was currently at a loss. He had no idea when this disciple of his had jumped through the dragon gate, becoming a cultivator of the Second Stage, either!

After the initial shock, his expression changed into one of joy... this was a heavensent gift! Ye Tang managed to give him such a pleasant surprise at such a critical moment!

Due to her injuries, Chu Chu could only display the strength of someone in the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm. On the other hand, Ye Tang had the strength of a real Second Stage True Master!

The situation had suddenly reversed!

Cheers exploded in the camp of the Illusory Sword School. It felt as though they had won already!

"Ahahaha! The Illusory Sword School will obtain victory in the first category as well. It's our victory; no one can snatch it away!" Xu Zheng had a smug smile on his face. He was so excited that he couldn't help but laugh.

In the camp of the Chu Family.

The disciples of the Chu Family tightly clenched their fists, their expression one of worry.

But right at this time... Fairy Lychee, who was sitting amongst the other fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group, raised her head and pointed her delicate hands toward the

school head of the Illusory Sword School, Xu Zheng, yelling, "Transform into a pig!"

The illusory art activated and targeted Xu Zheng's body.

"Puff!" A cloud of smoke shrouded Xu Zheng's body. Soon after, the smoke disappeared, revealing Xu Zheng transformed into a humanoid pig.

The cheers of the Illusory Sword School immediately stopped!

Xu Zheng was stunned and lowered his head, looking at his palm that had now changed into pig's feet.

"Hmm, it's finally quiet again," Fairy Lychee said coolly. Soon after that 'Chu Chu' stepped onto the stage, her fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group started to discuss strange things. The things they were talking about likely happened when she was fighting against those aboriginal deities abroad. Hence, she had no idea what they were speaking about.

As if that wasn't enough, no one was willing to tell her what was going on. They were just laughing and not saying anything.

Therefore, Fairy Lychee had been suppressing her anger for a quite while.

That smug and sudden laughter from Xu Zheng and the other people from the Illusory Sword School finally made her snap. Thus, they ended up becoming the outlet for her anger.



In the camp of the Illusory Sword School, all those present were looking absent-mindedly at the pig-headed Xu Zheng. They felt like laughing but didn't dare to.

On the Grievance Settling Platform, the two supervisors also felt the corners of their mouths twitch. After shooting a glance at each other, they decided to ignore this matter. When that fairy maiden made her move earlier, they felt the aura of a True Monarch come

from her body.

Moreover, it was something that happened outside the platform, and hence outside their jurisdiction. After all, they were the supervisors of the platform and merely had to manage what happened on the platform, nothing else.

On the Grievance Settling Platform.

A Second Stage True Master? That's going to be troublesome.

Song Shuhang, who was now disguised as Chu Chu, rubbed his temples. This was a major headache. He knew from experience that there was a huge disparity between cultivators of the First and Second Stage. It was very difficult to ward off attacks imbued with true qi with qi and blood energy.

In other words, it was like fighting someone that had a real sword with a mere wooden sword! Therefore, he could only try his best!

In front of him, Ye Tang displayed the stance of a sword technique.

"Miss Chu Chu, I'm going to make my move." After saying this much, he dashed forward like an unsheathed sword.

In the blink of an eye, the distance between them quickly reduced, and Ye Tang used his sword to slash toward Chu Chu from a slanting angle.

He was worthily a Second Stage True Master. Even if he just broke through, his explosive speed surpassed Shuhang's full-powered <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> by a notch.

Luckily, that speed was still within the range Song Shuhang could handle.

While the sword was approaching, 'Chu Chu' used her right hand to grab the wrapped weapon on her back, warding off Ye Tang's

sharp sword with it.

"Clang!"

The wrapped weapon and the sword clashed against each other, sending out a metallic sound.

In the next moment, the true qi on Ye Tang's sword exploded, shredding to pieces the wrapping... inside the wrapping was a one-meter-long treasured saber.

After the attack, Ye Tang stopped in his tracks.

On the other hand, Song Shuhang was forced to take three steps backward.

"A saber?" Ye Tang stared at the weapon in Chu Chu's hand and furrowed his brows... why was she holding a saber?

Chu Chu was very skilled in the art of the sword, and the might of the technique she developed after comprehending the mysterious 'sword technique' of the Chu Family was incredible. Such being the case, why was she using a saber in this match?

It wasn't only Ye Tang, the members of the Chu Family were also dumbstruck.

There was clearly something wrong with this scene! Why was Senior Sister Chu Chu using the saber instead of the sword?

The previous scene was also somewhat strange. That set of fist techniques Senior Sister Chu Chu used earlier gave one a buddhist vibe! And now, she unexpectedly took out a saber, which made even less sense! What did she experience in these past few years that her style became so twisted?

On the Grievance Settling Platform, Ye Tang took a deep breath and cast his eyes down.

"Is she looking down on me?" Ye Tang muttered to himself.

Although her strength had decreased until the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm, Chu Chu was still looking down on him who had

reached the Second Stage True Master Realm? Or perhaps she thought that he wasn't worthy of her sword?

Is she just being arrogant? Or does she have absolute faith in her skills?

Ye Tang swung the sword in his hand and said gravely, "Miss Chu Chu, you better take out your sword. I used only half of my strength earlier!"

In front of him, Chu Chu calmly smiled just as before.

Take out what sword! The short sword tied to his thigh was just for show... aside from the basic stuff about swordsmanship he learned from the young man in green clothes in the illusory reality, Song Shuhang didn't know anything else about swords!

"I can only use the Flaming Saber and do my best," Song Shuhang muttered to himself.

Thereupon, while smiling, 'Chu Chu' likewise swung the saber in her hands and took several steps back, increasing the distance between the two. She wanted to gain enough time to gather the necessary qi to use the Flaming Saber Technique.

Seeing that Chu Chu seemed to have no intention of drawing her sword, Ye Tang's expression became cold. Soon after, fighting intent started to burn in his eyes. "It seems you have no intention of drawing your sword. In that case, I'll force you to draw it!"

After saying this much, Ye Tang dashed forward once more.

This time, his speed was twice as fast as before!

The distance Song Shuhang had put between them was immediately pulled closer.

"Monolith Sword Technique!" Ye Tang gravely shouted and released all his strength, slashing toward Chu Chu once more.

Even inside the Illusory Sword School, the Monolith Sword Technique was a very ordinary sword technique... in other words,

it was comparable to those common and widespread techniques in the world of cultivators.

But when Ye Tang used it, its momentum was like that of a mountain.

Even if the sword had yet to arrive, the opponent felt as though a small mountain was weighing down on them!

Upon seeing this scene, Northern River's Loose Cultivator faintly smiled and said, "That guy has some skills. He is very adept at using that move. He must have practiced it at least 100,000 times to get such an overbearing momentum."

Dharma King Creation said, "It seems our little friend can't win. After all, he's still at the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm."

Cave Lord Snow Wolf nodded and continued, "The difference between cultivators of the First and Second Stage is too big. But if he can use things like talismans while on the platform, he might be able to turn the battle."

Just as the seniors were discussing amongst themselves, Song Shuhang finished gathering his qi and made his move.

He spun his wrist and used the long saber to welcome Ye Tang's blow from a weird angle.

"Swoosh~" A thin layer of flames started to burn on the blade of the saber. Even if the flame seemed weak, it gave one the impression of being scorching hot! This time, Song Shuhang didn't rely on the ancient bronze ring to execute the 'Flaming Saber Technique'.

Earlier, a strange feeling welled up in his heart... in the instant he spun his wrist, he felt as though he could use the Flaming Saber Technique even without the aid of the ancient bronze ring! He felt that he could pull it off with his strength alone!

And just like this, he was able to use what seemed to be... the Flame Tongue Saber?

The flames burning on the saber seemed very weak. It felt as if they could die out at any moment, just like small tongues of flames.

But Song Shuhang didn't have time to think right now.

"Clang!"

The Flaming Saber clashed against Ye Tang's Monolith Sword Technique.

In the next moment...

The huge momentum of Ye Tang's Monolith Sword Technique was suddenly broken.

Although the thin layer of flames burning on the saber seemed weak and ready to die out at the first blow of wind, it also felt as though it contained the power to burn the myriad things in the universe, as well as to reduce to ashes the sky, the earth, and the seas!

It was a slash capable of burning the heavens.

The saber intent was likewise formidable!

In front of this slash capable of burning the heavens, the mountain-like momentum of Ye Tang's sword collapsed at the first blow.

After the sword and the saber collided, that thin layer of flames started to climb upon Ye Tang's sword. It seemed as though it wanted to burn both Ye Tang and the sword.

Ye Tang roared and poured his true qi inside the long sword and fiercely swung it, extinguishing the flames burning on it.

At this time, Chu Chu's face was somewhat pale.

Although the momentum of the Monolith Sword Technique was broken, the strength of the sword didn't decrease at all, fully affecting her after bumping into her saber.

The arm she was holding the saber with was slightly trembling.

Ye Tang slowly exhaled a mouthful of bad air and said, "Miss Chu Chu, still not going to use that sword?"

'Chu Chu' didn't reply and faintly smiled, shaking her head. The power of the Flaming Saber Technique just now, used without the aid of the ancient bronze ring, had far surpassed Song Shuhang's expectations!

But the Flaming Saber alone wasn't enough to win the match.

"Perhaps I should try to use 'that move' even if I learned it just recently..." Song Shuhang said softly.

Next, he started to revolve the qi and blood in his five apertures. After it was stimulated through a special method, it started to churn and finally exploded with all its power—this was the Huge Whale's Technique from the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique>.

Song Shuhang had already opened his five apertures, and with the help of an experienced Venerable, it hadn't been difficult for him to learn this 'qi and blood erupting' technique.

However, he wasn't completely familiar with the technique yet.

This is a good opportunity... I can actually make use of the pressure this Second Stage True Master is exercising on me...

If I can stimulate the <Huge Whale's Technique> and condense an embryonic form of the pseudo-innate true qi inside my body...

...I can break through the Second Stage!

Chapter 380: It's her, Immortal Master Copper Trigram!

Song Shuhang had a calm expression on his face. Only after advancing to the Second Stage Realm would he have the opportunity to deal with this Ye Tang easily!

Moreover, it just so happened that the opponent also recently advanced to the Second Stage True Master Realm. He was the best opponent Song Shuhang could use to temper himself. Ye Tang was strong enough to put Shuhang under a lot of pressure, but also not so strong that he could kill him with one move. He was the best sparring partner possible.

Under pressure, he would be able to quickly condense an embryonic form of the pseudo-innate true qi thanks to the Huge Whale's Technique!

After thinking this much, Song Shuhang decided to go on the offensive.

Due to the qi and blood revolving technique of the Huge Whale, the faint cry of a whale echoed whenever Song Shuhang performed an action. Soon after, a thin layer of flames started to burn on the treasured saber Broken Tyrant once more...

After seeing that 'Chu Chu' didn't draw her sword, rage filled Ye Tang's heart. He coldly snorted and tightly grasped his sword, pouring his true qi into the sharp end. "Since you refuse to draw the sword, I fear you won't have the opportunity anymore!

Originally, Ye Tang wanted to experience the might of the mysterious 'sword technique' of the genius of the Chu Family. But now, he changed his mind and decided to take care of her in one go, without giving her an opportunity to fight back!

After all, defeating the genius of the Chu Family, Chu Chu, was something to be proud of.

The fight on the Grievance Settling Platform suddenly reached the climax!



In the sky...

An anxious-looking man was chasing after the streak left behind by the 'meteor shower', hence heading toward the Grievance Settling Platform.

This man was Fairy Dongfang's pursuer, Liu Long.

Liu Long was a bit depressed right now. Dongfang was especially happy today and even decided to dance for him. But just as she was dancing, she suddenly coiled her way toward the sky and changed into a meteor, disappearing at the horizon while screaming.

The whole scene was so strange that Liu Long couldn't react at all!

Next, he stepped on his flying sword and chased after Dongfang, crossing thousands of mountains and rivers in the process.

Incidentally, while he was chasing after Dongfang, other meteors also brushed past him.

These meteors had several points in common... they were very fast, had a strange flight pattern, and were accompanied by the screams of men or women. The scene was same as that of Fairy Dongfang shooting up toward the sky. It seemed that a lot of people ended up like her?

Was it a strange case of groups of people coiling their way toward the sky? Which senior played this prank on them?

Regardless of what happened, I have to catch up to Dongfang first! Liu Long thought to himself while rushing forward with his flying sword.



Then, just as he was flying at full speed, he saw another figure

not too far from him that was likewise chasing after the streak of the meteors.

Even though this cultivator was chasing after the meteors with all his might, his speed wasn't too fast. It wasn't because his cultivation realm was low, it was because the flying sword beneath his feet was rather... peculiar.

How could one describe it?

The flying sword had a humanoid form. It was wearing tight-fitting blue clothes, as well as a red cape. Moreover, it wore those red underpants on the outside too...

It wasn't that the flying sword had suddenly changed into a person. The flying sword was forged in a way that it would resemble a person.

Aside from their life-bound weapons, cultivators possessed other weapons too.

A few years ago, it was in vogue to modify one's spare flying swords. In the end, that trend turned into a frenzied large-scale competition where cultivators modified their extra flying swords, changing them into computers, fridges, household appliances, keyboards, etc. As long as they found something interesting, they would modify their flying sword into that. The only limitation was one's imagination...

However, these modified flying swords were good only to have a laugh. The modified flying swords were surely interesting, but they were slower than their counterparts.

The cultivator ahead must have had rather peculiar tastes to change the shape of his spare flying sword into that of 'Superman'. If he were to turn his sword visible while flying, the people below might really think that Superman was flying in the sky...

That cultivator seems rather interesting, Liu Long thought to himself.

However, he felt that there was something amiss... that guy seemed to be chasing after the meteors with all his might. In that case, why wasn't he using his life-bound flying sword instead of this weirdly shaped spare flying sword? Or had he lost reason and modified his life-bound flying sword directly?

Just as he was in deep thoughts, Liu Long caught up with the cultivator.

"Fellow Daoist, are you also chasing after those meteors?" Liu Long asked. Perhaps this fellow daoist was like him and had traversed mountains and rivers to chase after a beautiful fairy maiden?

After hearing Liu Long's voice, the man turned his head around and nodded, saying, "Yes! Are you also chasing after them?"

It was a fellow daoist with spiky hair and a chubby face, his build short and slight. Perhaps due to his chubby face, he seemed rather friendly.

"My name is Liu Long, and I come from the Tian Mountain Range Sect." Liu Long faintly smiled and asked, "Fellow Daoist, could it be that someone important to you also changed into a meteor and flew away?"

"Liu Long of the Tian Mountain Range Sect! I have heard so much about you, I'm honored to meet you." The chubby cultivator looked at Liu Long, somewhat surprised. Was this Liu 'good guy' Long? In the world of cultivators, he was renowned as a very kind-hearted man. He didn't think he would meet him here.

Soon after, the chubby cultivator also introduced himself, "I'm Deng Yima from the Snow-cold Sword Manor. There is indeed someone very important to me who flew away in that meteor shower. I found her with much difficulty, and I won't let her get away!"

When he said the last part of the sentence, the chubby cultivator

seemed very excited, and it almost felt as though he was pledging that he wouldn't let the other party get away!

After hearing this much, Liu Long was moved. Was this fellow daoist the same as him, chasing after his beloved?

Since they were in a similar situation, they might as well help each other out, right?

Thereupon, Liu Long asked, "Fellow Daoist Deng, did something happen to your life-bound flying sword?"

After all, Deng Yima's Superman-shaped flying sword was rather embarrassing.

After hearing this question, Deng Yima took a deep breath, and an aggrieved expression appeared on his face. "Yes, I run into difficulties. At the moment, I can only use this flying sword!"

One could clearly feel the sadness and bitterness concealed in his tone. It seemed that Fellow Daoist Deng had experienced something tragic in the past...

"Such being the case, I can give you a ride!" Liu Long said. "After all, we're both chasing after the meteors!"

After hearing these words, Deng Yima asked somewhat embarrassed, "Won't I slow down your speed this way?"

"Don't worry. As long as I'm carrying only one person with me, it won't influence my speed too much." Liu Long heartily laughed.

Deng Yima clenched his teeth. This time, he was truly in a hurry and wanted to catch up to 'her' as soon as possible. After finding her with much difficulty, he didn't want to let her get away. Hence he had no choice but to accept Liu Long's kind intentions.

"In that case, I'll engrave Fellow Daoist Liu Long's benevolence in my heart! If you need my help with something in the future, I'll surely help you!" Deng Yima said earnestly. Afterward, he put away his Superman-shaped flying sword and jumped on Liu Long's

flying sword.

"Hehe, it's nothing. You don't need to think too much about it." Liu Long faintly smiled. Given his disposition, he would probably forget about this matter very soon.

Liu Long had helped countless cultivators during his life. Wouldn't it be tiresome to remember each and every one of them? Moreover, he wasn't helping people so that they could owe him favors.



On the Grievance Settling Platform.

Just as the battle between Song Shuhang and Ye Tang was about to reach the climax...

Liu Long and the chubby Deng Yima descended in a place that was in the middle of the two camps.

The fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group raised their heads and looked at Liu Long. Northern River's Loose Cultivator, True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple, and Dharma King Creation nodded at Liu Long. It seemed they knew each other.

Liu Long smiled in reply and swept the fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group with his gaze, blinking a few times... So many fellow daoists changed into meteors and flew over here?

Very soon, he found Fairy Dongfang amidst the group!

"Fairy Dongfang!" Liu Long happily said as he ran toward her.

Fairy Dongfang shyly smiled and waved her hand at Liu Long. Earlier, she thought that the coiling flight feature was Liu Long's doing. Hence she felt a bit embarrassed right now.

After seeing Fairy Dongfang, Liu Long was so happy that he completely forgot about the chubby Deng Yima that came here with him.

But Deng Yima didn't seem to mind. He likewise swept the fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group with his gaze. Deng Yima wasn't friends with the members of the group; hence, he didn't know much about them.

If the various fellow daoists were to announce their names, Deng Yima might recognize some of them.

Very soon, he found his target!

He stubbornly stared at Fairy Lychee... I'm not mistaken, I've found her! It's her!

Big eyes, good-looking, carefree disposition, and two cute dimples appear on her cheeks whenever she laughs! There is no doubt, I've finally found her!

It's definitely her!

Even if she were to turn into ashes, I would still recognize her!

On the other side, Fairy Lychee, who was now wrapped in True Monarch Yellow Mountain's robe, raised her head and gazed at Deng Yima with her big eyes, somewhat confused.

She could feel the blazing flames burning in the eyes of the opposite party. It seemed as though he wanted to burn her alive.

Fairy Lychee blinked a few times. She racked her brain, but couldn't remember anything about this chubby cultivator!

Deng Yima pointed at Fairy Lychee and said in a low voice, "I've finally found you!"

"???" Fairy Lychee pointed at herself and asked, "Were you looking for me?"

"Don't play dumb. Do you think I'll let you off just because you're playing dumb?" Deng Yima clenched his teeth in anger and roared, "YOU DAMNED IMMORTAL MASTER COPPER TRIGRAM!!!"

Fairy Lychee: 😳

I am Immortal Master Copper Trigram now?

Chapter 381: Did they take drugs?

"Fellow Daoist... you've got the wrong person," Fairy Lychee replied subconsciously, "I'm not Immortal Master Copper Trigram, I'm Fairy Lychee."

At the time, when her teacher gave her this dao name, she felt very ashamed whenever someone called her by that name. But after hearing it for a long time, she got used to it. If she was called Lychee, then so be it. At least, it was much better than her junior sister's name, Fairy Nectarine.

"Fairy Lychee? Ahahaha!" Deng Yima started to laugh. "I didn't think you would refuse to acknowledge your own dao name. Anyway, why didn't you call yourself Fairy Cherry while you were at it? And if you're Fairy Lychee, I'm Daoist Priest Pineapple!"

"Fairy Cherry is my junior sister, and Daoist Priest Pineapple is my senior brother," Fairy Lychee calmly replied.

"..." Deng Yima.

Soon after, he flew into a rage and said, "Even now, you still dare to make fun of me?! Fairy Copper Trigram, you're a shameless and mean person!"

'Fairy Copper Trigram' because they were currently a beautiful fairy maiden.

"That goes without saying! Copper Trigram is a mean and shameless fellow. An extremely evil bastard!" The nearby Northern River's Loose Cultivator swiftly approved. Then, he also added, "However... you've indeed got the wrong person, Fellow Daoist. The person before your eyes has nothing to do with that Copper Trigram scum. The name of this fairy maiden is really Lychee. As for why you confused her for Copper Trigram, it should be because that degenerate assumed her appearance while performing divination for you. Is that correct?"

After seeing Deng Yima call Fairy Lychee 'Immortal Master Copper Trigram', Northern River's Loose Cultivator guessed what might have happened. He was sure that that bastard assumed Fairy Lychee's appearance and performed some trashy divination, getting a lot of bad karma. Although the world was big, it just so happened that one of the clients of the shady fortune teller ended up finding Fairy Lychee.

"Assumed her appearance?" Deng Yima opened his eyes wide.

"Indeed. That degenerate is an expert at changing his appearance. If he were to assume someone's identity, I too would find it very difficult to recognize him," Northern River's Loose Cultivator replied.

Now then, Copper Trigram unexpectedly assumed the appearance of a fellow daoist from the group to do his deeds... does it mean that he went around performing trashy divinations with my appearance too?

In the Nine Provinces Number One Group, the relationship between Copper Trigram and Northern River was pretty bad. Given Copper Trigram's shameless disposition, it wouldn't be strange if he had performed countless wicked divinations with Northern River's appearance! It was simply a fearful matter!

"Ahahahaha..." Deng Yima madly laughed. Next, he muttered, "Since he swore that his divination was correct, I squandered my whole family property and rushed into the Black Tiger Secret Realm; even my life-bound flying sword got destroyed there! I did all that to obtain enough resources to break through. But I didn't think that all I would get were six semi-worthless items of not too high value... Now, I can't even use my real flying sword while going out!"

It was really an awful experience...

When they heard Deng Yima's words, the people from the Nine Provinces Number One Group blushed out of shame. If that shady

fortune teller got captured by the clients he swindled and was beaten half to death, all the people in the group would surely cheer.

His divinations were simply too wicked... who knew how many people he had ruined already?

"And now, you're telling me that it wasn't even Copper Trigram's real appearance? Ahahaha..." Deng Yima strangely laughed. It seemed there was something wrong with him.

"Fellow Daoist, restrain your grief." Northern River's Loose Cultivator patted his chest and said, "How about waiting for a month? After a month, I'll capture that shady fellow and bring him in front of you so that you can ruthlessly beat him. Moreover, you can also ask him to compensate you for the losses he caused."

Right now, giving Copper Trigram a good beating was the thing Northern River's Loose Cultivator wanted to do the most.

"Ahaha, restrain my grief?" Deng Yima clenched his teeth and continued, "Changing appearances? Fairy Lychee?

Do you think you can easily hoodwink me just because I don't look too clever? Hehe, eat one of these pellets I found in the Black Tiger Secret Realm! Aaaaaah!" While roaring, Deng Yima took out a five-colored small pellet, throwing it toward Fairy Lychee.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator said, "He lost his mind."

Even while facing so many Spiritual Emperors and True Monarchs, this guy still decided to attack... the anger must have made him lose his mind.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber said, "He thoroughly lost his mind. Anyway, everything we said is true!"

True Monarch Fallout echoed, "Some things can't be changed no matter how much we wish. The truth is often known only to a handful of people, and even if you were to spread it, no one would believe it!"

Just as they were discussing, the five-colored pellet arrived in front of Fairy Lychee.

"Explode!" Deng Yima angrily roared. "Slowing Technique!"

This pellet was one of the treasures he found in the Black Tiger Secret Realm. He found six pellets in total and used one of them before. When he used that pellet, all living things in an area of ten square meters around the pellet were subjected to a powerful slowing effect. Under the effects of that terrifying slowing effect, all actions were slowed down. When he tried it on a wild beast, the beast took five minutes just to raise its paw!

The slowing effect could last up to ten minutes... and he could do a lot of things in that time!

Speaking of which, it was rather sad.

The six pellets had very powerful effects... but they were useless to him! He exchanged his whole family property for these six pellets! And to get a brand-new life-bound flying sword, he was forced to complete all the assignments of the sect and save spirit stones little by little.

Moreover... since he used one of those pellets earlier, there were only five left. He wanted to sell the remaining ones in exchange for spirit stones, but he was unable to carry out the transaction. His plan was to sell them at a high price, but no one was willing to buy them.

As for selling them at a low price, he was the one not willing! After all, he exchanged his whole family property for these five pellets! F*ck!

Therefore, he clenched his teeth and decided to keep them for himself.

Now, they had finally come in handy!



However, Deng Yima's pellet didn't explode.

The beautiful Fairy Lychee stretched out her hand and gently moved it. The aura of a Sixth Stage True Monarch burst forth from her body. Soon after, a transparent and sparkling wall appeared in front of her. "Reflecting Crystal Wall!"

A Sixth Stage True Monarch?!

After the small pellet crashed against the transparent wall... it bounced back as though it had hit an extremely elastic material.

Deng Yima subconsciously dodged the incoming pellet.

If the pellet were to hit him, and affected him with the slowing effect, he would be done for!



"Whizz!" The rebounded pellet brushed past Deng Yima, finally crashing against the Grievance Settling Platform.

Luckily, the supervisors arranged a defensive barrier around the platform earlier.

After the pellet crashed against the barrier, it splattered like an egg all over it. In the next moment, a strange mist came out of the pellet and shrouded the whole Grievance Settling Platform.

At the same time, True Monarch Yellow Mountain vanished from where he was, appearing behind Deng Yima.

Afterward, he gently stretched his hand out and poked on the back of his neck. In the next moment, Deng Yima opened his eyes wide and felt as though all the strength in his body had been sucked out. He fell to the ground with a boom.

He defeated me with only one move... another True Monarch?

"Fellow Daoist, you're too impulsive. Hence, I'll need to forcefully calm you down!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain said coolly.

Deng Yima stared at him, his eyes full of anger.

"Being impulsive will only bring you trouble... don't do something you might later regret," True Monarch Yellow Mountain said slowly.

Deng Yima's expression was as unyielding as before.

"Senior Yellow Mountain, what's the point of chit-chatting with him?" Fairy Lychee stepped out of the crowd and stretched out her hand, grabbing Deng Yima's leg. Afterward, she dragged him amidst the camp of the 'Nine Provinces Number One Group'.

Next, she beat him until his whole face was swollen.

Deng Yima screamed again and again.

After she was done beating him, she said, "Now, why don't you try to recall the Immortal Master Copper Trigram you met? Do you find any similarity with the current me?"

"..." Deng Yima.

"The best way to deal with hot-blooded fellows is by giving them a good beating. They usually calm down after a few punches," Fairy Lychee said coldly. She had the face of someone that had experience in this field.

Her fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group all forced a smile. Although Fairy Lychee was usually very cute, no one could stop her when she entered action. After all, she was someone that dared to go abroad alone to beat those scummy aboriginal deities!

"For now, be obedient and stay there. If you behave, I might bring you along to look for Copper Trigram," Fairy Lychee said coldly.

That shady fortune teller actually dared to assume my appearance and perform trashy divinations all around, ruining my reputation!

Immortal Master Copper Trigram, no one will be able to save you

this time!

All those that pose as someone else just to smear their reputation must die!

On a side, the baboon-shaped Thrice Reckless Mad Saber felt somewhat uncomfortable. I didn't get infested by a monkey's lice, right?

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"Wait a moment. Something strange is happening on the Grievance Settling Platform!" Northern River's Loose Cultivator said at this time.

The various fellow daoists turned their heads around and looked at the bizarre scene occurring on the platform.

The mist shrouding the platform had already disappeared.

However, it seemed as though someone had pressed the fast-forward button on the Grievance Settling Platform. The battle between Song Shuhang, who was transformed into Chu Chu, and Ye Tang had suddenly become spectacular.

In the blink of an eye, Song Shuhang and Ye Tang exchanged more than 200 blows. They were both leaving behind several afterimages; their speed was incredible!

If the seniors from the Nine Provinces Number One Group weren't all powerful experts, they would have been confused too by this sudden change!

On the platform, the sword and saber were continuously clashing, sending out metallic sounds.

Movement techniques as well as saber and sword techniques were all pushed to the limit, allowing them to be all over the place.

The radiance of the Flaming Saber was also frequently flashing!

It felt like the battle between two Third Stage Battle Kings.

"What's happening?" Cave Lord Snow Wolf blinked a few times. Did Song Shuhang and Ye Tang take drugs to become so powerful?

"It's very strange. The two of them are showing such an astonishing speed, and yet, the supervisors of the platform are completely unmoved..."

"It seems that the edge of the platform was affected by a strange magical technique."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain held his chin and tried to guess, "Is this the effect of that strange pellet?"

But wasn't that Deng Yima talking about a 'slowing effect' before throwing the pellet?

Did he throw the wrong pellet?

Chapter 382: Advancing to the Second Stage

True Master Realm

Is it possible that Deng Yima threw an 'accelerating' pellet instead of a 'slowing' one?

No, that's not it... if it was a simple accelerating effect, the two supervisors would have noticed something was amiss and stopped the battle.

Right now, their eyes were gleaming, sizing up the two who were in the midst of fighting. They didn't seem to have the slightest intention to stop their exchange. It appeared that the two supervisors were also under the effects of the 'acceleration'.

On the Grievance Settling Platform.

The fight between 'Chu Chu' and Ye Tang got more and more intense.

In a mere second, the sword and the saber clashed more than forty times.

Unknowingly, they had been battling for more than six minutes. However, both parties did not seem exhausted even after fighting so fiercely... it looked as though they were engaging in a normal battle.

If it was a mere accelerating technique, they would have exhausted their strength already, True Monarch Yellow Mountain thought to himself.

This scene was indeed strange.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain pinched his chin and pondered...

If one wanted to replicate what was happening on the Grievance Settling Platform, they would need to find a way to raise: the speed of thought processes, reflexes, physical speed, and all the other

abilities in one go! It almost felt as though time itself had accelerated.

Wait a minute, time acceleration!

It can't be, right? The technique unleashed by an ordinary pellet involves something as scary as time?

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On the Grievance Settling Platform.

"Rolling Stone Sword!" Ye Tang roared. His sword was akin to an unstoppable stone, rolling in Chu Chu's direction. During the fight, he had already used three different sword techniques, each one stronger than the other.

On the other side, Chu Chu only had the Flaming Saber! After tossing and turning, all she used was that ordinary saber technique.

But what made Ye Tang feel like vomiting blood was that even though she was using only that Flaming Saber Technique, he was unable to defeat her. On the contrary, he felt that she was getting stronger and stronger as the battle progressed.

Wasn't she heavily wounded and able to battle only due to stimulating her potential?

In that case, why did he feel that Chu Chu was absolutely fine and that she did not suffer any injury at all? Why was she was getting more and more energetic as they continued fighting?

"Bang!"

The Rolling Stone Sword was once again blocked by the Flaming Saber.

Ye Tang felt the energy within his opponent's body surge. The strength and power behind her attacks only got stronger. Additionally, every time Chu Chu swung her saber, he faintly heard the cry of a whale.

Was Chu Chu continuously getting stronger?

In other words... was her power continuously recovering?

Ye Tang clenched his teeth—he was a Second Stage True Master himself and yet he could not defeat Chu Chu who was in the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm.

Dammit, if she keeps restoring her strength, wouldn't she end up returning to the Second Stage Realm? By then, wouldn't I lose for real?

Moreover, both parties had already fought for nearly an hour, no?

I can't let this drag on, I need to get rid of her in one go!

This will be the last blow!

Ye Tang shouted and abruptly leapt into the sky. While jumping, he seized the opportunity to gather all his true qi.

Next, he decided to execute his strongest sword technique, the <Mountain Cutting Sword Technique>, which could erupt with the gathered true qi in one go—the power it possessed would be more than double his usual power.

This technique also boasted a powerful penetrating effect. Even if it was blocked, the true qi would be able to penetrate the opponent's body, causing internal injuries.

Without a cultivation of the Second Stage Realm, the opponent would be unable to block the true qi that penetrated his or her body—mere qi and blood energy was of no use!

This sword attack would decide victory or loss!

At the same time, he gave Chu Chu a sidelong glance. How was she going to deal with his strongest attack? Even up to this point, she wasn't willing to draw her sword?

Indeed, she wasn't!

Chu Chu's hands held the treasured saber tightly, and flames started to burn on the blade of the saber once again. Perhaps because her power was gradually recovering, the flames on the saber no longer consisted in a thin and weak layer. Instead, they were raging and blazing. This time, it looked like a real 'Flaming Saber'.

However... an ordinary technique like the Flaming Saber would definitely be unable to contend against his next blow. He would be the winner of the first category of the Grievance Settling Platform!

"Mountain Cutting Sword Technique!" Ye Tang roared. This time, he proudly shouted the name of his sword technique.

He attacked Chu Chu with a power capable of destroying mountains.

Chu Chu wasn't scared and continued to attack with her saber.

"Clang!"

The heavy and loud sound resembling that of a temple's bells resounded, traveling far into the distance. It was a lot louder than that of any of the blows they'd exchanged earlier.

"Aaah!" Ye Tang erupted with his whole strength and took advantage of the moment the saber and the sword collided to transform his true qi into sword qi, attempting to pour it inside Chu Chu's body. This sword qi would completely destroy her meridians, making her unable to fight.

The qi and blood energy of a cultivator of the First Stage was unable to resist the might of true qi!

As expected, the moment Chu Chu blocked the 'Mountain Cutting Sword Technique', her entire body stiffened.

She furrowed her brows, and both her hands went numb. Thereafter, the treasured saber in her hands fell to the ground...

"It's over!" Ye Tang said in a low voice as he exhaled a mouthful

of bad air.

Ultimately, he was the winner!

But just as he heaved a sigh of relief, Chu Chu suddenly stomped on the ground.

In the next moment, Chu Chu's small body had already appeared right before him.

She attacked, and her fists were akin to a barrage of meteors bombarding his body. A whale's cry accompanied each fist.

It was a combination of the 'Basic Fist Number Two: Meteor Fist' and the 'Huge Whale's Technique'.

Chu Chu's attack was sudden and explosive.

Ye Tang had lowered his guard, and his body received every blow of the Meteor Fist at its full power. Every punch was akin to a metal hammer pounding on his body!

"Aaaaaah~" Ye Tang cried out in pain and was sent flying.

When he landed on the ground, there were fist marks all over his face and body. The power of the fists penetrated his body, injuring his internal organs.

"How can this be... how can you still move! The meridians in your body should have been destroyed by my sword qi!" Ye Tang clenched his teeth, staring at Chu Chu and wondering why she seemed unscathed.

He had clearly poured the sword qi and true qi inside her body...

Unless...

Ye Tang widened his eyes.

He saw that the qi and blood energy on Chu Chu's body gradually dissipated... and substituting it was a huge amount of pure 'true qi'.

Her strength returned to the Second Stage Realm?

'Chu Chu' looked at him, wearing a peaceful smile on her face. When he was fighting against Ye Tang earlier, the seal of the 'Qi Storage Expanding Technique' engraved in his body by Senior White unknowingly started dissipating.

During the battle, the qi and blood energy in his five big apertures once again poured inside his dantian.

The embryonic form of the dantian that got condensed during the previous time, when Shuhang's promotion was forcefully stopped, was further expanded by the second wave of qi and blood energy!

Ultimately, all the qi and blood energy within the dantian transformed into a cyclone of true qi.

Chapter 383: Grandpa Chu

After the true qi changed into a cyclone in his dantian, it continuously revolved, tickling him. After each rotation, both the quality and the quantity of the true qi in his dantian would increase.

Additionally, the qi and blood energy in his five apertures was endlessly pouring into his dantian as well, changing into true qi.

Unlike qi and blood, which was illusory, true qi was a material entity. The cultivator could directly perceive its existence through the senses, and if Shuhang were to stretch out his hand and feel his abdomen, he would feel the vibration caused by the rotating true qi.

Aside from opening his dantian and giving rise to that cyclone of true qi, during the previous battle, Song Shuhang continuously used the revised version of the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique> Venerable White gave him. After the usage of the Huge Whale's Technique, a very special true qi condensed in his dantian. This true qi had the shape of a needle and stood still in the center of the cyclone of true qi.

It was the embryonic form of the 'pseudo-innate true qi'. As long as Song Shuhang diligently developed it during the Second Stage Realm, it would greatly help him until he reached the Fourth Stage Innate Realm. With the help of this 'pseudo-innate true qi', he would be able to keep up with those elite disciples from big schools and sects.

"Your strength... was restored to the Second Stage Realm?" Ye Tang asked as he lay on the ground, tightly grabbing his sword with an unyielding expression.

'Chu Chu' faintly smiled at him. Her mood seemed quite good at this time.

Ye Tang struggled to get up, but it was all useless. With that final sword attack, he consumed a lot of his stamina and true qi. Afterward, he also received a powerful blow in the face from Chu Chu. He didn't have any strength left.

Therefore, he unwillingly closed his eyes... it was his loss. Although he held the upper hand, he still managed to lose this battle where he was supposed to win easily.

"The winner of the first category of the Grievance Settling Platform is... the Chu Family!" the supervisor of the platform said in a grave tone with both hands placed on the sword.

'Chu Chu' heaved a sigh of relief... it was finally over.

Since she was wearing a skirt, whenever the strong wind caused by the sword qi swept over, she felt a cool feeling down there. Moreover, she couldn't even raise her legs to use powerful kicks. Otherwise, she would get exposed...

But now, she wouldn't have to worry about the damned skirt, the cool feeling, or about being exposed anymore!



Off the Grievance Settling Platform.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator said, "The strange power permeating the Grievance Settling Platform disappeared. It seems that the effect of the pellet came to an end!"

"It lasted for around ten minutes," Fairy Lychee added.

The effects of the magical technique unleashed by the pellet lasted for quite some time!

"It wasn't an ordinary speed accelerating technique, right?" True Monarch White Crane interjected.

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple confirmed, "Yeah, its effect was just too comprehensive. To replicate what happened on the platform earlier, you would need to fuse several types of magical

techniques. Senior Yellow Mountain, what do you think?"

Since Venerable White had carried Song Shuhang away and had yet to return, True Monarch Yellow Mountain was the strongest and the most experienced amongst the members of the group present here.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain held his chin and said, "I have something in mind, but I'm not sure how accurate my guess is."

"Stupid Yellow Mountain is trying to act all mysterious, woof!" Doudou interrupted him and conveniently reminded him of his existence.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain glanced at Doudou and laughed.

Doudou's body immediately stiffened. Yellow Mountain's smile really scared the shiet out of him. Dammit, Yellow Mountain unexpectedly got me by the balls!

True Monarch Yellow Mountain stopped acting mysterious and replied, "The technique we saw earlier might be related to 'time', but further research is required to confirm this theory and discover the details. After our little friend gets off the platform, we can ask him what he experienced over there and make a few hypotheses out of it."

"Time?" The fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group revealed surprised expressions on their faces. If they were really related to 'time', the value of those pellets was immeasurable!

"Little friend Shuhang finally ended the battle. He was able to fight against someone of the Second Stage with the strength of the First Stage Dragon Gate Realm, and in the end, he even turned the tide and won the match. It seemed he had a few tricks up his sleeve... huh?" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber was sighing with emotion when he opened his eyes wide.

Halfway through his speech, his eyes widened, and he stubbornly

stared at 'Chu Chu' on the platform.

"Am I seeing things? He is unexpectedly a Second Stage True Master Realm?" Thrice Reckless didn't dare to believe his eyes.

Wasn't a cultivator of the First Stage supposed to jump through the dragon gate before advancing to the Second Stage? What happened on the Grievance Settling Platform earlier? He became a True Master in the middle of the battle?

Since he didn't think that Shuhang would suddenly advance in realm, Thrice Reckless didn't keep a close watch on his cultivation realm. Only after the two contestants separated and the battle ended did he notice that Song Shuhang's aura had changed.

Northern River, who was currently sipping his tea, also stared at Song Shuhang, spurning everything out.

"He really advanced to the Second Stage Realm!" Cave Lord Snow Wolf said.

"Eh? You noticed it just now? I thought you noticed it earlier but didn't bring it up intentionally," True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple said at this time. "I've been paying attention to his conditions all along. Just as they were battling, the qi and blood in his five apertures poured inside his dantian. Then, it changed into a cyclone, making him successfully advance to the Second Stage."

"He didn't jump through the dragon gate?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator asked.

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple shook his head and said, "He didn't. He advanced to the Second Stage directly."

"...Did we just spectate a live cheating session?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator wondered aloud.

"Is it possible that Senior White discovered a method to let people advance to the Second Stage without having them jump through the dragon gate?"

"How can such a fearful method exist?"

"If that's the case, I immediately want to become Venerable White's disciple and act like those cute novice daoists!"

"My heart is aching! At the time, I had to go through a lot of hardships to jump through the dragon gate!"

"Stop creating unnecessary confusion. It's probably nothing so exaggerated," True Monarch Yellow Mountain said. "I think it might be the Qi Storage Expanding Technique."

As expected of Yellow Mountain. He was knowledgeable as well as a fast thinker.

The eyes of the other members immediately lit up. They almost forgot about the Qi Storage Expanding Technique!

"The Qi Storage Expanding Technique? Such being the case... little friend Shuhang had already advanced to the Second Stage, right?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator muttered.

"As expected, he still cheated!"

"As expected, I still need to ask Senior White if there is some place left on his thigh so that I can climb on it!"

"While I'm at it, I might as well ask Senior White if he's in need of a disciple."

"As expected, I'll still need to ask Venerable White if he lacks someone to warm his bed!" True Monarch White Crane said at this time.

All the members of the group turned their heads and stared at True Monarch White Crane speechlessly.



When the nearby disciples of the Chu Family saw Senior Sister Chu Chu's mighty attack that sent Ye Tang flying, they immediately burst into cheers.

At the same time... the expressions of the disciples of the Illusory Sword School turned ugly.

Things were changing too quickly. A moment ago, it felt as though Ye Tang was about to win. But then, the tide turned and he lost. What was wrong with these sudden changes? They were enough to give someone an heart attack.

The school head of the Illusory Sword School clenched his fists. Now that they had lost the first category, they would have to fight it out in the third category.

Such being the case, it was time to ask the strongest elder of the Illusory Sword School to enter the action.



In the Chu Family.

Although they lost the 'second category' earlier, Chu Chu gave her all and finally obtained victory in the first category!

The news quickly reached the members of the clan.

After hearing about Chu Chu's victory, the members of the Chu Family relaxed a bit, but they couldn't cheer up yet.

A loss and a win.

In other words, there was still one last category left—the third category.

In this category, both parties would send their strongest cultivator to decide the victor.

The strongest member of the Chu Family was its leader, a cultivator of the Third Stage Realm.

While the strongest member of the Illusory Sword School was an elder of the Fourth Stage that could ride a flying sword.

Unless the lifespan of that elder suddenly was exhausted and he died, there was no way the Chu Family would be able to win.

The members of the Chu Family were discussing the topic amongst themselves.

On a hospital bed, Chu Xiong from the Furious Buddhist Sect, who was bitten until gravely injured, clenched his fists tightly. If he hadn't lost earlier, the Chu Family would have obtained two consecutive victories and wouldn't need to participate in the upcoming battle.

It was due to him being so weak that the Chu Family was now in a hopeless situation.

At this time... did they still have any hope of winning?



In front of the Grievance Settling Platform.

'Chu Chu' picked up her treasured saber and slowly descended from the platform.

The leader of the Chu Family took a step forward and said solemnly, "Good girl, you did well. Now, rest and try to recover from your injuries. Leave everything else to me."

'Chu Chu' nodded and faintly smiled at the family leader.

Being called a 'good girl' made Shuhang's heart twitch in pain.

After 'Chu Chu' left the platform, the people of the Illusory Sword School propped Ye Tang up and brought him off the stage as well.

The two supervisors adjusted the strength of the barrier for the final battle. Since a cultivator of the Fourth Stage would participate in the upcoming battle, they needed to strengthen the barrier.

Before the platform, the leader of the Chu Family clenched his fists tightly. It was the final battle, and regardless of victory and defeat, he couldn't lose to the Illusory Sword School in imposing manner.

But right at this time, his phone rang.

When he looked at the phone, and saw who the caller was, his hand stiffened.

"Grandfather?" the family leader said in a low voice after picking up the call.

Over twenty years ago, the grandfather of the family leader was on a trip outside when he returned to the Chu Family gravely injured. Since that moment, he continuously stayed in secluded meditation, his life and death unknown. The family leader didn't expect to get a call from him at such a critical moment.

"Don't worry and leave the last battle to me." A dignified voice was transmitted from the other end.

"Grandfather, your injury..." The family leader seemed somewhat reluctant.

"My injury has recovered for the greater part. Moreover, it's time to take a stroll outside." The dignified voice continued, "Send me the coordinates of the platform, I'll head over there immediately."

"Grandfather, in that case, try not to force yourself beyond your limits..." The family leader heaved a sigh and sent the coordinates of the platform to his grandfather.



In the next moment, a sword light drilled out of the territory of the Chu Family, heading toward the Grievance Settling Platform. A dignified man wearing a scholar's cap and a scholar's dress was standing on the sword light.



Soon after the man left...

A member of the Chu Family quietly took his phone and made a call. "Mister... that old foggy just left!"

"Good, get ready to enter into action!"

Chapter 384: Where did Senior White go?

After getting off the platform, Song Shuhang quickly passed through the camp of the Chu Family.

In the meanwhile, several seniors from the Nine Provinces Number One Group winked at 'Chu Chu' and smugly smiled.

Song Shuhang looked at them and forced a smile... Seniors, your image! You have to pay attention to your image!

A while back, when he first came in contact with the seniors from the group, he felt that they were completely different from the 'immortals' in his imagination.

At the time, he was wondering whether he was the one misunderstanding things, because it was impossible for cultivators to be like that...

Afterward, when he became more familiar with them, the idea of 'cultivators' he had in mind was thoroughly destroyed. The picture of celestial immortals and beautiful fairy maidens elegantly flying in the sky without a care for mundane affairs existed only in his imagination!

When he saw the seniors wink at him smugly, he remembered that he was wearing girls' clothes. Given their disposition, he was sure that nothing good would come out of it.

'Shuhang, the black skirt you wore earlier really suited you.'

Song Shuhang was wondering when such a message would appear amidst the chat logs of the group chat.

He was afraid to imagine what would happen in the next days!

After forcing a smile, 'Chu Chu' waved at the cheering disciples of the Chu Family. Afterward, she quickly headed toward the rear of the camp, where the tent was situated.

Venerable White and the real Chu Chu were still there, waiting

for his return.



After arriving before the tent, Song Shuhang discovered that Soft Feather was standing at the entrance, lost in thoughts.

"Soft Feather, what are you doing here?" Song Shuhang stretched out his hand and waved as a habit.

But when he spoke... he used the charming voice of a girl to do so. This was why he refused to speak earlier. Venerable White made thorough preparations and even changed his voice. But just the thought of using a girl's voice to speak made Shuhang feel unwell.

If people considered Immortal Master Copper Trigram's disguising technique high-level, Song Shuhang felt that Venerable White's wasn't too far behind. Copper Trigram specialized in disguising himself because he was often chased after performing those wicked divinations, but what about Venerable White? Why was he so good at using disguising techniques? Was it an innate talent?

Soft Feather turned her head around and looked at 'Chu Chu' in puzzlement. Afterward, she said, "You're... Oh, right. You're Miss Chu Chu!"

"..." Song Shuhang.

After faintly sighing, in a low voice so that only Soft Feather could hear him, he said, "It's me, Song Shuhang!"

"Eh? Eeeh? Eeeeeh?" Soft Feather exclaimed in surprise.

"Let's go inside!" Song Shuhang grabbed Soft Feather's hand and entered the tent.

After opening the tent, Song Shuhang saw that there was a stretch of yellow sand inside. The floor of the tent had changed into sand.

However, Venerable White and the real Chu Chu were nowhere to be found!

"Eh? Where is Senior White?" Song Shuhang looked at Soft Feather in puzzlement. Speaking of which, Soft Feather's legs were really long. Even if he was Chu Chu's carbon copy right now, he discovered that Soft Feather's legs arrived at his waist when she was standing up, their height being about the same.

F*ck, why the hell am I thinking about this nonsense right now?

"Eh? Senior White disappeared?" Soft Feather called out in alarm. She had been waiting outside the tent for Senior White to come out this whole time. But when she peeked inside the tent, she only saw a stretch of yellow sand. Hence, she believed that Senior White activated the illusory reality and didn't enter.

"Senior White didn't come out of the tent?" Song Shuhang asked in puzzlement.

"No, I've been waiting for the whole time here for Senior White and Senior Song to come out, but in the end, only Miss 'Chu Chu' came out. By the way, Senior Song, why did you assume Chu Chu's appearance?" Soon after, she blinked and her eyes suddenly lit up. "Oh, I understand! Senior Song must have had my same idea! You replaced Miss Chu Chu and participated in the battle in her stead, right?"

"Correct!" Song Shuhang deeply sighed. After searching in the tent for a while, he didn't find his old clothes.

How could he change into his original form if he didn't have his clothes? He absolutely didn't want to change back into his original form while wearing a black skirt! He wasn't a pervert!

"Senior Song, what are you looking for?" Soft Feather asked.

"My clothes... while taking away the real Chu Chu, Senior White conveniently took my clothes as well!" Song Shuhang sighed.

Soft Feather silently nodded. Then, she shot a glance at Song

Shuhang, who now had Chu Chu's appearance, and decided to thoughtfully let him keep the 'shapeshifting brooch' for now.

Song Shuhang suddenly said, "Let's go look for Venerable White!"

"And where should we look for him?" Soft Feather asked out of curiosity.

After pondering for a moment, Song Shuhang replied, "In the Chu Family!"

After thinking about it, the only place where Venerable White could be was that mysterious secret room in the depths of the Chu Family! In the surrounding area, only that place could pique Senior White's interest.

"Good, I'll show the way. I know where the Chu Family is located!" Soft Feather volunteered.

"Let's go!" Song Shuhang said.

Then, the duo left the tent and quickly headed toward the location of the Chu Family... as for the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group, they were ignored and left to dry in the sun next to the Grievance Settling Platform.



Before the Grievance Settling Platform.

The two supervisors rearranged the strengthened barrier around the platform.

The match of the last category was about to begin!

At this time, a sword light rapidly approached the airspace of the Illusory Sword School's camp, descending next to Xu Zheng.

The man riding the sword light had white hair and lot of wrinkles on his face.

It was precisely that Fourth Stage elder of the Illusory Sword School, Jian Yuanhai. As a cultivator of the Fourth Stage, Jian

Yuanhai should have had a life expectancy of 550-600 years.

However, Jian Yuanhai repeatedly used a mysterious technique to stimulate his latent capacity and obtain explosive power when he was young and roaming the world. Therefore, although he was only around 300 years, his lifeforce was already exhausted, and he looked very old.

"Elder Jian, you're finally here!" Xu Zheng heaved a sigh of relief and calmed down as soon as he saw the elder arrive.

When he saw Xu Zheng's appearance, Jian Yuanhai got a scare. What was the deal with this pig-like appearance?

Luckily, Xu Zheng's aura was still the same. Otherwise, he would have already cut down this humanoid pig with his sword. Hence, he asked, "Xu Zheng, what's the deal with your appearance?"

Xu Zheng forced a smile and explained to the elder what happened.

Jian Yuanhai's complexion got more and more ugly as he listened to the story. Then, he nodded and looked at the two Spiritual Emperors that had now pulled some distance between them and the Illusory Sword School. Outsiders were outsiders. It was unlikely that they would put their life at risk for the Illusory Sword School.

Next, he shot a glance at the camp of the Chu Family.

"Oh my..." Jian Yuanhui inhaled a mouthful of cold air. Those almost fifty Spiritual Emperors sitting in a row thoroughly shocked him.

Since when had Spiritual Emperors become common to the point that even the Chu Family could invite fifty of them to boost their morale?

And amongst them... there seemed to be some people with immeasurable strength, whose level was even above to that of Spiritual Emperors...?

Jian Yuanhai felt his scalp go numb... How was the Chu Family able to invite so many monsters?!

Had they known that the Chu Family could invite so many powerful cultivators earlier, the Illusory Sword School would have never dared to pick a fight with them! Actually, it didn't even matter if these Spiritual Emperors had come here only for a stroll or not.

After all, they had willingly come from thousands of miles away just to spectate the matches taking place on the Grievance Settling Platform. What if they had a sudden change of mood and decided to side with the Chu Family, conveniently destroying a small faction like the Illusory Sword School in the process?

Unfortunately, it was too late to regret!

Since they had chosen this road, they could only walk it till the end. They had already thoroughly offended the Chu Family; hence, they might as well secure their victory in the third category.

Then, as the winner of the Grievance Settling Platform, they could ask the Chu Family to hand over a copy of the 'sword technique'. At this time, they didn't dare to ask for the original version; a copy was more than enough.

In the worst case, they could just change the location of their school! As long as they had the 'sword technique', they could try to reach the Fifth Stage Realm... only those that dared to brave risks would reap the benefits!

After thinking this much, a firm expression appeared in Jian Yuanhai's eyes.

He wanted to win the last category of the Grievance Settling Platform!

Just as Jian Yuanhai was in deep thoughts, a sword light also approached the camp of the Chu Family.

The sword light descended next to the leader of the Chu Family.

After it descended, a dignified man wearing a scholar's cap and scholar's clothes stepped down from the sword. The complexion of this man was somewhat pale, as though he hadn't seen the sun for quite some time. He looked like someone that had yet to completely recover from a serious illness.

Someone that can ride a flying sword? The disciples of the Chu Family curiously looked at this man wearing scholar's clothes that had appeared out of nowhere. None of them recognized him.

However, they felt that the facial features of this man were very similar to those of the leader of the Chu Family. Was he also a person of the Chu Family?

If he was a member of the Chu Family, he was at least a cultivator of the Fourth Stage since he could ride a flying sword!

"Grandfather!" The family leader rushed toward the man. After his grandfather was seriously injured twenty years ago, it was his first time coming out of secluded meditation!

Grandfather?

Is this the grandfather of the family leader?

As expected, he was a member of the Chu Family! The people of the Chu Family had again found hope! They still had an opportunity to win the last category of the Grievance Settling Platform!

At the same time, some senior members of the Chu Family suddenly recalled a certain matter... a hundred years ago, a senior of the Chu Family brought a 'sword technique' back to the clan.

That senior also said that the 'sword technique' could potentially let the user reach the Fifth Stage Golden Core Realm.

After carefully recalling this fact... they felt that the person that brought the 'sword technique' back was precisely the grandfather

of the family leader!

After bringing back the 'sword technique', the grandfather of the family leader left the clan once more to roam the world; no one heard of him afterward.

They didn't expect that he was still alive.

This was a really pleasant surprise.

The grandfather smiled and nodded at the family leader. Afterward, he shot a glance at the camps of the Illusory Sword School and Chu Family.

In the next moment, he saw the powerhouses from the Nine Provinces Number One Group sitting in a row.

Since he flew over here in a hurry, he didn't properly pay attention to his camp earlier... only now did he see the shocking lineup that had gathered in his own camp!

Truly a dazzling view!

Chapter 385: Where did Song Shuhang go?

What a grand lineup!

Given his cultivation, the grandfather could easily see a huge amount of spiritual energy fluctuating and forming an enormous cyclone of spiritual energy on top of the heads of cultivators seated in rows.

The spiritual energy within a radius of fifty kilometers was forcefully pulled in by the cyclone. Ultimately, it was channeled into the bodies of those cultivators.

It was a shocking lineup! It probably had enough power to attack some big sects.

"Wenyan, who are these seniors?" asked the grandfather in a slow voice.

Wenyan was the name of the Chu Family's leader.

"Grandfather, these... should be the friends of little Chu Chu." The family leader Chu Wenyan was not certain... speaking of which, where did she go after she finished her battle? And also, what did Chu Chu actually experience during the period of time she was venturing outside that she got acquainted with so many powerful seniors?

The grandfather nodded, sheathing his flying sword at his waist. Thereafter, he tidied up his appearance before going over to the cultivators of the 'Nine Provinces Number One Group'.

"I'm Chu Family's Chu Kangbo, pleasure to meet Fellow Daoists and Seniors." The grandfather of the family leader bowed... from the way he dressed, it could be seen that he was a scholar in the past—as far as manners and courtesy were concerned, he nailed it all.

"Hello, Fellow Daoist Chu." Most of the cultivators of the Nine Provinces Number One Group smiled and returned the bow.

However, Chu Kangbo's strength truly startled them.

A Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor! Even if the rank of his Golden Core wasn't high—at most two or three dragon patterns—he was still a genuine Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor.

A small faction like the Chu Family actually had a Spiritual Emperor within their ranks. He should have had a very lucky encounter to have reached this stage.

With a Spiritual Emperor around, there was absolutely no suspense for the last round of the Grievance Settling Platform.

The difference between the Fourth and Fifth Stage was a big qualitative change.

"After the end of the battle, you're all welcomed to my residence to have a drink together!" Chu Kangbo was polite and thoughtful, and when he spoke, he looked like a pedantic scholar.

The fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces number One group smiled in response. Most of them had lived longer than Chu Kangbo, and if we were talking about being pedantic, they were probably worse than Chu Kangbo.



On the other side, Elder Jian Yuanhai of the Illusory Sword Sect was completely dumbfounded... this member of the Chu Family that came from nowhere was a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor? Was this the same Chu Family he knew?

It was completely different from the intel they received!



Just as the fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group and Chu Kangbo were talking, two figures approached the Grievance Settling Platform from afar.

One of the figures was standing with his hands behind his back, and the other figure was supported by the flying sword.

They were Venerable White and Chu Chu.

"Senior White!" When all the fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group saw Venerable White, they immediately got up and greeted him loudly and saluted. They were afraid that if their salutations were a tad slower, Venerable White might remember them. At that point, it'd be over for them.

Venerable White smiled and nodded. After his eyes scanned the crowd, he asked, "Where did Shuhang go?"

Previously, when Miss Chu Chu was in the tent, she wanted to solve a physiological issue.

After all, Chu Chu was only a Second Stage cultivator, and she had not reached the realm where she could live without eating or drinking. In certain aspects, she was pretty much the same as ordinary human beings.

But on the outside, Song Shuhang had changed into her appearance to participate in the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform. Hence, she couldn't openly get out of the tent.

...Moreover, she could not heed the call of nature on the spot in the tent.

At last, Venerable White used an invisible technique and secretly brought Chu Chu to a nearby location to let her take care of it.

Sometimes, women were more troublesome than men.

And when Venerable White brought Chu Chu back, he realized that the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform had ended and Song Shuhang was nowhere to be found.

Where did Song Shuhang run off to in that short instant?

At this time, Northern River's Loose Cultivator answered, "Senior White. After the end of the second category of Grievance Settling Platform, little friend Shuhang headed toward the rear to look for you. Afterward, I saw him secretly leave with Soft

Feather. I'm not sure where they disappeared to."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber immediately commented, "It's good to be young!"

All those present threw glances at Thrice Reckless... if Venerable Spirit Butterfly were to hear those words, Thrice Reckless would be done for.

"Oh." Venerable White nodded.

Since he left with Soft Feather, then he didn't have to worry about Song Shuhang getting lost.

After the end of this battle, he would bring Song Shuhang to the hidden room in the Chu Family and settle the karma with Li Tiansu's from before. Then, this whole matter regarding the Chu Family would finally come to an end.

After that, Venerable planned to tell everyone that he wanted to organize a 'hand-guided tractor competition'.

As he was thinking, Venerable waved his fingers, and the flying sword landed, placing the heavily wounded Chu Chu on the ground.



Chu Kangbo also looked at Venerable White—this senior sure looked very pretty, making it hard for people to move their eyes off him! Ugh, it wasn't that. He meant that the aura of this senior was practically as vast as the sky—with his cultivation level of the Fifth Stage, he could not even tell what the realm of this senior was. He had no idea which terrifying level his strength had reached.

"Chu Kangbo is honored to meet you, Senior. I am extremely grateful that you took care of our descendant!" Chu Kangbo made a 90-degree bow towards Senior White.

Chu Chu was also quite lucky that she could actually get acquainted with such a powerful senior—her future would

definitely be better than his.

Venerable White smiled at Chu Kangbo and said, "It was a slight effort, please do not stand on ceremony."

After he completed his sentence, Venerable White went to the area between the Chu Family and the Illusory Sword Sect's camps once again and reached out his hand to pull out the missile from the ground. With just one hand, the enormous and heavy missile was picked up.

Next, Venerable White carried the missile back to the Chu Family's camp with one hand. There was one more category left to fight on the platform, and since he was free, he wanted to disassemble the missile and learn about its internal structure.

Perhaps it could give him some inspiration to create a new edition of the 'disposable flying sword'.

When the disciples of the Chu Family saw the powerful senior carry the missile, they immediately swallowed their saliva. Each and every one of them subconsciously retreated a couple of steps back.

The members of the Nine Provinces Number One Group broke out in a cold sweat.

Chu Kangbo was puzzled. Was the weapon in the senior's hand real? What was he planning to do?

Just as Chu Kangbo was pondering, the supervisor on the Grievance Settling Platform called out, "The last category of Grievance Settling Platform shall begin!"

Illusory Sword Sect's Jian Yuanhai stepped onto the platform.

The grandfather of the Chu Family's leader, Chu Kangbo, also stepped onto the platform!

This was the battle that'd decide the fate of both parties!



Meanwhile, in the territory of the Chu Family.

Without any warning, thin smoke engulfed the core region of the Chu Family.

In the core region, all the Chu Family's disciples who inhaled the smoke fell to the ground and became unconscious.

A moment later, two disciples holding a pearl in their mouths quietly appeared in the area.

Behind them, ten figures appeared one after another.

The person leading them was a man dressed like a teacher from ancient times. He was fanning himself with a folded fan, wearing a confident smile on his face.

Behind him, there were four servants, carrying scrolls in their hands and painting brushes on their backs.

And after them, there were five strange men. They were rather big-sized, but they weren't the obese type.

The five men were wearing black clothes and masks that only revealed their eyes.

But this wasn't the strange part—the strange part was that sharp black needles were sticking out from their headgear. Not only on their heads, but there were also black needles sticking out from the sides of their bodies.

There was also a thin layer of monster qi on their bodies...

"Mister, right in the front is the entrance to the hidden room. However, the key is carried by the family leader, and we were unable to get it. Additionally, there is a defensive formation set up at the entrance, so even if we had the key, we would be unable to get in," said the two disciples of the Chu Family.

"Don't worry about it, you guys did well. After this ends, both of you will have a share in glory and wealth. If you have the desire to join a stronger sect, we can help you achieve that." The mister

waved his folded fan and smiled. "We don't have much time, we managed to lure that old fellow out of the Chu residence with much difficulty, so we need to use our time wisely."

After his speech, 'mister' stepped forward and aimed the fan towards the keyhole of the hidden room's entrance.

That mister barely moved, but the keyhole started turning... just like that, the door to the hidden room actually got opened.

Thereafter, that mister opened his folding fan and lightly tapped a couple of times at the empty space in front.

Just like that, the defensive formation of the hidden room quietly undid itself.

Such a technique that was able to undo restrictions was not much different from the well-known Penniless Thief Sect's technique.

After undoing the secret technique, the mister said to the two disciples of the Chu Family, "Do you want to go in with us?"

The two disciples nodded vigorously.

Inside the hidden room lay the mysterious 'sword technique'. After this, if they depended on the powerful memory all cultivators enjoyed and managed to memorize the 'sword technique', their future would definitely be bright.

"In that case, both of you please follow me." The mister smiled, and said to the strange five men decked in needles, "All of you keep a lookout nearby... if any of the Chu Family members approach this area, get rid of them in an instant."

"Yes!" the five strange men answered in a muffled voice—the sound of their voices was very strange, as though they were talking underwater.

The mister nodded. Thereafter, he brought his four servants and the two disciples of the Chu Family into the hidden room.

When they entered the hidden room, the corners of his lips rose.

"The mysterious sword technique, hehe..."

This was not as simple as just a mysterious sword technique... there was a huge secret hidden within it.

* * *

"The territory of the Chu Family is in the front!" The corners of Soft Feather's mouth rose and she put away her phone.

She had marked and saved the address of the Chu Family residence on the map of her phone so there wouldn't be any hiccups or mistakes on their journey there!

Song Shuhang looked ahead—the Chu Family consisted of an ordinary small mountain village that was hidden deep within the mountains...

Chapter 386: Noooooooooo!

When they approached the location of the Chu Family, they found two clansmen guarding the entrance.

Since Soft Feather lived in the Chu Family for the past few days, the clansmen knew that she was Miss Chu Chunying's friend and let her pass.

As for Song Shuhang, he asked, "Fellow Daoists, did you see a senior cultivator wearing white clothes and the talented Miss Chu Chu from your family come here earlier?"

The two guards scratched their heads in puzzlement and stared at Song Shuhang, "Senior Sister Chu Chu, what are you talking about? You're indeed talented, but..." If you brag about it yourself, it's a bit embarrassing!

"..." Song Shuhang.

F*ck, I forgot that I have Chu Chu's appearance right now!

Sigh~ Anyway, from what the guards said, it seemed that Venerable White and Chu Chu didn't come here. Did Senior White conceal his aura and directly barged into the Chu Family?

Given Senior White's straightforward disposition, it was possible!

Thereupon, Song Shuhang and Soft Feather entered the territory of the Chu Family together, heading toward the place Chu Chunying arranged for Soft Feather to stay.

On the road, they chatted about a few matters.

"Right, Soft Feather. Did you receive a gift from Senior White earlier?" Song Shuhang asked since he saw Venerable White write the words 'Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather' on one of the gifts.

"I didn't receive anything." Soft Feather shook her head.

"Strange, Senior White clearly sent you a gift," Song Shuhang muttered. Then, he laughed and said, "It's a good thing that you

didn't receive it. Otherwise, you would have turned into a meteor like the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group did today, forming a meteor shower."

"Eh?" Soft Feather quickly turned her head and stared at Song Shuhang. "Senior Song, did you just say that I was supposed to be part of that meteor shower?"

"Correct! What an awful experience by the way! Ascending to the sky with the coiling flight feature, flying with all kinds of weird and scary patterns, not to forget that meteor-like effect, as well that landing style you saw earlier. The seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group made several holes in the ground before the Grievance Settling Platform due to that landing style. Moreover, I personally saw Senior Seven and Senior Copper Trigram ascend to the sky amidst blood-curdling screams," Song Shuhang said while still having a lingering fear.

"Coiling flight feature, weird flying patterns, meteor-like effect, explosive landing..." Soft Feather said softly. Soon after, she clenched her fists and said, "Just thinking about it... makes me feel excited."

"What?" Song Shuhang thought he misheard.

"Dammit, why did all the seniors receive the gift when I didn't! I also wanted to coil my way toward the sky, fly with weird patterns, and change into a meteor! I was even prepared to go into space!" Soft Feather said with an aggrieved expression on her face as she poked her index fingers against each other.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Originally, he thought that Soft Feather was someone relatively normal amidst the Nine Provinces Number One Group and that her train of thought was on the same wavelength of his... but he didn't expect that she was actually the most abnormal one of all!

While chatting, the duo headed toward the depths of the Chu

Family. The residence Chu Chunying arranged for Soft Feather was precisely her own dwelling, which was situated in the inner part of the Chu Family.



In the meanwhile, in front of the Grievance Settling Platform.

Elder Jian Yuanhai of the Illusory Sword School and Chu Kangbo from the Chu Family were standing in front of each other. Jian Yuanhai was holding his sword tightly while staring at Chu Kangbo.

His opponent seemed to be seriously injured; perhaps he still had a chance to win!

Below the platform.

The seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group managed to stop Venerable White from disassembling the missile with much difficulty, promising him many things in exchange... for example, they promised they would let him visit some of their companies abroad that were manufacturing ammunition and the likes.

Only then were they able to make Venerable White forget about the missile.

Thereupon, since he had nothing to do, Venerable White borrowed Northern River's Loose Cultivator's laptop. Since he was the always online holy warrior of the Nine Provinces Number One Group, Northern River still had the laptop with him when he was coiled toward the sky and brought here.

After borrowing the computer, Venerable White took out what resembled a USB flash drive made of wood and inserted it into the computer.

After that, Venerable White swiftly moved his fingers and started to operate the laptop.

The nearby Yellow Mountain, Lychee, Doudou, and Northern

River decided to take a look at the screen, curious as to what Venerable White was doing.

As soon as he saw the pictures on the screen, Doudou couldn't contain himself. "Pffff~"

On the screen, Venerable White opened several files one after another.

There was the scene of True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple madly screaming while ascending to the sky... there were the blurred pictures of Fairy Lychee wearing nothing but a sexy nightgown... there was the scene where Fairy Dongfang was still dancing while she ascended to the sky, her expression both terrified and angry... there was the scene where Yellow Mountain was calmly holding his rice bowl while flying... as well as the scene of Cave Lord Snow Wolf bathing the small snow wolf, and next was the scene where he was shedding tears while spinning in the sky... the scene where Northern River's Loose Cultivator nasal mucus and saliva were spurting all over... as well as the scene where True Monarch White Crane was flying with its true form revealed—since it was quickly spinning while flying, its neck had tied itself like a knot.

Then, there were some pictures where a stark naked Thrice Reckless Mad Saber was tightly embracing Scholar Drunken XXX (unfortunately, the members of the group couldn't remember his name at the moment). The two of them were hugging each other while drilling through the ceiling of the immortal cave.

Next was the scene where Thrice Reckless Mad Saber was tearing the clothes of the scholar while flying the sky with the 'windmill' flight pattern. This scene was so beautiful that it could permanently blind whoever saw it.

Venerable White calmly dragged the pictures to the interface of an 'emote generating program', pressing the confirmation button.

Afterward, he chose each person's worst pictures, where they

were scared the most and tears were flowing at high speed, and put them in the 'GIF generating program', pressing the confirmation button again.

"Senior White, don't do it!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber roared!

"Senior White, don't do it!" Scholar Drunken XXX also bellowed.

"Senior White, don't do it!" Fairy Lychee pounced toward Senior White.

"Senior White, don't do it! Please, stop!"

"Don't do it... stop!"

"Senior White, STOP!" This was True Monarch White Crane's scream. That picture where its neck had twisted until becoming a 'fried dough twist' was just too embarrassing!

The camp of the Nine Provinces Number One Group was immediately thrown into confusion. All the members of the group pounced toward Senior White, trying to steal the laptop and stop him from what he was doing.

"Hehehe..." Venerable White turned his head around and coldly smiled at the fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group. They wanted to steal the laptop? In their dreams. After all, he was a Seventh Stage Venerable!

A few seconds later...

All the members of the Nine Provinces Number One Group were lying on the ground like dead dogs!

Venerable White pressed the confirmation button with a content expression on his face. Then, he uploaded the expression compilation of his fifty fellow daoists in the group space of the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

"Hmm, this expression package is a bit too rough. Later, I must post on a specialized forum and have them beautify it a bit,"

Venerable White muttered.

What? Senior White wanted to look for a specialized forum that would help him 'beautify' the expression package? Wouldn't that mean that the expression package would spread from the group to the whole Internet?

They absolutely couldn't let that happen! It was too disgraceful! How could they show their faces around if the expression package were to spread in the entire world of cultivators?!

"Senior White, you can simply let Soft Feather fix the expression package! She seems very skilled in this field." True Monarch Yellow Mountain stretched out his trembling hand and gave the thumbs up. At this time, he had no choice but to sell his teammates in order to save them.

Venerable White held his chin and said, "Alright, let's discuss it later."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain's arm fell down weakly... Brothers, I've done everything in my power!

In the meanwhile, Song Shuhang and Soft Feather approached the core area of the Chu Family.

But right at this time, Soft Feather suddenly covered Song Shuhang's nose and mouth.

Next, she quickly pulled him backward and retreated several meters before stopping.

Soft Feather's strength was as incredible as always. Although he advanced to the Second Stage Realm, Shuhang wasn't able to resist in the slightest and was easily pulled back.

"Did something happen?" Song Shuhang asked with difficulty since Soft Feather was covering both his nose and mouth.

"There is a weird fog ahead. Even cultivators with their Nose

Aperture open are unlikely to discover it. Not only that, even cultivators of the Third Stage would quickly faint after inhaling it. Luckily, my father trained me beforehand, and I'm thus very keen toward these things." Soft Feather furrowed her brows.

If the daughter wanted to roam the world, a good father would train her to gain resistance against anesthetics and similar things. It was one of the most important things!

For example, certain fathers would accompany their daughters for a drink to test their capacity for alcohol. The next day, they would gently remind the daughter: 'Daughter, you shouldn't drink more than you can handle. Since daddy can't accompany you all the times, you must remember how much alcohol you can hold and don't let bad guys get you drunk!'

Unfortunately, many fathers tried to follow the example just to end up faintly hearing the daughter valiantly say after the third cup: 'Eeeeh? Father, your capacity for alcohol is so bad! Boss, give me two more bottles of white liquor!'



"Fog?" Song Shuhang grabbed his treasured saber Broken Tyrant, asking, "Can the Turtle Breathing Technique help counter the effects of the fog?"

Since it was a fog that took effect after it was inhaled, not breathing should solve the problem, right?

"Eh? Senior Song studied the Turtle Breathing Technique as well?" Soft Feather said, somewhat surprised. Was it possible that Senior Song was too lazy to breathe like her senior brother and hence had decided to study the Turtle Breathing Technique?

"Ah, yes... it's a painful but also interesting memory." Song Shuhang recalled his trip to space from the previous time.

Soon after, he stretched his hand out and drew the runes of the Turtle Breathing Technique on his palm.

And just like this, he used the Turtle Breathing Technique both on himself and Soft Feather.

Now that he was a Second Stage True Master and could use true qi to engrave the runes, the results were much better than when he was using qi and blood energy. Moreover, it felt that Turtle Breathing Technique could last for a lot longer.

"Let's go take a look at the inner part of the Chu Family," Soft Feather said impatiently. Her adventurous soul was already on fire...

Chapter 387: Soft Feather the Valkyrie

Soft Feather and Song Shuhang concealed their aura and quietly slid into the strange fog.

Cultivators had several methods to conceal their aura, but Song Shuhang, who had just advanced to the Second Stage Realm, had yet to study such a method. Hence, he could only use the <True Self Meditation Scripture> to restrain his mental energy as much as possible and conceal all his true qi inside the cyclone in his dantian. After taking these precautions, he was more or less able to obtain a result that was similar to those techniques.

Afterward, Soft Feather took the lead and Song Shuhang closely followed behind. On their way, it felt as though they were playing hide-and-seek. They would often hide behind objects, using them as a cover, and quickly dash forward in the next moment.

After getting past a rockery, Soft Feather suddenly stopped, saying in a soft voice, "Wait a moment. There is a strange aura ahead."

There were traces of monster qi ahead.

Song Shuhang cautiously shot a glance ahead, but he couldn't see anything due to the buildings obstructing his sight.

At this time, Soft Feather took out a pair of contact lenses and handed one of them to Song Shuhang.

"What's this?" Song Shuhang asked in a low voice.

Soft Feather put a contact lens on her right eye and explained, "It's a magical treasure that can allow the user to 'ascend another story, were you to see a thousand miles farther'. After wearing these contact lenses, you can overlook the earth as though you were flying in the sky. Unless there is someone of the Fifth Stage or above, they won't be able to sense our presence."

Song Shuhang nodded and put the other contact lens on his left

eye.

As soon as he wore the contact lense, the picture before his eyes completely changed. The field of vision of the left eye changed, and he was now seeing things from above, while the field of vision of the right eye remained the same as before.

Song Shuhang quickly closed his right eye and only used the left one to look.

There are even magical treasures such as this?

Actually, Song Shuhang had already experienced this type of 'God's-eye view' through the ghost spirit before, but he had temporarily forgotten about this matter. Moreover, after he advanced to the Second Stage, the ghost spirit also underwent a change. Right now, it was shrinking in his Heart Aperture and not moving in the slightest.

Through the God's-eye view, Song Shuhang saw that there were five stout and strange men standing in front of a big ancestral temple 200 meters ahead.

The five men were wearing black clothes and masks on their faces; only their eyes were visible. Many black needles were popping out from their headgear and the rest of their bodies, making them look like hedgehogs.

These five men were standing amidst the fog, but weren't affected by it.

From their cautious appearance, it seemed they were all enemies...

"Are they monsters?" Soft Feather muttered. Earlier, she sensed a faint presence of monster qi, but she couldn't tell which type of monster the opposite party was.

"Their strength seems to be in the Third Stage... at most Fourth. Senior Song, I'll quickly take care of them and bring them over here. That way we can examine them and discover which monster

race they belong to!" Soft Feather cracked her knuckles and reached out to her size-reducing purse.

In the next moment, she took a sword out of her purse. The handle of the sword was modeled after a graceful multicolored butterfly. The spiritual energy emanating from the treasure sword could be seen by the naked eye, and a glance was enough to tell that its quality was much higher than Shuhang's Broken Tyrant.

Song Shuhang said in a low voice, "Shouldn't we determine if they are friends or foes first?"

It was rather common for cultivators to raise spirit or monster beasts. For example, True Monarch Yellow Mountain was raising Doudou.

Although these guys didn't seem too friendly, perhaps they were monster beasts the Chu Family was raising?

"In that case, I'll knock them out first! If they turn out to be enemies, we'll examine them and find out which race they belong to!" Soft Feather clenched her fists.

Just as the duo was quietly chatting, something happened in front of the ancestral temple.

One of the strange men suddenly dashed forward, and two seconds later, he barged into a nearby multi-storied building.

Around three breaths later, he came out of the building while holding a disciple of the Chu Family in his hands. Afterward, he casually threw him onto the ground; it was unknown whether or not he was still alive.

Perhaps this disciple of the Chu Family had a special constitution and woke soon after fainting. After waking up, he must have realized that there was something fishy going on and decided to sound the alarm to alert the other clansmen.

But that strange man noticed his presence as soon as he took two steps forward...

After noticing him, the man immediately barged into his dwelling and gravely injured him, stopping him from alerting his clansmen.

From the looks of it, these guys were surely enemies.

* * *

"We've confirmed that they are enemies," Soft Feather said. "Senior Song, let's go."

"There are five of them in total. Anyway, those guys seem to be in charge of guarding the entrance. Are sure you can deal with them?" Song Shuhang cautiously asked.

The opposite party was standing still in front of the entrance of the ancestral temple, and it was clear that their objective was to steal something from in there.

If he were to think about something precious the Chu Family possessed, Song Shuhang would immediately recall the mysterious sword technique. Eight out of ten, the companions of these strange men went to the place the technique was located.

Such being the case, they absolutely couldn't let them run away!

"If we're talking about the five men standing at the entrance, I have full confidence of defeating them," Soft Feather said self-confidently.

"Good. You can go ahead then, but try not to cause a commotion if possible. In the meantime, I'll notify the people of the Chu Family and make them secretly surround the ancestral temple. No matter what, we can't let these guys escape," Song Shuhang said.

They had to be swift and stealthy in order not to alert the enemy. If they were to cause a commotion, these guys would get more cautious, and it would become more difficult to deal with them.

"I understand... Eh? Senior Song, be careful!" Soft Feather struck Song Shuhang with her palm halfway through her speech.

She applied a soft force to Song Shuhang and pushed him away, making him bump into the rockery behind.

"Boom!"

The dull sound of two objects colliding echoed... luckily, Song Shuhang was already a cultivator of the Second Stage and his body was strong; he didn't get hurt.

At this time, several fifty centimeters long needles had appeared in the place he was originally standing in.

These sharp needles didn't seem to be made of metal. They were emitting the true qi belonging to cultivators and a faint quantity of monster qi. These were the same needles sticking out of the bodies of those strange stout men!

Were they discovered?

But those five men were still guarding the entrance of the temple and hadn't moved in the slightest...

"Tsk. Does it mean that there aren't only five of them? It seems there are others hiding in the surroundings as well..." Song Shuhang stretched out his hand and removed the contact lens from his left eye. He couldn't fight properly while wearing that gadget.

Soon after, he looked in the direction the needles came from. There, he saw a strange figure that was much slimmer compared to the five stout men. At this time, it was squatting on top of a far-off pavilion in the rockery.

"Tsk, you unexpectedly managed to dodge them," the figure said in a strange voice. It felt as though it was speaking underwater. "But you won't be able to dodge this time!"

After saying this much, the petite and strange figure aimed at Song Shuhang and Soft Feather once more, stretching out its hands. Next, around ten black needles emerged from each of its palms.

When he saw those needles, Song Shuhang felt his scalp go numb.

"Die!" the petite and strange figure said with an evil smile on its face.

In the next moment, twenty or so needles shot out toward both Soft Feather and Song Shuhang.

The speed of the needles was slightly faster than that of bullets.

With his current eyesight as a cultivator of the Second Stage, Song Shuhang was unable to clearly see their trajectory without using the innate skill of his Eye Aperture. He could only see ten shadows quickly coming toward him.

Since he couldn't even see them, it was even more impossible to dodge them.

"Innate skill of the Eye Aperture, activate!" Song Shuhang didn't hesitate to use the innate skill of his Eye Aperture. In the next moment, the world slowed down in his eyes.

After advancing to the Second Stage, the effects of the skill were even stronger. Innate skills would become stronger along with their owner.

"Now, I can clearly see the trajectory of the black needles." Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide and tightly held the treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

The ten needles covered a very wide area. Seven of them were aiming at Song Shuhang's body, while the other three cut off his path of retreat, forcing him to meet the others head-on.

Song Shuhang madly operated his brain, trying to think of a way to cut down all the needles with his saber.

"Found it!" Song Shuhang quickly calculated the actions he had to perform. Soon after, he took a light step toward the right, avoiding the needles that seemed most dangerous.

At the same time, he lifted his treasured saber Broken Tyrant, with the blade of the saber starting to cut toward the trajectory he calculated earlier!

I can do it, I can block these needles.

Moreover, he could use the small golden shield of the ghost spirit if there was a need to. Given the toughness of the golden shield, Song Shuhang was sure that it could block at least one barrage of those black needles.

But just as he was about to slash with his saber, Song Shuhang felt his vision blur.

A silhouette appeared in his front in the blink of an eye!

Even with the innate skill of his Eye Aperture activated, Song Shuhang could only see a series of afterimages.

It was Soft Feather!

At this critical time, she quickly moved in front of Shuhang and opened her arms wide, keeping off the attack with her body.

"..." Song Shuhang.

"Ding, ding, ding, ding!"

A series of noises echoed.

The ten needles crashed against Soft Feather, but none of them was able to touch her body. They were all blocked by a pale layer of golden light.

"Impossible!" The petite and strange figure standing on the pavilion opened its eyes wide. It had a lot of confidence in the attack power of the needles. After adding true yuan and monster energy to the needles, their strength was much higher than other techniques of the same rank. Its current strength was at the peak of the Third Stage, but the attack power of these needles had reached the Fourth Stage!

But now, its all-out attack was easily blocked by this girl?

"Hmph!" Soft Feather's black hair flew upwards. Afterward, she stretched out her hands and gently tapped on her body. The denim suspender skirt she was wearing disappeared and revealed its true form—an elegant metallic armor, beautiful and very pleasing to the eye.

It resembled those cool gear you find in games, and with that butterfly-shaped treasured sword in her hand, she looked like a valkyrie!

"Senior Song, leave it to me!" Soft Feather said. "You should notify the members of the Chu Family and tell them to prepare themselves."

Chapter 388: Committing suicide with a weird smile

"You want to notify them? Too late!" the petite figure said while gritting its teeth. It had already contacted its companions and four of the men guarding the entrance were rushing over here!

Soft Feather swung the butterfly-shaped sword in her hands and said gravely, "Senior Song, don't worry about me. Go notify them!"

Song Shuhang shook his head. "Since we've been discovered already, there is no need to do things covertly."

After saying this much, he opened his mouth and roared.

It was the roar of a lion...

Song Shuhang's voice was deafening and spread in all directions as he said, Enemy attack! Beware of the poisonous fog in the core area!

Song Shuhang's straightforward character was kicking up. Since he was going to shout, better to do it in the most direct and resounding way!

The voice echoed again and again...

The sound of the lion roar slowly faded away... all the people in the Chu Family must have heard it!

Now, they only needed to see how much the cultivators of the Chu Family would take to react.

Actually, Song Shuhang wasn't really relying on the disciples of the Chu Family to solve the situation. Their average strength was too low. On his way here, most of the cultivators he saw were of the First Stage, and only some of them were of the Second Stage.

Even if they came here all together, it would be very difficult to deal with those five men. Moreover, that strange fog was still

surrounding the core area. How were the disciples of the Chu Family going to deal with it if they didn't have the Turtle Breathing Technique? Would they use gas masks?

Song Shuhang's real objective was to use that roar to alert the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group. However, he didn't know if they would hear his voice.

After all, there was a certain distance between the Chu Family and the Grievance Settling Platform...

"You b*tch! I'm going to kill you!" The petite figure didn't expect Song Shuhang to suddenly roar. It angrily jumped down from the pavilion, and two black needles emerged from its palms. The needles were imbued with monster qi and true qi; it wanted to kill Shuhang.

Soft Feather coldly snorted and took a step forward, blocking the path of the petite figure.

"Eat my sword!" Soft Feather shouted in a lovely voice. The butterfly-shaped sword in her hand thrust forward, and the sword light divided into ten streams that enveloped the petite figure.

Her swordsmanship was exquisite and the sword light was like a net, completely enveloping the petite figure and not letting it get away.

However, that petite figure didn't seem to intend to get away.

It directly dashed toward the net formed by Soft Feather's sword.

"Round Dance Chop!" In the next moment, it started rotating and countless needles suddenly emerged from its body, completely covered it. Since it was spinning, it changed into a ball of needles. After losing some of its needles, it was finally able to break through Soft Feather's net.

"No matter how strong your armor is, there are bound to be places that are not protected! I'll roll over you!" The petite figure sneered and started to roll faster and faster, heading toward Soft

Feather.

While it was happily rolling... it didn't notice that Soft Feather was holding a talisman in her hands.

Then, just as it was about to bump into her, Soft Feather calmly stretched out her hand and pasted the paper talisman on its body.

As for that deathly rolling ball of needles... she completely ignored it and didn't even try to dodge.

The ball kept rolling as it bumped into Soft Feather's arm. However, it was completely blocked by a layer of pale golden light. The attack was unable to break through Soft Feather's defense.

At this time, the talisman was still attached to the creature's body.

"Boom!" Soft Feather lightly shouted.

"BOOM!!!"

Flames shot toward the sky, engulfing the ball of needles in the process and turning into a ball of fire.

"Aaaaaaah~" the petite figure cried out in pain.

Soon after, its cries kept getting weaker and weaker... until they disappeared.

After a few seconds, the petite figure was lying on the ground half-dead, completely charred black. It opened its eyes wide and stared at Soft Feather and Song Shuhang with an unwilling expression in its eyes.

"Dam... mit..." the petite figure said with the last bit of its strength.

The petite figure was like an average player that had continuously killed monsters to get experience, reaching the Third Stage Realm with much difficulty.

One day, it tried to kill another player of similar level... but

unlike it, that player was very rich and loaded with money.

The other player needed only two ordinary attacks and a high-level item to destroy it.

Dammit! What was so good about rich players?! Well, surely their equipment!

"Were you able to determine its race?" Song Shuhang took a step forward and asked.

At the same time, he glanced at a not too far away place. After seeing that their companion was defeated, the four stout men howled again and again, speeding toward Shuhang and Soft Feather's position.

"I can't really tell its race... perhaps it's not a pure-blooded monster beast, but a human-monster hybrid?" Soft Feather said.

After saying this much, she turned her head around and looked at the four roaring stout men, saying, "Senior Song, pay attention to your safety!"

Then, the Valkyrie-mode Soft Feather excitedly welcomed the four stout men.



"Kill me..." the petite figure on the ground said to Song Shuhang with an agonized voice.

Song Shuhang shook his head. Senior Medicine Master might be interested in this strange creature. After all, he was looking for test subjects...

"Aaaaaah!" The petite figure suddenly growled, and a needle shot out from its chest, heading toward Song Shuhang!

Perhaps because it had already exhausted its strength, the speed of the needle wasn't too fast.

Song Shuhang subconsciously waved the treasured saber in his hands and cut the needle down.

The needle was perfectly cut in half. One piece fell next to Song Shuhang's foot; the other spun a bit before finally piercing the throat of the petite figure.

"Gaaah..." The petite figure emitted a pitiful cry and fresh blood gushed out, spurting on Song Shuhang's body.

Soon after, it looked at Song Shuhang with a self-satisfied expression on its face, revealing an ugly smile.

In the next moment, its vital energy was cut off and it died.

"Did it commit suicide?" Song Shuhang furrowed his brows.

The creature had a strange smile on its face before dying. It felt as though it had already succeeded in what it was trying to do.

Did it use a curse before dying?

Song Shuhang touched his chest; the ghost spirit in his Heart Aperture was unmoved. If it were a curse, the ghost spirit would have immediately come out.

So, it's not a curse?

Or perhaps the ghost spirit didn't react because it's upgrading?

Forget it. Whether or not it's a curse, I'll just ask the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group to give me a check-up once I go back.

Song Shuhang came to this conclusion after pondering for a moment.



In his front, Soft Feather and the four stout men were already battling.

These four stout men were also at the peak of the Third Stage, and they seemed slightly stronger than the petite figure Soft Feather defeated earlier with the talisman.

After seeing their companion getting roasted by Soft Feather

with a talisman, the four stout men were especially careful while fighting hand to hand against her.

It was unknown which race they belonged to, but those needles were continuously popping out from their bodies and seemed infinite in number.

With that, every part of their body was a weapon, and it could be used to launch powerful attacks.

But the defensive power of Soft Feather's beautiful armor was just too high. No matter how much the four men attacked, they were unable to put even a scratch on her.

On the other hand, Soft Feather was easily chopping the needles growing on their bodies using the combination of her excellent swordsmanship and the butterfly-shaped treasured sword. After just a few rounds, the four men were full of wounds.

It was truly a depressing sight!



But right at this time, the stout men battling Soft Feather raised their heads and looked in Song Shuhang's direction.

Immediately after, they saw Song Shuhang standing next to the corpse of their companion, his body dyed with the fresh blood of their friend.

The four stout men roared like wild beasts, "Roar~"

Their eyes became bloodshot and their attacks fiercer.

"Companion dead... revenge, revenge!"

One of them tried to slip away quietly. He wanted to get past Soft Feather and attack Song Shuhang.

"Their attacks become stronger when they're angry. This ability is somewhat similar to bloodthirst," Soft Feather said softly. "But I won't give you the opportunity to attack Senior Song!"

After saying this much, she used her sword light once more, firmly binding the stout man that was trying to get past her.

After being tied down in place by Soft Feather, the four stout men restlessly roared.

"I'm almost done preparing, get a taste of my move!" Soft Feather shouted. Soon after, she held her sword with both hands and used it to pierce the ground!

Even without using talismans, she was still a cultivator at the peak of the Third Stage that would soon face the heavenly tribulation; her strength was outstanding!

"Explosion!" Soft Feather didn't use any cool or intimidating pose, she merely shouted with her lovely voice.

In the next moment, thousands of sword lights shot out from the ground!

These sword lights were very concentrated, making it impossible for anyone to dodge them.

The four stout men growled as needles continuously grew on their bodies, completely wrapping them up.

"Round Dance Chop!" They used the same move as their companion before. Their bodies started to rotate, and they turned into balls.

They used this technique to oppose the endless stream of sword lights that was shooting up from the ground.

The needles and the sword lights collided, continuously cutting each other off.

But the four stout men could produce an endless amount of needles, quickly replacing the broken ones.

Soft Feather opened her delicate hands, revealing four talismans.

Just as she was getting ready to gift a talisman to each of them... she felt a sudden sense of crisis.

She didn't hesitate and quickly extracted her butterfly-shaped sword from the ground, using it to ward off the incoming attack.

"Ding!"

A loud sound echoed, and Soft Feather was forced to retreat due to the strength of the attack. Glued to her butterfly-shaped sword was a continuously revolving silver needle.

Soft Feather looked at a distance place, toward the entrance of the ancestral temple where the last stout man was standing.

The person that shot the silver needle over here was precisely that man. However, he didn't merely shoot it here; he used a flying sword controlling technique to send the needle here.

In other words, the remaining stout man was a cultivator of the Fourth Stage.

Chapter 389: Venerable Spirit Butterfly casually passing by

"As expected, one of them was a cultivator of the Fourth Stage Realm." Soft Feather wasn't surprised. From the very start, she knew that the strength of these stout men was between the peak of the Third Stage and the Fourth Stage.

Moreover, she had been paying attention to the last stout man standing in front of the entrance all along. When he made his move, he used a flying sword controlling technique. As she predicted, he was an existence of the Fourth Stage.

"Ah!" The sword qi on Soft Feather's butterfly-shaped sword exploded. She ruthlessly slashed, sending away that silver needle.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, the four stout men stopped rolling and dodged Soft Feather's explosive sword qi attack. Earlier, they would have surely kept rolling toward her to crush her. But after seeing what happened to their companion, even if they had twice the courage, they wouldn't dare to roll Soft Feather to death, because it would spell their doom instead.

The four stout men gasped for breath and stared at Soft Feather. At the same time, they bitterly shot a glance toward Song Shuhang's position... that butcherer was soaked with the blood of their companion!

At this time, the voice of the last stout man transmitted from far away. "Leave her to me. You lot take care of that other girl in the rear. Whoever gets soaked with the blood of our companions must be chased and killed at all costs! No matter where they hide or what their strength might be, they have to be eliminated!"

After saying this much, he used the flying sword controlling technique to control the silver needle and attack Soft Feather with it.

The other four looked at each other, their eyes bloodshot. Next, they tried to get past Soft Feather once more. They wanted to attack the Chu Chu version Song Shuhang.

Whoever gets soaked with the blood of their companions must be chased and killed at all costs? Song Shuhang silently looked at this clothes. Was this fresh blood some sort of mark?

Was it something like the 'Mark of the Dragonslayer' in novels? After the dragonslayer killed the dragon, a mark would be left on their soul. Afterward, all the dragons of the world would team up to kill the dragonslayer.

If it was something similar, it was going to be rather troublesome! He didn't want to be tracked down by the GPS of these guys all the times!



In the front, Soft Feather had a delighted expression on her face. She was having so much fun right now!

"Like I said earlier... none of you is allowed to deal with Senior Song without my permission!" Soft Feather said in a domineering way. After that, she slashed once more with her treasured sword, making the silver needle fly away.

Afterward, she grabbed the long whip hanging around her waist with her other hand.

"Go!" Soft Feather lightly shouted.

It felt as though the whip had intelligence. One end remained coiled around Soft Feather's waist, while the other automatically stretched and attacked the four stout men. Soft Feather didn't need to actively control the whip, her thoughts alone were enough to give it orders.

As if that wasn't enough, the power of the whip was shocking. When it attacked those four stout men, it immediately broke their needles and tore their skin.

Afterward, the powerful whip forced the four men to retreat in Soft Feather's direction.

The four stout men cried out in pain after being whipped... as soon as they tried to get away, they were stopped by the whip and forced to retreat in Soft Feather's direction. Soon after, they were tied in place by the sword light too and forced to fight Soft Feather head-on.

"Ahahaha!" Soft Feather was getting stronger and stronger as the fight went on. Although she was fighting against five people, she still held the upper hand!



Far-off, the last stout man furrowed his brows. How is it possible for this human girl to have so many treasures? Dammit, we're running out of time. I need to speed things up.

He stretched out his hand and pulled a black needle out of his back. After it was pulled out, the black needle changed color, becoming silver. Unlike the other needles, this one was personally refined by the stout man and was a weird type of a flying sword.

"Go!" The stout man once more used the flying sword controlling technique. He controlled both needles at the same time and used the second one to keep Soft Feather's whip occupied, giving his companions the opportunity to kill Song Shuhang.

"Controlling two flying swords at the same time? Interesting!" Soft Feather smiled and said, "If you had used this trick earlier, you might have succeeded, but now... it's too late!"

After saying this much, she suddenly jumped toward the sky, and the whip coiling around her waist turned into a ball, merging with her armor.

"With my current strength, I always need to prepare this move for a long time before using it~ I didn't think I would get to use it in a real battle..." Soft Feather muttered.

Seven mysterious bright runes appeared on Soft Feather's armor.

Afterward, the seven runes expanded, changing into sword qi. The sword qi had the properties of the seven elements: metal, wood, water, fire, earth, wind, and lightning.

Immediately after, the seven sword qi also expanded, turning into seven clones of Soft Feather.

Then, as though they had passed through space itself... the seven clones and Soft Feather's main body appeared beside the four stout men.

On average, two Soft Feathers were dealing with one stout man.

The seven-element sword qi merged with Soft Feather's butterfly-shaped sword, mercilessly stabbing the chests of the stout men from the front and the rear.

The four men didn't even have the time to react.

After the swords pierced their bodies, they stiffened and fresh blood gushed out. Soon after, they loudly fell to the ground, and it was unknown whether they still lived.

With just one move, she instantly defeated four enemies with a lot of HP that were almost as strong as her! Now it was clear why it took her so long to prepare this move.

Fresh blood soaked Soft Feather's seven clones... but after completing the move, they all disappeared.

As for her main body, it was protected by a layer of golden light and wasn't tainted by the blood.

"Dammit!" the stout man standing afar bellowed.

In the end, he had no choice but rush toward Soft Feather and fight her head-on. At the same time, he controlled his two silver needles and used them to attack her.

"Ahaha!" The whip coiling around Soft Feather's waist coordinated with the butterfly-shaped sword in her hands, completely blocking the fierce barrage of attacks of the stout man.

"Boom!"

Under the control of the stout man, the silver needle violently collided with Soft Feather... breaking soon after.

Even if he refined the silver needle into a flying sword, its quality couldn't be compared with Soft Feather's sword.

It was only natural that it would break after a violent collision.

After that one last attack, Soft Feather was likewise forced to retreat.

The stout man was now in front of Soft Feather. He had a gloomy expression on his face as he held the undamaged silver needle in his hands.

"You two are dead." The stout man clenched his teeth in anger.

"Are you sure? You can't kill me with words alone!" Soft Feather waved her somewhat numb arm.

Even if her equipment was good, fighting against a cultivator of the Fourth Stage was very strenuous.

"You two dared to kill my companions! You don't have any way out now, you can only die!" the stout man said coldly.

Soft Feather stared at him and said, "Are you crazy?"

It was a life and death battle. If we weren't going to kill your companions, were we supposed to look at them and appreciate them? Or are you guys from a protected species in the world of cultivators and can't be killed like giant pandas?

The stout man stretched out his hand and removed his headgear, revealing a head full of needles. Except for the place around the eyes, everything else was covered with needles.

"All the people that have been soaked with the blood of a sea urchin warrior are enemies of our sea urchin race! Fleeing is useless. No matter where you go, we'll still find you and kill you! The proud sea urchin warriors will take your lives!" the stout man said with awkward Mandarin.

However, the general meaning was easy to understand.

As expected, it was something like the 'Mark of the Dragonslayer'! But these guys are actually sea urchin warriors! Does it mean that I've become a 'Sea Urchin Slayer' now? For some reason, it doesn't sound as cool as 'Dragonslayer'... Song Shuhang thought to himself while holding the treasured saber Broken Tyrant in the rear.

Anyway, the fact that he had been marked was rather troublesome! Once everything was over, he had to ask the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group about this matter in detail.

"Not only you, even your family members and the people related to you will be implicated. They'll also die in the hands of the sea urchin warriors," the stout man continued his speech, his expression mad.

After hearing this much, Song Shuhang furrowed his brows. There was such a thing as involving family members?

"..." Soft Feather.

"But I'll give you an opportunity. Kneel in front of the corpses of my companions and let me cut your heads off. In that case, we sea urchin warriors will forgive your family members!" the stout man said, his expression ever more ferocious.

In truth, he was just trying to buy time with this speech.

He wanted to take advantage of the opportunity to get in touch with his companions.

There were other four sea urchin warriors hidden in the

surroundings. Their strength was also at the Fourth Stage. As long as the five of them fought together, no matter how good the equipment of this girl was, she wouldn't be able to defeat them!

At the time, they would kill her in the most gruesome way!

Soft Feather was speechless.

Soon after, she pinched her adorable chin.

In the next moment, she put her butterfly-shaped sword away and heaved a sigh, saying to the stout man, "Since you want to kill my family, I might as well give you the opportunity."

The stout man was confused.

"I've decided to give you an opportunity to kill my family members!" Soft Feather stretched out her hand and pointed behind the stout man, saying, "Turn your head around, do you see that man?"

That man is my father. If you want to kill my family, you should start with him. You can't say that I didn't give you the opportunity, right?"

The stout men coldly snorted, "Do you think you can fool me with these cheap tricks? If there was someone behind me, I would have noticed it already."

If this girl was thinking of launching a surprise attack or running away while he was turning his head, she was too naive. He wouldn't fall for such a trick!

" Why don't you turn your head and see. " A solemn voice echoed from behind the stout man. This voice was like a raging volcano that was about to explode.

Chapter 390 - Look at things from another angle!

As a matter of fact, we have to use a different angle to observe and comprehend some things — Venerable Spirit Butterfly.

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"Impossible!" The stout man got a huge shock—he was a cultivator of the Fourth Stage Innate Realm with a monster bloodline. Moreover, his mental energy and senses were far keener than those of any human cultivator of the same realm.

But when he checked the place behind him, he felt that there was absolutely nothing there... there was simply no trace of any aura at all.

Nevertheless, the solemn voice of a man suddenly transmitted from that place!

A person actually managed to avoid the detection of his senses and mental energy, quietly standing behind his back?

Absolutely terrifying. Just how strong was this guy to do something like that?

The stout man subconsciously rolled to one side... he wanted to get away from the person behind him as soon as possible!

While he was rolling, his eyes glanced at the area behind him.

Standing right there was a man with his hands behind the back. He was wearing green-colored clothes, and he was so handsome that people probably didn't feel worthy of being his friends.

At this moment, that man furrowed his brows. His mood could be read with a glance... it was really bad!

When the stout man was frantically rolling away, the man said in a deep voice, "When... did I allow you to roll away?"

It was a mere question, and the man didn't even move a finger. But these words of his seemed inviolable.

Just as though an 'immobilizing spell' hit him, the whole body of the stout man stopped in the rolling position where his head was below and legs on top—he was frozen in place. He could not roll forward nor backward!

The stout man got a scare. What was happening? Why was his body unable to move?

What is happening? Quick, move, dammit! My body, you'd better start moving! the stout man shrieked in his mind. But every muscle and vein of his body seemed to be trembling in fear. Under such circumstances, his body was completely unable to cooperate with his brain.

What's happening, and just what is the strength and realm of this man?

One sentence—all it took for him to lose the ability to resist was one sentence!

"Based on how useless you are, you dare to keep saying that you want to kill my entire family?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly said in a cold voice.

As he was speaking, a spirit butterfly quietly appeared on Venerable's shoulder.

The spirit butterfly gently flew past the stout man; its beautiful wings were similar to a sword light, slitting the man's throat in an instant.

Fresh blood splattered, painting the beautiful spirit butterfly in a bright shade of red.

That spirit butterfly lightly flapped its wings, and its body immediately absorbed the fresh blood. When the bright red fused with the color of its body, it made it look even more beautiful.

The gaze of the stout man gradually lost focus, and he maintained the 'rolling' position until his death...

The spirit butterfly flew back and perched itself on the Venerable Spirit Butterfly's shoulder, lightly flapping its wings.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly nodded in satisfaction. "Remember this aura... from today onwards, do not allow living things with such a bloodline within 500 kilometers from the Spirit Butterfly Island."

In other order words, if the bloodline of a 'sea urchin warrior' appeared within 500 kilometers from the Spirit Butterfly Island, even if the creature was passing through without any ill intentions, it would get killed off mercilessly.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly had little interest in these human-monster hybrids known as 'sea urchin warriors'... and had no desire to conduct any research on them either.

Thereafter, Venerable Spirit Butterfly did not even deign to glance at the stout man's corpse. Instead, he turned his head around and looked at his daughter, Soft Feather.

In the instant he turned his head around, it was as though he had swapped faces. Earlier, his expression was serious and unhappy, but now he abruptly beamed with happiness, appearing gentle and kind. He lightly called out, "Soft Feather."

"Father." Soft Feather laughed, waving to him.

She felt rather uneasy meeting her father like that. After all, she'd secretly snuck out from the Spirit Butterfly Island. She had placed herself into a huge box, and sent it out via express delivery, remember?

A daughter who'd escaped from home, facing her father who came from thousands of miles away... such a situation would be at least somewhat awkward.

"Have you played enough this time around?" Venerable Spirit

Butterfly narrowed his eyes, smiling.

When he smiled, Soft Feather was immediately relieved. She knew that if her father smiled like that, it meant that he wouldn't care about her running away.

"Hehe. Father, you're the best." Soft Feather was like a swallow returning to the nest after learning to fly. She pounced toward her father while still wearing the armor, giving him a bear hug. If not for his prowess, Venerable Spirit Butterfly would have tumbled to the ground after bumping into that heavy chunk of metal.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly stretched out his hands and hugged his daughter. Then, he knocked on her helmet. "You, really..."

Originally, Venerable Spirit Butterfly had attempted to compose various speeches in his head to reprimand his daughter, but when he saw her acting like a spoiled child, he could not bring himself to scold her even one bit.

Thereafter, Venerable Spirit Butterfly looked at the bloodied 'Chu Chu', who stood not far from Soft Feather.

"Soft Feather, is that a new friend of yours?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly asked.

Soft Feather laughed and said, "Nah, that's Senior Song, I previously told you about him!"

"Little friend Song Shuhang?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly looked at Song Shuhang once again. This young lady wearing a black skirt was that 'little friend Song Shuhang' who was added to the Nine Provinces Number One Group by accident?

...Strange, he remembered that the Song Shuhang mentioned by his fellow daoists in the Nine Provinces Number One group was a man!

Venerable Spirit Butterfly knew that he did not have dementia, and he definitely remembered that Song Shuhang was a man!

But what was up with this young lady wearing a black skirt?

Venerable looked at Song Shuhang once again from head to toe, scrutinizing him.

Eh? Wait a moment... wasn't that one of the gadgets he made for Soft Feather earlier, the shapeshifting brooch?

That small brooch had the ability to change one's appearance. Soft Feather was very fond of it when she was little.

But recently, a highly-skilled fellow daoist used a formation to strengthen the illusory power of the 'shapeshifting brooch'. Hence, Venerable Spirit Butterfly was unable to see through the illusion created by the brooch at first glance.

Interesting!

Light flashed within Venerable Spirit Butterfly's eyes. Soon after, he easily saw through the guise created by the 'shapeshifting brooch' and saw Song Shuhang's real appearance.

It was a young man that was approximately 180 centimeters tall, with decent facial features and an eye-catching, shiny bald head. On the whole, he looked rather fine and kind.

But what caused Venerable's mouth to twitch was that Song Shuhang was wearing a short black skirt and stockings, with a short sword tied to his thigh.

A pervert who likes crossdressing! Venerable Spirit Butterfly immediately gave little friend Song Shuhang a striking label in his mind.

He'd never thought that Song Shuhang, the object of the unanimous praises sung by the fellow daoists in the group, would turn out to be someone with a fetish for crossdressing!



"Hello, Senior Spirit Butterfly." Song Shuhang learned the way the Nine Provinces Number One seniors saluted and used it to

greet Venerable Spirit Butterfly respectfully.

When he was lurking in the chat a few months ago, he discovered that Soft Feather's father was a forthright and kind senior. However, while Venerable Spirit Butterfly was a good man, he liked to nitpick about small details. He might argue with you over some hardly noticeable matter for half a day.

Hence, when he was having an exchange with Senior Spirit Butterfly, he needed to pay close attention to his every movement. He couldn't be like Senior Thrice Reckless, continuously causing trouble in front of Senior Spirit Butterfly!

Aside from that, Song Shuhang bitterly laughed after speaking. That was because Venerable White changed his voice with a spell. The moment he opened his mouth, what came out was Miss Chu Chu's sweet voice.

The corner of Venerable Spirit Butterfly's mouth twitched. "Hello, little friend Song Shuhang."

Forget about crossdressing... he even changed his voice!

Even though the fellow daoists in the Nine Provinces Number One sang praises of little friend Song Shuhang, and the fellow daoists who met him personally also sang praises of him, right now, Venerable Spirit Butterfly felt that little friend Shuhang was not quite normal!

Was it really good for his own daughter to be friends with this guy who had a crossdressing fetish? Venerable Spirit Butterfly couldn't help but worry for his daughter. It had been said that a person's circle of friends was very important, his adorable daughter wouldn't be influenced in a bad way, right?

Wait a moment!

Some things should not be judged merely based on appearances—one had to use a different angle to consider them!

From another point of view, Soft Feather being together with

this pervert who was into crossdressing... made him feel more relieved than her being together with a warm, kind, and somewhat handsome cultivator!

Indeed, compared to the gentle and amusing 'Senior Song' that his daughter had been talking about all the time, the crossdresser version of 'Senior Song' before his eyes made him feel more relieved.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly pinched his chin and nodded silently.



For some reason, Song Shuhang felt his hair stand on end—he felt that Venerable Spirit Butterfly's gaze was rather odd.

Suddenly, he thought of something.

Wait a minute, the brooch is Venerable Spirit Butterfly's invention. That is to say, he should be able to see through my guise! In that case, the funny gaze he shot me would be naturally understandable.

Song Shuhang did not want to be mistaken for a pervert who liked dressing up as a girl. Hence, he opened his mouth, preparing to explain to Senior Spirit Butterfly the reason behind him taking on 'Chu Chu's appearance'. At the very least, he wanted to leave a proper impression on Senior Spirit Butterfly and didn't want to be mistaken for a pervert.

Just as Song Shuhang was about to explain, the expression in Venerable Spirit Butterfly's eyes suddenly changed—his eyes were filled with happiness, and his gaze became extremely kind.

"Hahahaha." Venerable Spirit Butterfly laughed and said, "I've often heard my daughter talking about you, little friend Shuhang. And when I was talking to some of the fellow daoists, they also mentioned you. Today, after finally meeting you, I can tell that everyone's judgment of you was indeed correct. I can sense a kind of 'gentle' and 'peaceful' aura from your body."

After Song Shuhang stepped into the Second Stage Realm, he did not have the time to practice a technique to restrain his aura. Hence, the mental energy emitted from the <True Self Meditation Scripture> naturally transmitted the kind aura of a good person.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly's face was filled with strong emotions. "For Soft Feather to have a friend like you, I'm relieved."

Such a huge compliment from Venerable Spirit Butterfly practically made Song Shuhang feel overwhelmed by the flattery!

On a side, Soft Feather looked curiously at her own father—her sharp sixth sense told her that her father might have gone crazy at this time...

Chapter 391: It's time to leave

In the end, Venerable Spirit Butterfly brightly smiled at Song Shuhang and said, "I pampered Soft Feather since she was little, and she can be capricious sometimes. Therefore, I hope you'll look after her and be friends with her!"

"Senior, don't worry. I'm already Soft Feather's good friend." Song Shuhang felt a bit embarrassed after being praised. Then, he added, "Moreover, it was Soft Feather who took care of me up until now."

"Little friend Shuhang is really polite." Venerable Spirit Butterfly faintly smiled. Then, he gently knocked on Soft Feather's helmet. "Soft Feather, you met a real friend."

From start to end, Soft Feather's expression was: 🙄

As expected, father must have been high on something before leaving home!

After praising Song Shuhang and Soft Feather, Venerable Spirit Butterfly took out his mobile phone and dialed Liu Jianyi's phone number!

That sluggard wasn't even on the scene while Soft Feather was fighting against that sea urchin warrior of the Fourth Stage.

Where did he run off to take a nap? As expected, I shouldn't have left the duty to guard Soft Feather to that lazybones!

Venerable Spirit Butterfly's expression was cold. If Liu Jianyi couldn't give him a proper explanation, he could forget about slacking off for the next hundred years. Venerable Spirit Butterfly would make him so busy that he wouldn't even have the time to close eye.

After three rings, Liu Jianyi picked the phone up.

"Hello, Teacher. How are you?" Liu Jianyi's voice was

transmitted from the other end. The sound of swords clashing could be heard in the background... was he fighting?

"Where are you now?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly asked.

"I'm dealing with some guys of the Fourth Stage that have needles all over their bodies. These guys were hiding in the surroundings of the Chu Family. There are quite a lot of them, and they could have posed some threat to Junior Sister Soft Feather." After saying this much, he also added, "Teacher, did you call because you wanted to know about Junior Sister Soft Feather's current situation? She barged into the Chu Family together with little friend Song Shuhang. I've already inspected the place, and there was only a spiky fellow of the Fourth Stage as well as other five guys of the Third Stage. They cannot pose any danger to Junior Sister Soft Feather. As soon as I'm done dealing with these guys of the Fourth Stage, I'll rush in her direction! You don't have to worry. With me here, no one will be able to harm her!"

After hearing this much, Venerable Spirit Butterfly nodded and said, "Quickly dispose of them and head toward Soft Feather's position."

"I have to quickly dispose of them? Oh, sure. I'll immediately get rid of them in that case," Liu Jianyi said as he hung up his phone.

After hanging up the phone, Venerable Spirit Butterfly rubbed his temples. He understood this disciple of his too well—that sluggard was surely slacking off. Venerable Spirit Butterfly already knew that Liu Jianyi had advanced to the Fifth Stage. Therefore, how was it possible for him to take so long to deal with a bunch of sea urchins of the Fourth Stage?



At this time, close to the Chu Family, Liu Jianyi was lying on a large bed, floating in the air. This was Liu Jianyi's second flying sword which had been modified into a large bed.

Below, four swords of qi were happily dancing in the air, battling against the four sea urchin warriors of the Fourth Stage.

"It seems I have no choice. And here I thought I could slack off a bit and have some fun with these guys. Anyway, those guys inside the Chu Family aren't really a threat to Junior Sister Soft Feather... but I didn't think that teacher would suddenly give me a call." Liu Jianyi yawned.

Afterward, he snapped his fingers, and the four swords of qi dancing in the air transformed. Their true qi unexpectedly changed into spiritual energy!

"A Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor!" the four sea urchin warriors of the Fourth Stage called out in alarm.

Just from the fact that he had been lying on that flying bed and taunting them like a monkey all along, the four sea urchins could tell that he was much stronger than them.

But they hadn't expected that he was a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor.

"Farewell." Liu Jianyi faintly smiled, and the four sword lights immediately killed the four sea urchin warriors.

The fresh blood of the sea urchin warriors soaked the sword light.

At the same time... Liu Jianyi, who was connected to the swords, furrowed his brows.

He also received the mark of the 'Sea Urchin Slayer'.

"Is this some sort of mark?" Liu Jianyi's mouth twitched at the corners. These things were rather troublesome to deal with!

His teacher should have a magical treasure to erase the mark... but given his disposition, he would have him complete several difficult tasks before lending it to him...

Dammit, can't I even slack off a bit?

Liu Jianyi clenched his teeth and put away his bed-shaped flying sword. Then, he wielded his life-bound flying sword and suppressed his strength once more, lowering it to the Fourth Stage.

Afterward, he assumed the look of someone worn out after a great battle and rushed toward Soft Feather's position.



After flying to Soft Feather's position, Liu Jianyi's face stiffened.

"Teacher, how come you personally came here..." Liu Jianyi hurriedly greeted his teacher and forced a smile.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly gazed at him and snapped his fingers.

A flying sword descended from the sky and arrived in front of Venerable Spirit Butterfly.

On the sword light was lying a man dressed up as a fortune teller; he was currently unconscious.

It was the same Immortal Fortune Teller Iron Trigram who was hit by a nuclear explosion earlier.

Iron Trigram was fortunate enough to dodge the calamity thanks to Venerable White's disposable flying sword, but the power of the nuclear explosion was too great and ended up affecting him anyway.

On his way here, the seriously injured Iron Trigram lost consciousness.

Luckily, he met Venerable Spirit Butterfly who was likewise flying in the sky.

Although Venerable Spirit Butterfly didn't know Iron Trigram, he deduced that he was a fellow daoist from the Nine Provinces Number One Group since he had also changed into a meteor and was riding one of Senior White's disposable flying swords.

Thereupon, he decided to save Iron Trigram and give him some emergency treatment.

"Here is a mission for you," Venerable Spirit Butterfly said. "Deliver this fellow daoist to the camp of the Nine Provinces Number One Group and find out whose junior he is. While you're at it, treat his wounds as well. Once you're done delivering him, immediately return here. I have another task for you."

If he wanted to punish this sluggard, he couldn't tell him to 'face the wall and contemplate his wrongdoings', because that wouldn't be a punishment at all! This guy wouldn't mind facing the wall for a decade or two.

Thereupon, the best way to punish him was to continuously give him tasks to complete without letting him catch his breath.

After hearing this much, Liu Jianyi immediately became happy; he really liked these tasks where he had to deliver people. While delivering Iron Trigram to that place, he would have the time to slack off on his bed-shaped flying sword! He would even be able to bathe in the sun, such a good feeling.

But right at this time, Venerable Spirit Butterfly added, "You have three minutes, hurry up."

Liu Jianyi felt like crying.



After sending off Jianyi, Venerable Spirit Butterfly looked at Soft Feather. "Is this matter related to the Chu Family over? If it's over, shall we go meet the other fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group?"

"Father, it's not over yet!" Soft Feather pointed at the ancestral temple. "There should be a secret room in there. The sea urchins just now were only guarding the entrance; they should still have other companions inside!"

Venerable Spirit Butterfly furrowed his brows.

"Fine. Let's take a look then," Venerable Spirit Butterfly said. He wasn't too interested in this matter. After all, the secret room of

such a small family was unlikely to contain something that could interest him.

But after seeing Soft Feather's beaming face... he decided to head toward the secret room immediately!

* * *

In the periphery of the Chu Family.

After hearing Song Shuhang's roar, the clansmen of the Chu Family rushed toward the core area, but that strange fog was too hard to deal with.

Inhaling a small bit of the fog was enough to make them lose consciousness.

"What about gas masks? Let's give it a try," someone shouted.

Soon after, some of the clansmen rushed into the strange fog while wearing gas masks, quickly heading toward the core area.

* * *

In the secret room of the Chu Family.

"Mister, Senior Sister Chu Chu is heading over here with some other people! What should we do?" the two traitorous disciples of the Chu Family said anxiously. They discovered through the security cameras that the sea urchin warriors positioned at the entrance had been eliminated.

They also saw that Soft Feather, Venerable Spirit Butterfly, and Song Shuhang were currently heading toward the secret room.

Next to them, the four servants that carried scrolls on their backs were quickly drawing on the scrolls that were now spread onto the ground, forming what resembled a formation.

When the two traitorous disciples called out in alarm, the four servants finished drawing the huge formation and started to link it together.

After that, they stood up and moved to a side, while the mister moved toward the center of the scroll formation.

"You don't need to worry," the mister said with a faint smile while holding a picture scroll of the Chu Family's mysterious 'sword technique' in his hands. "I'll be done before they come here. Don't worry, we will have left this place by that time."

After hearing this much, the two disciples heaved a sigh of relief.

But just as the two of them heaved a sigh of relief... two long swords pierced their bodies, making them feel chilled to the bone. At the same time, they felt that their blood was continuously sucked out of their bodies.

The ones that attacked them were two of the four servants.

"Mis... ter?" The two disciples of the Chu Family opened their eyes wide.

"You don't need to be afraid, I just need a little bit of your fresh blood. Moreover, my servants are very skilled, you won't feel any pain before dying!" The mister gently smiled.

The two traitorous disciples of the Chu Family opened their eyes wide and finally fell to the ground.

Meanwhile, the other two servants received the two long swords from their companions.

These two swords were empty inside, and the hilt was shaped like that of a syringe. The blood of the traitorous disciples of the Chu Family was stored inside the swords.

"Our guests are almost here. It's time for us to leave as well."



Song Shuhang, Venerable Spirit Butterfly, and Soft Feather entered the secret room.

After a glance, they saw the corpses of Chu Family clansmen and the mister standing in the middle of the formation with his four

servants.

"Hello, ladies and gentlemen." The mister heartily laughed and waved at the three newly arrived guests, saying, "Well then, farewell."

"Farewell?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly said, "You are leaving already?"

"It seems like we can't leave... huh?" The mister grinned, revealing a strange smile. "In that case, should I change my statement? How about 'let's part forever'?"

"Rip, rip, rip, rip!"

The four servants stretched their hands out and ruthlessly pierced their own chests, committing suicide...

Next, the mister used his hand as a blade and gently cut his neck as well, fresh blood gushed out!

Chapter 392: There is no such thing as an absolute defense in this world

After the four servants pierced their chests with their palms, fresh blood gushed out. The volume of blood gushing out was incredibly large, almost resembling a waterfall. Although the wound was only of the size of a palm, in the blink of an eye, their entire bodies were drained of blood.

All the blood poured inside the formation drawn onto the ground, dying it in red... at last, the bodies of the four servants became bags of skin and softly fell to the ground.

Were these guys human-shaped inflatable dolls filled with blood...?

In the center of the blood-soaked formation, that mister had a strange smile on his face. Blood flowed out of his neck like a fountain, quickly draining all the blood in his body.

But compared to those servants, who had only their skin left, that mister was in much better shape. At least, he still had a skeleton, and after the skin closely stuck to the bones, he turned into a mummified corpse.

"Hehe... a special puppet that can be controlled with the power of blood? What an ingenious method," Venerable Spirit Butterfly said with a smile. Next, he stared at the formation arranged on the ground. However, he didn't seem to intend to stop it.

"They were puppets and not living things? No wonder they died in such a way!" Song Shuhang muttered. Then, he looked at the corpse of the mister in the center of the 'picture scroll formation'. At this time, he was still holding some pictures scroll in his hands!

As expected, the paintings of the 'sword technique' were their objective!

But now that those puppets dressed up as servants and this

mister had committed suicide, how exactly were they planning to take away the four scroll pictures of the 'sword technique'?

Song Shuhang immediately gazed at the blood-soaked formation on the floor. Were they planning to use this strange 'picture scroll formation' to get out of here? At this time, the formation was in an active state and had been completely soaked in blood, emitting a strange red-colored radiance.

Although he didn't know what the purpose of the formation was, he knew that it was something this mister and his lackeys had arranged.

"Senior Spirit Butterfly, the four pictures of the Chu Family's 'sword technique' are in that guy's hand. We can't let him get away!" Song Shuhang shouted.

In his Heart Aperture, the previously calm ghost spirit became boiling hot, just like that time in the dreamland.

"Thump, thump, thump!"

His heart started to beat frantically.

The ghost spirit was struggling to get out of the Heart Aperture. It wanted to approach those four pictures as soon as possible. Those four pictures surely concealed a secret, a secret related to the loose cultivator Li Tiansu!

Song Shuhang gently touched his chest and used the 〈True Self Meditation Scripture〉 to calm himself.

Afterward, he grabbed the Broken Tyrant and rushed toward the formation on the ground... he had to take back the 'sword technique' before the formation started operating!

But just as he was approaching the blood-soaked formation, the blood on the floor gathered into a bloody mass as though it had its own will. Afterward, the mass of blood changed into a rain of arrows and shot toward Song Shuhang!

"Shield!" Song Shuhang lightly shouted and raised his hands, activating the defensive ability of the ghost spirit. At the same time, he used the right hand to unsheathe the treasure saber Broken Tyrant, pouring his true qi inside the blade.

"Ding, ding, ding!" The blood arrows hit the shield as though they were solid entities, creating a melodious sound. After Song Shuhang advanced to the Second Stage, the small golden shield of the ghost spirit was also strengthened.

But under the barrage of arrows, the small golden shield resisted only one wave of attacks before crumbling.

"Flaming Saber!" Song Shuhang gravely shouted. He spun his wrist and recalled the scene of Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven displaying the Flaming Saber Technique and unleashing heaven-burning saber intent. The blade rotated, and the blazing flames started to surge. Song Shuhang grasped the saber with both hands tightly and slashed in front of him.

The flames changed into a crescent moon-shaped saber light, slashing toward the rain of arrows along with its heaven-burning saber intent!

"Boom~"

When the saber qi and the blood arrows came in contact, the blood completely evaporated due to the heat... the Flaming Saber Technique that Scarlet Heaven passed onto Shuhang was very powerful.

After evaporating the arrows, the flaming slash directly headed toward the blood-soaked formation, ready to destroy it!

No matter what the purpose of the formation was, destroying it would surely be a good thing!

But just as the saber qi of the Flaming Saber Technique entered the range of the formation, it was cut open by an invisible force, changing into several small flames. Then, it was cut again and

again, becoming smaller and smaller until completely disappearing...

Song Shuhang furrowed his brows a bit.

What kind of technique did the opposite party use to disperse the qi of his Flaming Saber Technique?

"Is this the space's ability to cut things?" the nearby Soft Feather said in puzzlement.

She felt that there was a chaotic space surrounding the blood-soaked formation, and all things that entered the area would be cut down by the power of space!

"Hmm... it's indeed the power of space. Little friend Shuhang, don't be impatient. After all, good things only come to those who wait." Venerable Spirit Butterfly smiled and added, "This is a teleportation technique, and the surrounding 'rending space' is generated right before the start of the technique due to the connection between the main world and the area surrounding the formation breaking off. The broken connection gives birth to a 'chaotic space' that can act as a layer of defense when the teleportation starts. Anyway, I didn't expect that I would get to see the power of space here, it's really surprising."

The power of space was something that only Ninth Stage Tribulation Transcenders could use.

But the opposite party wasn't a Ninth Stage Tribulation Transcender... his strength was merely in the Fourth Stage Realm. Therefore, what kind of treasure or secret technique did he use to arrange a teleportation technique?

Venerable Spirit Butterfly was really curious!

Just as Venerable Spirit Butterfly was speaking, in the center of the formation, a bloody ray of light appeared in the eyes of the mummified mister. It seemed that the mister had a treasure with him that resonated with the formation arranged on the ground.

It was precisely by relying on this treasure that he was able to arrange this space formation.

The mummified mister slightly raised his head and strangely laughed. "Hehehe... that senior over there seems really knowledgeable."

"Ahaha." Venerable Spirit Butterfly heartily laughed. "Are you done playing dead?"

"Since the 'Star Shifting Formation' already started, I'm currently inside the 'absolute defense' it generated. There is no need for me feign death anymore." The mister faintly smiled and continued, "Such being the case, ladies and gentlemen, as well as newly arrived disciples of the Chu Family, it's time to part ways for real this time!"

As soon as he said those words, six disciples of the Chu Family barged inside the room while wearing gas masks.

"Bastard! You dare to rob our family's sword technique?!" an impulsive disciple roared and rushed toward the formation.

Song Shuhang quickly stretched out his hand and stopped the disciple. "Don't go over there!"

Chaotic space surrounded the Star Shifting Formation, and even the qi of the Flaming Saber Technique was cut into pieces. This disciple would become minced meat if were to get too close to the formation.

"Senior Sister Chu Chu?" The disciple looked at Song Shuhang in puzzlement.

"That's a space formation, and all the surrounding area has become a mass of chaotic space. If you run over there, you'll die," Song Shuhang quickly explained.

"What should we do then? Can we only helplessly watch as they steal the sword technique of our family?" those disciples wearing gas masks said in a depressed tone.

"Don't be impatient. Good things only come to those who wait," Song Shuhang said with an enigmatic expression on his face. Then, he glanced at Venerable Spirit Butterfly who had his hands crossed behind the back. After seeing his calm expression, Song Shuhang was also relieved.

In the Star Shifting Formation, that mister strangely smiled.

"Miss Chu Chu from the Chu Family is really intelligent. What she said is correct, no matter how many of you rush over here, you're all going to die. It's not a surprise that you were able to comprehend the 'sword technique'; I have a very high opinion of you. If we meet again in the future, I'll allow you to become a member of my harem!" The mister admired Song Shuhang with his gaze while tightly hugging the picture scrolls.

Song Shuhang immediately shivered all over.

Soft Feather's cheeks bulged; she was trying her best not to laugh.

"Miss Chu Chu, let us meet again in the future. Goodbye, ladies and gentlemen. But before leaving, let me give you all a small present." The skinny mister smiled and snapped his fingers.

"Boom."

The small ball-shaped objects hidden in the corners of the room suddenly detonated, and a dusty material engulfed all those present.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly gently waved his hand, and a light wind started to blow, completely dispersing the dust.

"Hehe. The strength of this senior is really incredible. It's regrettable, but it seems that the gift won't be of any use now. Anyway, that gift was only meant as a joke, and it wasn't something lethal." As he was speaking, the skinny mister started to sink inside the Star Shifting Formation.

It felt as though he was merging with the earth.

The teleportation process had finally started.

The mister waved at Song Shuhang with a satisfied expression on his face.

* * *

But right at this time, Venerable Spirit Butterfly swaggered toward the Star Shifting Formation.

That mister, who had already sunk in the ground till the knees, looked at Venerable Spirit Butterfly in puzzlement. What was this powerful senior trying to do?

Although he knew that this senior was incredibly powerful, the mister had absolute faith in the lethality of the chaotic space surrounding the formation!

No one could break through that layer of chaotic space after the start of the formation. The only way to stop the formation was to destroy it before it was activated! Now that the teleportation process had started, no one could possibly stop him from leaving!

"Do you know something?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly faintly smiled and said, "There is no such thing as an 'absolute defense' in this world, and the so-called 'absolute defense' is called that way only because people lack the strength or the methods to break through it."

"Hehehe. Technically speaking, you are correct." The mister laughed.

Then, the red light burning in his eyes suddenly shrank.

What had he seen just now? The powerful senior before his eyes stretched his hand out and pierced through the space of the Star Shifting Formation!

The absolute defense of the chaotic space didn't injure the arm of the senior in the slightest! Not even his clothes were damaged!

"Impossible! How can this be..." The mister panicked. "Is it

possible... that you can control the power of space...?"

Chapter 393: Because of you, the green grass smells even better~

"Hehe. Rather than controlling, I just slightly researched the 'power of space' due to a certain coincidence." Venerable Spirit Butterfly smiled. "Didn't you say earlier that I was a well-informed senior? Then, I can't possibly disappoint you, right?"

As he was speaking, Venerable Spirit Butterfly used one hand to grab the 'sword technique' scroll from the mister's hands. In the midst of the mister's reluctance to admit defeat and rage, he slowly pulled the sword technique away from the 'Star Shifting Formation'.

"Bastard... my sword technique! It belongs to me, it's mine!" Mister frantically grabbed the scroll of the 'sword technique'.

That sword technique was an important part of his future plans; he couldn't let anyone take it away. Mister used all his strength to grab onto the 'sword technique'.

But how could his strength be compared to that of an experienced Venerable? His struggle was for naught.

The sword technique was ultimately pulled out of the 'Star Shifting Formation' by Venerable Spirit Butterfly. But it wasn't only the scroll... the arms of that mister were pulled out as well.

In the process of vying for the 'sword technique', both his arms got cut off by the chaotic space around the 'Star Shifting Formation' and pulled out of it by Venerable at the same time.

However, they weren't human arms. They resembled machinery... were those arms some magical treasure?

Venerable Spirit Butterfly casually tossed the scroll towards Song Shuhang together with those arms.

Song Shuhang opened Li Tiansu's scroll and speedily verified the

authenticity of the content.

"Aaaaaah!" At this time, the mister let out a beast-like roar; his body quickly sunk into the ground, leaving behind the top half of his head.

When Song Shuhang opened the scroll, he realized he only had one scroll in his hands. He immediately called out, "Senior Spirit Butterfly, there is only one scroll, there are still three more on that fellow's body!"

And at this time... that mister's head had already disappeared within the 'Star Shifting Formation'. After his figure disappeared, the blood-soaked formation started burning up, turning into ashes.

"There is no need to panic, little friend Shuhang." Venerable Spirit Butterfly pinched his chin and smiled. "Those three sword technique scrolls were secretly exchanged by him during the process of our fight."

Song Shuhang was speechless.

Senior Spirit Butterfly, you didn't do this on purpose, right?

"There is something on that fellow's body that piqued my interest. Don't worry, the sword technique scrolls would not be lost. If you're free these couple of days, let's look for him together, how about that?" Venerable Spirit Butterfly laughed.

Song Shuhang forced a smile and nodded his head. Senior Spirit Butterfly's curiosity was rather exuberant.

Fortunately, they managed to keep one of the scrolls. Song Shuhang opened the scroll and looked at it—it looked like the same as the one he saw in Chu Chu's dreamland.

However, be it because it was not a complete set, or because there was only one scroll, the ghost spirit in Song Shuhang's heart aperture was very calm and quiet, displaying completely no reaction towards the scroll.

Song Shuhang scrutinized it all over—he really couldn't see the secret hidden within the scroll.

Ultimately, he could only drop it. He rolled up the scroll before securing it to his back properly.

At this time, the six disciples of the Chu Family asked, "Senior Sister Chu Chu, what do we do about the other three scrolls?"

"There is no need to panic. In the next few days, this senior and I will definitely get it back," answered Song Shuhang.

Perhaps his current appearance was very popular amongst the disciples of the Chu Family. After his assurance, the disciples quietened down.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly looked at the bloodstained ground and said, "Let's leave this place."

Venerable Spirit Butterfly turned around and left the hidden room.

Song Shuhang and Soft Feather followed close behind.

Following behind them were the six disciples of the Chu Family.

Before the six disciples of the Chu Family left, they brought out the two corpses of the traitors... as for the skins of the four servants, they were left behind untouched in the hidden room.



When they were leaving, a lot of disciples of the Chu Family that were wearing gas masks appeared. They were on their way to the hidden room.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly furrowed his eyebrows... he did not want to be seen by so many disciples of the Chu Family.

"Little friend Shuhang, I'll leave first to meet with the fellow daoists of Nine Provinces Number One Group. I will let you handle all these disciples of the Chu Family." Venerable Spirit Butterfly smiled at Song Shuhang.

After finishing his sentence, without waiting for Song Shuhang's reply, Venerable Spirit Butterfly's figure had already disappeared... without a trace. At the same time, Soft Feather likewise disappeared. She could not even react when her father brought her away.

Song Shuhang was left behind all alone in front of the door to the ancestral temple.

Song Shuhang stared at the huge group of the disciples of the Chu Family in front of him; the corner of his mouth twitched.

Behind him, the six disciples of the Chu Family with gas masks carrying the two bodies came out of the hidden room. "Senior Sister Chu Chu, where did the senior and that young lady go?"

"They had some matters to attend to, they left first," Song Shuhang replied.

In front, a group of disciples surrounded them and they all asked Song Shuhang, "Senior Sister Chu Chu, did something happen in the hidden room?"

"Senior Sister Chu Chu, where are the intruders?"

"Senior Sister, where are the enemies? They dare to come to our residence to stir trouble, we'll kill them!"

"Senior Sister Chu Chu, are the spiky fellows on the floor the enemies?"

With everyone talking at once, as well as chanting 'Senior Sister Chu Chu'... Song Shuhang felt his liver hurt.

He raised one hand up in the air, indicating for everyone to shut their mouths. "Everybody, be quiet. As everyone has seen, several intruders already died, but one of them managed to escape... this matter had temporarily come to an end. As for the rest, let's wait for the family leader to take care of it."

Miss Chu Chu was rather popular in the Chu Family—the

disciples at the scene quieted down.

"Now, quickly send someone to the Grievance Settling Platform and get some of our seniors to come back here and think of a way to dissipate the strange fog.

As for the disciples who are wearing the gas masks, form a rescue team and carry those who lost consciousness out of the fog zone. If any of them are injured, treat their wounds.

Seal off the hidden room's ancestral hall, and do not let anybody enter. Stay vigilant, and make sure to prevent people with ill intentions from taking advantage of the chaos to plunder."

Song Shuhang used Chu Chu's identity to give orders. Apart from those, he could not think of anything else that he needed to do for now. After all, he was only but an ordinary student... it had not even been two months since he became a cultivator. They couldn't expect him to act as the leader of a clan and hold down the fort all by himself.

In reality, Song Shuhang had already done exceptionally well. After he gave a couple of orders, the remaining members within the Chu Family residence started to get busy in an orderly fashion.

After waiting for the Chu Family members to split up and get busy, the six disciples that followed into the hidden room used a soft voice to ask Song Shuhang, "Senior Sister Chu Chu, how did these two disciples of the Chu Family end up in the hidden room?"

"When I entered the hidden room, they had already been killed." Song Shuhang shook his head.

The six disciples wearing the gas masks clenched their teeth and said, "Damned bastards!"

"Senior Sister, we'll carry off the corpses of our two senior brothers to a secure place." There was sorrow within their voices.

Song Shuhang nodded.

Even the life of cultivators was sometimes very frail...

Just as the six disciples carrying the corpses were about to leave, one of them suddenly stopped his tracks and started scratching his body.

"Strange, it's so itchy!" said the Chu Family disciple.

It seemed like a fuse, the rest of the disciples started scratching their bodies at the same time, while saying, "It's so itchy, it's so itchy!"

Song Shuhang asked, "What's the matter?"

"So itchy." The six disciples started to tear their clothes and used all their might to scratch their body.

When one of the disciples tore the thick outerwear... she revealed a huge patch of pure white skin. It was a female cultivator.

"Poison?" Song Shuhang immediately thought of the final burst of dust that was spurted in the hidden room at the end.

Next, he looked towards the two corpses.

Ah, that was it... even though the dust got dispersed by Venerable Spirit Butterfly, the dust was still in the hidden room. A lot of it must have landed on the two corpses.

And the disciples of the Chu Family who were in the process of moving the two bodies got poisoned as a result.

It was a tyrannical poison.

Song Shuhang said, "Use your qi and blood energy, see if it can expel the toxin."

All six of the disciples were cultivators of the First Stage Realm.

After hearing what he said, they activated the energy in their apertures and tried to curb their pain and itch. However, there weren't any results. When they used their qi and blood energy, it made their bodies even more in pain and itch instead.

"Tolerate it, do not scratch. Place the corpses at one side... don't let anyone else come in contact with the two corpses," Song Shuhang called out.

The disciples immediately understood and hurriedly placed the two corpses of their comrades at the side.

"You guys scatter around and do not move heedlessly," Song Shuhang said to the six disciples.

After finishing his sentence, he carefully stepped ahead and approached one of them. At this time, if the six shook their bodies because of the itch, the dust particles would definitely land on his body.

After he took a step forward, he went in front of one of the disciples and reached out his finger and 'pressed' onto his wrist, maintaining some space between his finger and the wrist to prevent actual skin contact.

Thereafter, Song Shuhang used the true qi in his dantian and carefully channeled it into that disciple's body.

The true qi in his body, which came from practicing the buddhist techniques 'Basic Buddhist Fist Technique' and 'True Self Meditation Scripture', had a restraining effect on poisons.

However, it was his first time channeling his true qi into another cultivator's body. Hence, he was still unfamiliar with the process.

When the true qi followed the wrist and got channeled into that disciple's body, Song Shuhang could feel his vision becoming clear. He felt that he could 'see' the condition of the other party via the true qi as it advanced.

Such an odd feeling... Song Shuhang faintly felt as though he had realized something.

The true qi circulated one round around the disciple's body.

Even though the poison did not get expelled from his body, it was

subdued by the true qi, helping the disciple suppress the feeling of pain and itch.

It was good that it was effective.

Later, he would ask the Nine Provinces Number One Group seniors to find out more about what the poison was, and find a solution to deal with it.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief in his mind. Thereafter, he said to that disciple, "Don't worry, even though I've just suppressed the itch, later I'll..."

He initially wanted to say that he would look for a few seniors to deal with the poison in his body.

But at this time... that disciple hesitated for a bit. Then, his eyes suddenly lit up, and he opened his mouth out of habit and sang, "Because... because of you, the green grass smells even better~"

Chapter 394: Fellow Daoist Medicine

Master, prepare another two beds!

"..." Song Shuhang.

All the cultivators he recently met had a rather eccentric personality. Why couldn't he just meet slightly normal cultivators? For example, the ones that had high integrity and bearing and didn't care in the slightest about worldly affairs!

"Hehe." The Chu Family cultivator who had a brain fade just now made a hollow laugh.

Song Shuhang sighed and used the same method on the other disciples, temporarily suppressing the effects of the poison. Next, he told them to defend the entrance of the secret room.

Since it was better for them not to get in touch with other people, it was wise to have them stay here and defend the entrance while he was out looking for help to cure their poison.

After settling the matter, Song Shuhang put the scroll on his back and headed toward the Grievance Settling Platform. Hopefully, the family leader wouldn't get a heart-attack after hearing that the 'sword technique' had been stolen...

Before leaving, Song Shuhang conveniently borrowed the clothes of one of the disciples.

He was planning to look for a remote place to change his clothes and remove the effects of the shapeshifting brooch after leaving the Chu Family.

Then, he only needed to look for Senior White and have his voice changed back.

Today's experience would surely become part of his black history, part of those awful experiences he couldn't bear to recall.

As soon as he learned the 'memory sealing technique', the first

thing he would seal was this damned memory! It was such an awful memory that it made him feel an indescribable amount of shame!



In the meantime, on the Grievance Settling Platform.

The battle between Illusory Sword School's Jian Yuanhai and Chu Family's Chu Kangbo was about to end.

Jian Yuanhai wasn't Chu Kangbo's match. Even if the latter was seriously injured and had yet to recover, just by relying on the difference in realm, he was able to suppress Jian Yuanhai completely.

"Boom!"

Sword qi flashed out, and a magical technique followed with all its power. Soon after, a powerful explosion echoed.

Jian Yuanhai was sent flying by the attack. His face was deathly pale, and the right arm holding the sword was blown to pieces by Chu Kangbo's sword qi, making it impossible to heal it. Even his flying sword was broken in half due to the technique Chu Kangbo unleashed in the next moment.

After losing his dominant arm, Jian Yuanhai's fighting capacity greatly diminished. He became one of the weakest cultivators amongst the Fourth Stage Realm.

"You lost," Chu Kangbo said in a grave tone.

Jian Yuanhai fiercely coughed, spitting out a mouthful of blood. He didn't merely lose his right arm, he even suffered several internal injuries... unless he got his hands on a miraculous medicine, it was unlikely that he would get past this year's winter.

"I admit defeat." Jian Yuanhai deeply sighed. As soon as he said those words, he who did not have much left to live became even older; it felt as though he could die at any moment.

At this time, disciples of the Illusory Sword School had unsightly

expressions on their faces, while the disciples of the Chu Family were loudly cheering and shouting, letting out all their pent-up feelings.



The supervisor of the Grievance Settling Platform, Eternal Sword Sect's Peng Shenghai, declared, "The winner of the third category of the Grievance Settling Platform is the Chu Family."

Although the general level of this session of the Grievance Settling Platform wasn't too high, the two supervisors from the Eternal Sword Sect felt physically and emotionally exhausted after completing their task.

Luckily, the Eternal Sword Sect dispatched two Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors to oversee the matches. Two cultivators of the Fourth Stage Innate Realm wouldn't have been able to deal with today's session.

Who would have thought that the Chu Family would suddenly produce an old ancestor of the Fifth Stage Golden Core Realm? Moreover, they didn't expect that the Chu Family could successfully invite so many powerful cultivators at once.

After announcing the end of the match, the duty of the two supervisors had finally come to an end.

Soon after, the other supervisor, Peng Qianyin, said, "According to the rules of this round of the Grievance Settling Platform, the Chu Family can put forward its terms to the Illusory Sword School!"

After hearing these words, Jian Yuanhai really felt his heart twitch. Originally, he was planning to defeat the Chu Family on the Grievance Settling Platform and have them hand over their 'sword technique'.

He didn't expect that it would be his Illusory Sword School that would lose. Moreover, it lost thoroughly.

Given the disposition of the Chu Family, they would likely ask the Illusory Sword School to move away from his stretch of land. Afterward, they would occupy the former territory of the Illusory Sword School and take over the spiritual land they used to cultivate. Jian Yuanhai investigated the Chu Family earlier, and from what he learned, the leader of the Chu Family intended to put forward this request after the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform.

Would the Illusory Sword School have to leave the founding place of their sect where they had stayed for hundreds of years?

"Put forward our terms? I almost forgot that the Grievance Settling Platform had such a rule." Chu Kangbo laughed. Then, he stretched out his finger and said, "My terms are very simple. I want the <Illusory Sword Scripture> of the Illusory Sword School!"

Since Chu Kangbo made his appearance, it meant that his injury had recovered for the greater part. With his strength of the Fifth Stage Realm, he wasn't afraid of the Illusory Sword School.

Now, it was the Chu Family's turn to suppress the Illusory Sword School. If the Illusory Sword School knew its limitations, they would automatically move away from this stretch of land. Otherwise, Chu Kangbo wouldn't stand on ceremony and get into action.

Whatever the Illusory Sword School did to them in the past weeks and months, the Chu Family would return it a hundredfold. After all, the Chu Family wasn't a buddhist sect and wasn't kind-hearted and forgiving.

After hearing these terms, Jian Yuanhai was dumbfounded. The <Illusory Sword Scripture> was their school's treasured technique. Although the level of this technique wasn't too high and could only let one reach the Fourth Stage Innate Realm, its offensive power was still quite good. But if we were to consider only stances, it was an average sword technique amongst other techniques of the same

level.

"Impossible!" Jian Yuanhai subconsciously roared. How could they let someone else have the most precious technique of their school?

If the <Illusory Sword Scripture> were to spread in the outside world, could the 'Illusory Sword School' still call itself that way? At the time, they might as well change their name to Illusory Sword School 2.0!

"Hehe." Chu Kangbo laughed and didn't pay attention to Jian Yuanhai. He turned toward the supervisor and said, "I've put forward my terms. Now, I hope you supervisors would uphold justice."

The two supervisors silently nodded and said, "We'll truthfully report this matter to our superiors after returning to the sect. We can guarantee that the <Illusory Sword Scripture> will be in our hands within a week."

"I really admire the impartiality of you fellow daoists." Chu Kangbo cupped his fists and ignored Jian Yuanhai's protests. What was the point of protesting now? And what was the point of having supervisors if the rules weren't going to be respected?

"We're just doing our job. Brother Chu is too polite." Eternal Sword School's Peng Shenghai faintly smiled and saluted Chu Kangbo. "Since the Grievance Settling Platform has come to an end, our task has also come to an end. Now, we need to return to our sect and report everything that has happened. Brother Chu, we'll take our leave then."

Afterward, the two Spiritual Emperors of the Eternal Sword Sect headed toward the camp of the Chu Family and bid farewell to the fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

After all, so many powerful people were sitting in a row and couldn't be easily neglected.

After saying goodbye, the two Spiritual Emperors rode their flying swords and disappeared on the horizon.

Now... the battle of the Grievance Settling Platform was truly over.

The members of the Chu Family cheered even more loudly.

On the other hand, the people of the Illusory Sword School, Jian Yuanhai included, had deathly pale looks. They slowly started to vacate the place with helpless and miserable expressions.

Only the pig-headed Xu Zheng stared at the Chu Family with hateful eyes.

He was tightly grasping his phone. On the screen was a message he received from that mister earlier: 'The plan succeeded.'

People of the Chu Family, be happy while you can...

You'll have plenty of time to cry once you discover that your 'sword technique' was stolen... Xu Zheng thought to himself.

❄ ❄ ❄

After the end of the battle, a sword light flashed in the sky, and a flying sword descended into the camp of the Chu Family.

The newcomer was Liu Jianyi. He was here to deliver Iron Trigram.

After arriving in front of the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group, Liu Jianyi placed Iron Trigram down and greeted them. "Jianyi greets all the Seniors."

After seeing the disciple of an old friend, True Monarch Yellow Mountain teased him, "It's Jianyi. Have you been properly slacking off lately?"

"Ahahaha." Liu Jianyi forced a smile.

"Eh? Isn't this Copper Trigram's beloved disciple? Iron Trigram? What exactly happened to him, why is he injured so heavily?"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator asked after seeing Iron Trigram's condition.

Liu Jianyi quickly explained, "My teacher met fellow daoist Iron Trigram on his way here. After seeing that he was gravely injured, my teacher decided to save him and bring him here."

"From the looks of it, he seemed to have been injured by a powerful explosion. In which dangerous place did this poor guy end up?"

"These injuries seem somewhat familiar... for some unknown reason, they remind me of Scholar Xian Gong..."

"Now that you mention it, they do indeed look similar."

"Was this poor guy really hit by a nuclear bomb? Now, which fellow daoist has some free time and can deliver him to Medicine Master's place? While you're at it, remember to notify Copper Trigram as well so that he can pay the medical fee to Medicine Master," Northern River's Loose Cultivator said.

"He's Copper Trigram disciple? And one has to notify Copper Trigram to go to Medicine Master's place?" The eyes of the nearby Fairy Lychee immediately lit up. She quickly raised her hand and said, "Me, me, me! I'll deliver him to Medicine Master's place. I'm very free recently, grr!"

That last sound was Fairy Lychee expressing her anger.

"Such being the case, we'll trouble Fairy Lychee." Northern River's Loose Cultivator gave the thumbs up.

"Fellow Daoists, since a life is at stake, I'll immediately depart. Little Lychee will leave first!" Fairy Lychee cupped her fists and saluted her fellow daoists before summoning her flying sword and ascending to the sky together with Iron Trigram.

On her way, Fairy Lychee quickly took out True Monarch Yellow Mountain's phone... she currently didn't have her phone with her, so she borrowed Yellow Mountain's.

Next, she sent a message to Immortal Master Copper Trigram: "Fellow Daoist Copper Trigram, quickly head toward Medicine Master's place. Your disciple Iron Trigram was seriously injured. Additionally, remember to bring along enough money to cover the medical expenses."

Afterward, she sent a message to Medicine Master: "Fellow Daoist Medicine Master, get ready two of your best hospital beds."

"?" Medicine Master replied with a question mark. Why were so many fellow daoists asking him to ready hospital beds lately? Even White Crane booked one earlier, what was happening?

"Copper Trigram's disciple, Iron Trigram, was seriously injured and he needs to be hospitalized, while the other one is for fellow daoist Copper Trigram himself! :senior_white_smile:" After sending the message, Fairy Lychee's mood improved greatly.

After pondering for a moment, she lifted the phone and took a selfie. Her originally cloudy mood had finally cleared up; her current state of mind was excellent!

Medicine Master scratched his head in puzzlement and said to the nearby Riverly Purple Mist, "Purple Mist, prepare two beds. It seems that Copper Trigram and Iron Trigram are seriously injured."

"Sure," Riverly Purple Mist replied straightforwardly.

Chapter 395: I want to hold a hand-guided tractor competition

"The Grievance Settling Platform has finally come to an end, what now?" The seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group discussed amongst themselves in a low voice.

Right at this time, Chu Kangbo descended from the platform and headed toward them with large strides. He wanted to show his hospitality and ask them to be guests of the Chu Family. While at it, he hoped to befriend them too.

On the other hand, Liu Jianyi shot a glance at the evacuating people of the Illusory Sword School. Finally, his gaze locked the Spiritual Emperors that were previously backing the Illusory Sword School and oppressing the disciples of the Chu Family.

"Hmm... I better catch those two... if I do that, perhaps teacher's mood would improve, and I'll have more opportunities to slack off?" Liu Jianyi muttered to himself.

After thinking this much, he bid farewell to the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group and quietly followed the evacuating people of the Illusory Sword School, keeping a close watch on the two Spiritual Emperors.

For the sake of slacking off, Liu Jianyi was giving his best.



Just as Liu Jianyi was closely following the two Spiritual Emperors, two figures quietly appeared behind him. They were Venerable Spirit Butterfly and Soft Feather.

Although Venerable Spirit Butterfly knew that Liu Jianyi had already reached the Fifth Stage Realm, he still felt somewhat uneasy when he decided to secretly follow those two Spiritual Emperors. Thereupon, Venerable Spirit Butterfly and Soft Feather likewise followed behind Liu Jianyi. Teachers were always like

this... on one side, they wanted their disciples to find opportunities to improve themselves; on the other side, they were afraid that they would end up in a dangerous situation that was too much to handle.



Chu Kangbo arrived in front of the members of the group and warmly invited them to be guests of the Chu Family.

The members of the Nine Provinces Number One Group glanced at Venerable White... Senior White was still fiddling with the laptop and ordering the expression packages of his fellow daoists. After seeing the scene, all the present took a deep breath.

It seemed that Venerable White still wanted to have some fun. Such being the case, they might as well go to the Chu Family, and after Senior White was done ordering the packages, they would wait and see what he had in mind.

But right at this time, a far-off disciple of the Chu Family sped toward them.

"Family leader, family leader! There was an accident!" the disciple of the Chu Family called out while running.

The leader of the Chu Family furrowed his brows and asked, "Chu Xueluo, calm down. What happened?"

After arriving in front of the group, the disciple named Chu Xueluo gasped for breath and said, "Family leader, someone sneaked into the secret room and stole the 'sword technique' of our family! Moreover, the enemy released a strange fog in the core area of our clan, many of the clansmen are currently unconscious!"

As soon as Chu Xueluo finished his report, the cheering camp of the Chu Family immediately fell silent.

Someone barged into the Chu Family and stole the sword technique?

The leader of the Chu Family hurriedly asked, "Where are those guys now?"

"Many of them were killed by Senior Sister Chu Chu and her friends, but one of them managed to get away with the sword technique..." While speaking, Chu Xueluo saw the real Chu Chu sitting next to Venerable White.

Chu Xueluo opened his eyes wide and said, "Eh? Senior Sister Chu Chu, how come you're here already?"

The real Chu Chu beckoned with her hand and said, "I'll explain later. What is the current situation in the family?"

Although confused, Chu Xueluo kept explaining, "Before I came here, the clansmen already mobilized. They treated those affected by the strange fog and sent a few people to guard the entrance to the secret room. Afterward, I was entrusted to come here and notify the family leader and the others."

After hearing this much, Chu Kanbgo said to the family leader, "Wenyan, bring the other clansmen back and take a look at the situation. I'll follow in a while."

Chu Wenyan nodded and said goodbye to the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group, swiftly returning to the Chu Family with the majority of the clansmen.



Chu Kangbo forced a smile and said to the members of the group, "Originally, I was planning to invite you to the Chu Family to show you my hospitality, but I didn't expect that there would be a sudden accident..."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain faintly smiled and said, "Fellow Daoist Chu, no one can predict unexpected matters. You should take care of the matters related to your family first. As for us, we'll stay in the surrounding for a while, and we can visit you later. At the time, I hope you won't complain that we're too noisy."

"Ahaha, of course not. I'll leave Chu Chu, Chunying, and several other disciples behind to show you the way. After I'm done settling this matter, I'll ask you to give me another opportunity to show you my hospitality," Chu Kangbo said after cupping his hands.

The other members of the group smiled and bid him farewell.

Chu Kangbo operated his flying sword and quickly headed toward the territory of the Chu Family...

"What should we do now that we're unable to go to the Chu Family?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator said. They couldn't just sit there and stare at the sky, right?

But right at this time, Venerable White spoke, "I want to hold a competition!"

"?" The members of the group turned their heads around and looked at Venerable White curiously.

"From what I remember, the flying sword competition that is held every ten years should be about to start, right?" Venerable White pressed the Enter key on the laptop, uploading all the source material regarding the expression packages of his fellow daoists in the group space. Then, he closed the laptop and looked at the members of the group.

"The flying sword competition? Yeah, it should be about time. Senior White, are you planning to preside over this session of the flying sword competition?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked out of curiosity.

Venerable White's eyes beamed. "No. After all, there isn't a category of the flying sword competition that I can participate in. Therefore, I decided to create a new event altogether!"

If Venerable White were wearing glasses at this time and were to push them up, reflecting the incoming rays of the sun... the scene would have been even more perfect.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator asked out of curiosity, "A new event? Is it also related to flying swords?"

"No, it's not related to flying swords," Venerable White calmly said, "I was planning to hold a hand-guided tractor competition!"

Silence fell!

An awkward silence!

In an area of 100 square meters, even the sound of a pin dropping would be audible.

"Senior White, wait a moment. I think my ears had problems and I didn't hear correctly... what type of competition is that?" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber cleaned his ears and asked.

"A—HAND—GUIDED—TRACTOR—COMPETITION!" Venerable White pronounced every word clearly. Afterward, he also added, "That vehicle with four wheels and an open-topped container attached behind."

"Pfff~" Miss Chu Chu couldn't help but laugh.

Miss Chu Chu was the type of person that would laugh at the smallest thing. She immediately imagined the seniors before her eyes—Daoist Priests, Great Masters, Fairy Maidens, Swordsmen, Fortune Tellers, Sabersmen—driving hand-guided tractors.

Afterward, she imaged them picking up the crank and inserting it into the engine of the tractor, spinning it again and again to start it up...

That scene was simply too amusing.

After starting the tractors, black smoke would rise toward the sky. The seniors would finally sit on the vehicles, shaking along with them as they were speeding along the road, competing against each other.

I need to stop... my chest hurts. I forgot that I'm still seriously injured, laughing too much would open up my wounds again.

So painful, but I can't stop laughing... I'll really get an internal injury...



All the members of the group were dumbfounded.

They even cleaned their ears, hoping that they had misheard.

When they imaged themselves driving hand-guided tractors, they were unsure how to describe the scene properly.

But that wasn't the main problem! The main problem was that Venerable White wanted to hold the competition together with the 'flying sword competition' that was held every ten years!

Each time, a myriad of cultivators would reunite to either participate or spectate the 'flying sword competition'. There were simply too many people to count.

Such being the case, the fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group were too ashamed of driving hand-guided tractors in front of everyone.

At the time, this matter regarding the hand-guided tractor competition would spread in the entire world of cultivators through the mouths of the spectators!

No, no, no, no!

They absolutely couldn't let Venerable White hold this hand-guided tractor competition!

They had to think of the perfect excuse to stop him.

"Senior White, hand-guided tractors are too slow, and they can reach a speed of 20-30 km/h at most. Can we change the vehicle and pick something not as boring? For example, sports cars?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator was worthily the always online holy warrior of the Nine Provinces Number One Group. He found a good excuse and immediately took the lead, launching his offensive against Venerable White!

"That's why I'm not going to hold a normal hand-guided tractor competition," Venerable White said calmly. "All the hand-guided tractors would be modified. Be it either through magical techniques, runes, formations, or mechanical improvements... all methods to improve their speed and resistance are allowed! As long as the vehicle remains a hand-guided tractor, everything is allowed. Therefore, speed is not a problem."

Northern River's Loose Cultivator -1000 HP, KO'd.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber followed right after and said, "Senior White, hand-guided tractors can only run on land. This competition isn't going to be as interesting as normal flying sword competitions!"

"You don't need to worry about this point, either. I've already thought of a solution." Venerable White stretched his hand out and pointed toward a distant place. "Driving only on land is indeed rather boring. Therefore, we should give the tractors the ability to run on the surface of the water. At the time, we'll choose a location near the sea. Only the first half of the competition will be on land, and one portion will be held on the surface of the sea. We can consider even more exciting patterns if you wish! Anyway, I'm sure that it will be rather fun to drive on the surface of the sea and cleave through waves and wind!"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber -1000 HP, KO'd.

Next, True Monarch White Crane stood up. Up until now, it had been shrinking into a corner and trying not to draw the attention of the other members since it was the main cause of everything.

But now, it stepped forward courageously!

"Senior White!" True Monarch White Crane said earnestly.

All the fellow daoists couldn't help but shot a glance at True Monarch White Crane. At this critical moment, White Crane suddenly stepped forward? Was the sun rising in the west?

Venerable White responded, "Hmm?"

"Senior White! I raise both my hands, feet, and six wings to approve of this idea of yours. This hand-guided tractor competition seems really exciting. I approve of it, and I want to be the first one to participate!" True Monarch White Crane said with a solemn expression on its face.

All fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group clenched their teeth. Was it allowed to give rise to sudden traffic accidents during the hand-guided tractor competition? If it was allowed, several fellow daoists were thinking of involving True Monarch White Crane in a lot of traffic accidents that it would remember for the rest of its life.

Chapter 396: True Monarch Yellow Mountain's gift

True Monarch White Crane majestically swept its eyes over all his fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group—if it were a flying sword competition or a martial arts competition, it wouldn't dare to behave authoritatively in front of its fellow daoists from the group.

But if it were a car race, it had nothing to fear!

Once, it transformed into an ordinary human being and won several world-class level car tournaments in a row. Back in those days, its alter ego was hailed as the king of racing cars!

Even though a hand-guided tractor wasn't a race car, generally speaking, it was still a type of vehicle! As long as it had four wheels... no, as long as it was a vehicle that had wheels, True Monarch White Crane was confident of becoming the champion!

If I emerge victorious in the hand-guided tractor competition, I would definitely get closer to Venerable White, strengthening our relationship, right? True Monarch White Crane thought that way.

Hence, it took a step forward courageously... so what if all the fellow daoists in 'Nine Provinces Number One Group' were against him? Let the rainstorm rage on even stronger, it had absolutely nothing to fear!

The fellow daoists within the group looked at each other. Some of them silently nodded and clenched their fists—that stupid bird was too arrogant! Even though it was already in the Sixth Stage True Monarch Realm, the people that had the same rank would definitely teach it a lesson that it would never forget for its entire life!

"Good." Venerable White laughed and continued, "Also, a competition must have a prize or reward. Since I'm the one who

organized this competition, I'll be the one preparing the reward. The top six... no, the top five participants of this hand-guided tractor will have the opportunity to come with me to explore some ruins on the bottom the sea."

Originally, Venerable White wanted to bring six fellow daoists to enter the ruins, but one of the slots was given to True Monarch White Crane in advance as remuneration for helping him settle the issue of Instructor Li Jr. ending up in the West.

"Ruins?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked out of curiosity. "Senior White, what kind of ruins?"

"Hmm, they're ruins with a long history, seemingly artifacts belonging to the previous era. Before I last went into secluded meditation, I accidentally collided with a warship, and chanced upon those ruins... but because I was about to go into secluded meditation, I did not stop to explore them. Hence, I sealed the entrance and hid it," explained Venerable White.

'Previous era' should be referring to the era of the previous Wielder of the Will.

After Venerable White's speech, the fellow daoists in the group immediately developed a huge interest in it.

Something belonging to the previous era? If that was the case... would there be information pertaining to 'immortality'?

During the era of the previous Wielder of the Will, there were a lot of geniuses that had what it took to carry the Will of the Heavens and hence managed to create their own 'way' to immortality. Even though they were unable to carry the Will of the Heavens and become eternal and everlasting, they were still able to surpass the Ninth Stage Tribulation Transcender Realm, getting access to the secret of immortality.

In the present era, if there were still some perfectly preserved ruins from the era of the previous Wielder of the Will, there was

80-90% chance that they would be able to find information pertaining to immortality!

This was something related to immortality!

Even though it was the way to immortality that someone else had developed, it could be used as a reference to create one's own way to immortality in the future!

Immediately, many fellow daoists were itching to be a part of it.

"Cough, cough!" Baboon version Thrice Reckless Mad Saber patted his chest and said, "Senior White, how can you leave me out of a meaningful event such as the hand-guided tractor competition? Let's drive hand-guided tractors, welcoming the morning sun, heading towards a bright new era! I, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber, want to join the competition! Nobody can stop me from joining!"

After Thrice Reckless' speech, next to him, the female disciple of the Chu Family that was in charge of being everyone's guide blinked and asked curiously, "Eh? Senior, wasn't your dao name 'Su Clan's Seven'?"

This female disciple still remembered that this senior that had turned into a baboon should be called 'Su Clan's Seven'!

Previously, when he was threatening the school head of Illusory Sword Sect, he said, "You don't need to make inquiries to know that I, Spirit River Su Clan's Seven, really like challenging schools in one-to-one battles!"

How overbearing was that?

With that one statement, the school head of the Illusory Sword Sect, Xu Zheng, quietly removed his daoist robe in front of everyone.

It was in that moment that this female disciple of the Chu Family became Su Clan's Seven's loyal fan.

Hence, she remembered that his dao name was 'Su Clan's Seven'. She even felt that the senior's current monkey form was still awesome and suave!

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber was speechless.

"Pfff~" Northern River's Loose Cultivator, Cave Lord Snow Wolf, Dharma King Creation, and True Monarch Fallout all started to laugh.

"Eh?" Chu Kong blinked in puzzlement. Perhaps she said something wrong?

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber... immediately got an internal injury!

With Thrice Reckless Mad Saber taking the initiative, the fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group started hitting their chests, expressing their desire to join the trendy hand-guided tractor competition one after another.

Fairy Dongfang Six said, "Senior White, count me in, for the sake of the previous era's ruins!"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator said, "Come to think of it, the hand-guided tractor competition might even be interesting."

"Actually, I had driven a hand-guided tractor many years ago. At that time, it was very trendy having a hand-guided tractor," Cave Lord Snow Wolf said. Judging from his expression, it seemed that he was planning to assume his real form while participating in the competition.

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple said, "Actually, I used to have a factory that manufactured hand-guided tractors. I am definitely gonna be in the top five!"

Facing the enticement of the previous era's ruins, integrity or whatever would be replenished after a good night's sleep.

Finally, True Monarch Yellow Mountain calmly put down the bowl in his hands after finally finishing his rice and said, "In that

case, I will provide the hand-guided tractors needed for the competition. The people who are participating in the competition, please sign up with me. I will provide a batch of hand-guided tractors in the shortest possible time based on the number of participants."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain would never tell the fellow daoists in the group that when Venerable White expressed his intention to learn driving, he sent him a hand-guided tractor, hehehe.

"In that case, it's delightfully decided!" the fellow daoists in the group started to register their names.



After adding up the number of participants, True Monarch Yellow Mountain thought of something and asked, "Right, did little friend Shuhang come back?"

"Is there something you need from him, True Monarch?" asked Northern River's Loose Cultivator.

"Yeah, it's about time to give him a big gift!" As True Monarch Yellow Mountain spoke, he grabbed little Doudou.

Doudou shouted, "What do you want, stupid Yellow Mountain?"

"Time for you to go home," said True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

"I don't want to. If I go home after you ordered me to, where's my pride?" Doudou said in an aloof manner. "At the very least, you need to personally cross one thousand mountains and waters and use all your power to look for me, then bring me back! This is the most basic sincerity, do you know sincerity?"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain laughed. "Don't throw tantrums, you've played outside long enough. Don't bother little friend Song Shuhang anymore. It's time to go back home."

"I don't want to, I don't want to! I still want to shoot a movie with

Song Shuhang, I am the main lead's pekingese, I want to become a superstar, I definitely don't want to go back!" Doudou waved his claws and shouted with all his might.

"This time, you have no say in it." True Monarch Yellow Mountain reached out with his hand and fished for a dog leash, then put it on Doudou.

"Stupid Yellow Mountain, I'm gonna fight with you till the end!" Doudou clenched his teeth. "I suggest you quickly remove my dog leash, or else don't blame me for being rude! I am going to sing the Stupid Yellow Mountain's Song!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain was speechless.

Before Doudou could open his mouth to sing, Yellow Mountain hurriedly snapped his fingers.

Thereafter, the dog collar's function got activated!

A ray of light flashed!

When Doudou opened his mouth, what came out was: "Woof woof woof woof~"

Eh? Why was it just barking?

After barking a couple of times, Doudou was puzzled.

Thereafter, he tried changing the language and opened his mouth again. "Woof woof woof woof."

I still cannot speak human words?

Doudou had a mental breakdown, he tried to use several languages at once, but all he could do was bark; and even then, his barks were weak.

"Hehe, this is a newly created dog collar—not long ago, I realized that the 'mute function' in the group chat was useful. Hence, I tried to modify your dog collar to match it." True Monarch Yellow Mountain was very pleased with his work.

Actually, this version of the 'muting technique' did not mute sounds. It merely prevented Doudou from speaking in the human language. He could only bark.

"Woof woof woof woof~" Doudou kept trying to shout, but the dog collar was too powerful—even when he shouted with all his might, his voice was only a little louder and sounded like a small dog's adorable bark.

"Everything is now quiet, very good," exclaimed True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

Doudou rolled his eyes; he was truly depressed. True Monarch Yellow Mountain actually made the 'muting technique' a reality, he could not happily have fun anymore!

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber moved closer and scratched Doudou's chin, exclaiming, "Indeed, Doudou is much cuter when he doesn't speak in human language."

"Howl~" Doudou leapt and pounced on Thrice Reckless Mad Saber's head, then opened his mouth wide and bit his head!

Then, either blood or saliva started to flow down Thrice Reckless' forehead...

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber was speechless.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator turned his head around, took out his phone and took the opportunity to snap a picture of Thrice Reckless and Doudou. A picture of a pekingese biting a monkey in a daoist robe... it was a great portrait.

Even though they were of different species, when one looked at the portrait, the poetry line: 'We are born of the same root, why the rush to kill each other?' would come to mind.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain reached out and pulled Doudou away from Thrice Reckless' head.

Thereafter, True Monarch Yellow Mountain said, "Since I have to

ship the hand-guided tractors to this place, I thought we should agree on which gift we should give to little friend Song Shuhang as well. Speaking of which, I already owe him two gifts—one for taking care of Doudou for an extended period of time, and another one for completing the task of receiving Venerable White when he came out of secluded meditation."

"Eh? The gift for receiving me when I got out of secluded meditation?" Venerable White turned his head around and blinked his eyes in curiosity.

Chapter 397: Venerable White's interjections

"When I established the 'Nine Provinces Number One Group' together with Daluo Sect's Rain Moon and Senior Seventh Cultivator of True Virtue, the idea was to support and motivate the junior cultivators in the group. For example, some of us would issue small and easy tasks inside the group like collecting materials and give them to the juniors. After the completion of the task, we seniors would give them a gift. That was the idea behind the creation of the group," True Monarch Yellow Mountain explained.

"Oh." Venerable White nodded and said, "Such being the case, I'll personally give a gift to little friend Song Shuhang for receiving me after I came out of secluded meditation!"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator quickly said, "This is inappropriate. If Senior White wants to give little friend Song Shuhang an additional gift, that's fine. As for our gift, we agreed earlier that we would give little friend Shuhang one. It can be said that we're giving him this gift in the capacity of seniors."

Speaking of which... at the time, he and several other seniors 'tricked' the naive Song Shuhang into accepting the task to receive Senior White.

While they were 'tricking' him, they promised him all sorts of benefits. If they didn't give him a gift now, wouldn't they be laughed at by the younger generation?

Venerable White nodded and said, "In that case, I'll leave it to you."



Thereupon, the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group started to discuss as to what they should gift to Song Shuhang.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator asked, "Now then, what kind

of item does little friend Shuhang need the most right now?"

"For a cultivator, it's essential to have cultivation techniques! Little friend Song Shuhang just advanced to the Second Stage True Master Realm and is now in need of a technique to train his true qi so that he can keep advancing. From what I remember, he only has the body tempering <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique> he got from Medicine Master, right?" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber said.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain silently nodded. "In that case, let's decide which cultivation technique would fit little friend Song Shuhang. Possibly a buddhist technique that can match with the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>!"

At this time, Venerable White suddenly interjected, "He doesn't really need cultivation techniques. In the past few days, I chanced upon a very interesting sect. I met the remaining disciples of the Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Sect. They had a portion of the <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique> which I managed to obtain, and I'm currently studying it. When the time comes, I'll conveniently teach it to little friend Song Shuhang."

Northern River's Loose Cultivator's eyes suddenly lit up as he asked, "The <Thirty-Three Divine Beasts' Technique>? Is it that legendary technique that can allow the user to condense 'pseudo-innate true qi' inside their body? If it's really that technique, it's very fitting for little friend Song Shuhang. After all, he missed the best period to practice."

Venerable White faintly smiled and nodded.

"Such being the case, we don't need to worry about cultivation techniques," True Monarch Yellow Mountain said with a nod. It was really a pity though; he felt that little friend Song Shuhang was really suited for buddhist techniques. "Now then, what suitable gift can we give to little friend Song Shuhang?"

True Monarch White Crane said, "Aside from cultivation techniques, cultivators are very reliant on movement techniques!

Speed is essential for cultivators. Quickly escaping can sometimes save one's life!"

White Crane's words were reasonable. Sometimes, powerful attacks or defense were not as useful as simply running away.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator approved and said, "Now that I think about it, it seems that little friend Song Shuhang indeed lacks a movement technique. Such being the case, should we gift him a movement technique?"

After hearing this much, Venerable White once more interjected, "He doesn't need movement techniques, either. A while ago, I taught him a scholarly movement technique, the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>. This movement technique is rather interesting. As the saying goes: reading a thousand books is not as good as traveling for a thousand miles. The more it's used, the better are its effects. It's enough for him till he reaches the Third Stage Realm."

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

"..." Northern River's Loose Cultivator.

"..." True Monarch White Crane.

All the other fellow daoists were speechless as well.

"Cough, cough. Since he doesn't need cultivation or movement techniques, how about gifting him a sword technique or something of the sort? As far as I can see, he only has a 'Flaming Saber Technique', and his attack power is quite lacking," Dharma King Creation advised. When he was fighting on the Grievance Settling Platform earlier, Song Shuhang used nothing but the Flaming Saber Technique. Everyone noticed this point.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator nodded and said, "That's also true. Although I felt that his Flaming Saber was a bit special, it's not a bad idea to give him an additional offensive technique!"

After hearing this much, Venerable White interjected again,

"Sword techniques and the likes are also useless. Some time ago, the corpse of the loose cultivator Li Tiansu crashed next to little friend Song Shuhang, forming some karma with him. This karma is also related to the Chu Family. After this karma is settled, he should be able to obtain a fine sword technique."

The nearby Chu Chu blinked her eyes. This karma was also related to the Chu Family? Although she didn't know who this Li Tiansu was, it seemed that Song Shuhang had decided to help them because of him...

"..." Dharma King Creation.

"..." Northern River's Loose Cultivator.

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

All the other fellow daoists were speechless as well.

"Then, how about giving him the opportunity to train inside a secret realm?" Cave Lord Snow Wolf said. "Little Song Shuhang just advanced to the Second Stage Realm. Therefore, he can conveniently train inside a secret realm and make use of the spiritual energy inside, both consolidating his cultivation realm and strengthening his physical body."

Cave Lord Snow Wolf favored this method a lot. When he was only an ordinary small snow wolf, he inadvertently entered an ownerless secret realm suited for practicing. From that point onwards, the gates of cultivation opened for him.

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple nodded and said, "This reward isn't bad. I recommend to give him the opportunity to train inside a spirit vein-type secret realm! With that, he'll be baptized by the spirit veins inside the secret realm and build a solid foundation for his future path of cultivation."

Spirit vein-type secret realm referred to those secret realms suited for practice that contained huge spirit veins. After advancing to the Second Stage, the practitioner would be 'baptized'

after he came in contact with the spirit vein for the first time. This baptism would give them a lot of benefits.

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple's voice had yet to fade, when...

...Venerable White interjected again. "A spirit vein-type secret realm is also useless. A while ago, little friend Song Shuhang obtained sixteen precious herbs from the mysterious island, all of them the 'skeletal dragon's withered vine', and gave them to Su Clan's Seven. Afterward, Seven promised that he would bring Song Shuhang into the first layer of the Spirit River Secret Realm to practice."

The Spirit River Secret Realm was the symbol of the Su Clan, and it was a first-class secret realm amongst spirit vein-type secret realms. The effects were tens of times better than ordinary spirit vein-type secret realms.

"..." Cave Lord Snow Wolf.

"..." True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple.

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

All the other fellow daoists were speechless as well.

At this time, the hearts of the fellow daoists of the Nine Provinces Number One Group were in turmoil!

At first, they thought that little friend Song Shuhang had cheated in order to advance to the Second Stage Realm in mere two months... but now, they discovered that it was merely the tip of the iceberg!

After advancing to the Second Stage Realm, he already had cultivation and movement techniques. In a short time, he would obtain a sword technique, and he just had to wait a bit more to get an opportunity to train inside a secret realm...

And speaking of Su Clan's Seven, everyone remembered that he

once promised that he would bring Song Shuhang to the Immortal Feast! That was another huge benefit!

But there was a problem!

What did Shuhang lack right now?

It seemed like he didn't lack anything right now! What were these seniors supposed to gift him? Was it possible that they could only give him money (spirit stones) as a gift? That would be quite lame!

True Monarch Fallout proposed, "Then, let's settle for the second-best choice. How about something like talismans or magical treasures? If used well, these items can almost give a second life to cultivators!"

After True Monarch Fallout made his proposition, everyone looked at Venerable White.

It was an instinctive reaction!

They refused to believe that he didn't need talismans or magical treasures either!

After pondering for a moment, Venerable White said, "I'm not too sure about talismans... but it seems that little friend Song Shuhang has a Blood God Crystal in his hands and is planning to carry out a transaction with Fellow Daoist Seven Lives Talisman... and since we're talking about Seven Lives Talisman, it's pretty likely that he would use talismans to trade, right? Aside from that, little friend Song Shuhang also helped him with the matter of the natives on the island. He mentioned that he would give Shuhang a gift for that too.

As for magical treasures... Shuhang has a pendant that can allow him to increase his speed, an ancient bronze ring with some good effects, and a treasure saber. Right, not too long ago, he managed to lead a Branch Leader of the Limitless Demon Sect toward us. Later, we captured him and left him to Fellow Daoist Seven. Seven

took several magical treasures from the body of that Branch Leader and gave them to Song Shuhang. From what I remember, there was a small flying sword, a flight-type magical treasure, and a few spirit stones of different ranks..."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain said, "I unexpectedly forgot about Fellow Daoist Seven Lives Talisman."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber said, "I remember that he obtained that crystal when Fellow Daoist Seven destroyed the Moon Saber Sect. Tsk, tsk."

All the other fellow daoists were speechless.

In other words... little friend Song Shuhang didn't need talismans, magical treasures, flying swords, and flying sabers, either?

In the end, was he even lacking something?!

For some reason, they didn't know where to start to deal with this situation!

They felt that little friend Song Shuhang would turn from an air gun into a cannon after entering the Second Stage!

"If that's the case, I can only think of medicinal pills. After all, they're something everyone can use! Since he just entered the Second Stage, he would need a large number of medicinal pills to recover true qi and strengthen his cultivation base!" Cave Lord Snow Wolf said.

After he finished speaking, everyone turned their heads toward Venerable White.

Venerable White hadn't already prepared the medicinal pills that Song Shuhang would need while in the Second Stage Realm, right?

Chapter 398: The emerald-green kasaya

As soon as the words 'Song Shuhang' and 'medicinal pills' were brought up, the members of the Nine Provinces Number One Group immediately thought of Medicine Master.

However, Medicine Master was unaware that Song Shuhang had advanced to the Second Stage, and it was hence impossible that he had prepared medicinal pills of the Second Stage rank for him. Moreover, he was one of the people that had guided Song Shuhang back then and rewarded him with the 〈Basic Buddhist Fist Technique〉 and the 〈True Self Meditation Scripture〉. He didn't really need to give him another gift.

Venerable White remembered that Song Shuhang had been practicing the 'fire controlling art' for a while. After breaking Shuhang's Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan, Senior White decided to teach him the fire controlling art so that he could refine 'qi and blood pills'.

But Song Shuhang had yet to learn how to refine qi and blood pills when he reached the Second Stage Realm already...

Up until now, Song Shuhang only knew how to prepare the 'body tempering liquid'.

Venerable White pondered for a moment and said, "Medicinal pills are fine."

The seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group immediately heaved a sigh of relief. They finally found something that Song Shuhang needed. Otherwise, they would have had no other choice but to give him spirit stones as a gift, which would be rather embarrassing.

"In that case, it's settled. We'll gift him medicinal pills. Now then, which medicinal pill can let a cultivator have twice the result with half the effort while in the Second Stage Realm? Which sect

has good medicinal pills?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked.

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple replied, "Little friend Song Shuhang just advanced to the Second Stage Realm. Therefore, it's better if he uses medicinal pills that are not too violent or strong. I recommend the medicinal pills produced by the Starry Pavilion. Their 'Starry True Qi Refining Pills' are quite good. The newly promoted disciples of the Second Stage of my sect also use those medicinal pills. Moreover, the Starry Pavilion is continuously improving these medicinal pills, and their Starry True Qi Refining Pill has already reached the 6S edition. There are 30 pills in one bottle, and one pill per day is more than enough to practice. I can provide him with six bottles that should last him for around six months."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain nodded and said, "The Starry True Qi Refining Pill 6S edition isn't bad. Next, we need medicinal pills that can help him recover true qi in the midst of a battle. Which sect has good medicinal pills of this type?"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator replied, "I know about a good medicinal powder with that effect, the 'Snow Lake True Qi Powder' of the Snow Lake Sect. After taking this medicinal powder, the user would feel a chill and recover a great amount of true qi at the same time. Moreover, it has next to no side effects. It can be taken at intervals of half an hour, which is very short. The only downside is that it has to be mixed with water before the use, and it's not too convenient to drink it in the middle of the battle. The Snow Lake True Qi Powder has also been improved and should be already at the 7th edition."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber evilly smiled and said, "That isn't really a problem. If it's not convenient to drink it during the battle, one can directly hold it in the mouth and swallow it when they're short of true qi! This is the method I used back in the days!"

"In that case, we can just give little friend Song Shuhang a dual-type medicine to recover true qi. One in the form of powder, the

Snow Lake True Qi Powder 7th edition, and the other in the form of a pill. With that, he can prepare for all eventualities," True Monarch Yellow Mountain said with a smile.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber clapped his hands and said, "Then, I'll recommend a medicine with the opposite nature of that of Northern River's, the 'Volcano Pill' of the Raging Fire Sect! After swallowing this pill, one would feel as though they had eaten hot chili sauce, feeling a raging fire inside their body. The quantity of true qi recovered is also quite good. It's something worth trying."

"Good. So, six bottles of both Snow Lake True Qi Powder 7th edition and Volcano Pills." True Monarch Yellow Mountain noted down. "Finally, some medicine to treat critical wounds. Any recommendations for that?"

Cave Lord Snow Wolf waved his hand and said, "For external injuries, our Snow Wolf Cave has the 'Tiger Bone & Bear Gall Paste'. Its effects are pretty good. I can give little friend Song Shuhang ten packages, and if he likes it, he's welcome to buy it the next time! Our version was also improved and is now at the A8 edition."

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple faintly smiled and said, "Such being the case, I'll also recommend the homemade medicine of our Ancient Lake Temple. Our temple is a daoist sect of the righteous path, and the 'Gentle Dao Pill' we produce is a mild-tempered medicinal liquid with almost no side effects. It has currently reached the 5th Star edition, and its effects are excellent. There are twenty pills per bottle, and I also can give little friend Shuhang ten bottles."

"Good. Ten packages of Tiger Bone & Bear Gall Paste A8 and ten bottles of Gentle Dao Pill 5th Star edition." True Monarch Yellow Mountain noted down.

All these medicines were enough to last for around half a year.

After half a year, Song Shuhang would have to rely on his own

strength to obtain other cultivation resources or medicinal pills.

"These medicinal pills are enough for completing the task of receiving Senior White." True Monarch Yellow Mountain smiled, satisfied. Actually, the value of these medicinal pills had long exceeded the worth of the gift Yellow Mountain estimated earlier.

Even core disciples of big sects would receive only a pill per month of something as precious as the Starry True Qi Refining Pill 6S. If they wanted more, they had to complete missions on behalf of the sect or search for natural resources on their own.

Now, Song Shuhang managed to obtain six bottles in one go, which would last for half a year even if he used one pill per day.

The value of the other medicines wasn't below that of the Starry True Qi Refining Pill 6S!

Since Song Shuhang seemed to lack nothing, the members of the group subconsciously raised the number of rewards... after all, if they were to give him a small reward, it would feel as though they were being cheap.



"Finally, I have to reward little friend Shuhang for taking care of Doudou for so long," True Monarch Yellow Mountain said as he gently patted Doudou's head.

Doudou opened his mouth and bit Yellow Mountain's wrist.

"Doudou, let go. Even if I'm a Sixth Stage True Monarch, these bites of yours are rather painful," True Monarch Yellow Mountain said calmly.

"Wuwuwu!" Doudou bit even harder.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain used his other hand to pat Doudou's head. "I really don't know what to do with you. Always acting like a spoiled brat."

"Wuwuwu..." Doudou rolled his eyes... Spoiled brat your sister! If

I could open my mouth and sing the song of the stupid Yellow Mountain, I would make you go crazy!

Dammit! Wait until I can speak again, I'll make a recording of the song of the stupid Yellow Mountain. Afterward, if Yellow Mountain dares to mute me again, I'll simply play the recorded version!

Northern River's Loose Cultivator heartily laughed and said, "True Monarch, have you already thought of a good gift?"

Now that even medicine pills were taken care of, what was Yellow Mountain going to gift to Song Shuhang?

"I already have an idea as to what to gift him," True Monarch Yellow Mountain said calmly, "I was thinking of gifting him body protecting clothes."

For cultivators, magical treasures, magical clothes, and flying swords (or other weapons) were the three most important things.

Song Shuhang already had magical treasures and flying swords, but it seemed he lacked magical clothes...

True Monarch Yellow Mountain was truly shrewd! Earlier, he didn't mention 'magical clothes' on purpose!

All the fellow daoists turned their heads around and asked Venerable White, "Senior White, does little friend Song Shuhang have magical robes or the likes?"

Venerable White pondered for a moment and finally shook his head.

It seemed Shuhang didn't have magical clothes.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator continued and asked, "True Monarch, have you already found suitable clothes?"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain nodded and said, "Yes, I have a set of pretty good magical clothes in mind. Originally, I was uncertain whether to gift him magical clothes or a magical staff.

But after knowing that he already had a flying sword and a flying saber, I can only gift him magical clothes."

The picture of a beautiful emerald-green kasaya resurfaced in his mind!

It was a defensive kasaya of the Second Stage rank manufactured with the emerald-green silk of a spirit beast. It was water-proof, fire-proof, and arms-proof. After putting it on, even without activating its defensive powers, it could block the bullets of small firearms. If you were to activate its defense, even a rain of bullets wouldn't pose a problem!

It was a very suitable equipment for Song Shuhang.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain clapped his hands and said, "It's settled then. Everyone has half a day to gather the necessary medicinal pills. Afterward, I'll send someone to pick them up and send them here together with the tractors for the competition and the kasaya."

The members of the group took out their phones one after another and called their disciples or other members of the sect.

If they had medicinal pills, they would bring them out. If they didn't, they would buy them.

Venerable White rested his chin in his hand as he looked at his busy fellow daoists.

Senior White was somewhat worried.

All that had to be gifted was now gifted. If he wanted to gift something to Shuhang, what could he gift him?

Weapons, treasures, clothes, medicines, cultivation and movement techniques, practicing inside a secret realm... aside from all that, what else was there to gift? A partner, money, and an immortal cave... was it possible that he had to find Song Shuhang a girlfriend or gift him an immortal cave where he could practice?

But finding a girlfriend wasn't easy, let alone an immortal cave where he could practice... Song Shuhang's strength was still low, he couldn't protect the immortal cave even if he obtained one. If he weren't to keep his eyes open and someone were to snatch it, it may give rise to unnecessary problems.

Whatever, it was better to let things run their course.

He would surely find something to gift him!



At this time, Song Shuhang had encountered some problems on his way back to the Grievance Settling Platform.

A guy wearing a black daoist robe and a body full of needles was blocking his road... How come I chanced upon a sea urchin warrior even though I already left the territory of the Chu Family?

"Boy, I can sense the blood of my brothers on your body. You killed my companions, right?" The spiky guy coldly gazed at Song Shuhang and said, "You're dead. You don't have any way out now, you can only die!"

"..." Song Shuhang.

From the looks of it, it seemed that this sea urchin warrior had followed the Mark of the Urchin Slayer on his body to find him...

"Hmph. All the people that have been soaked with the blood of a sea urchin warrior are enemies of our sea urchin race! Fleeing is useless. No matter where you go, we'll still find you and kill you! Not only you, even your family members and the people related to you will be implicated. They'll also die in the hands of the sea urchin warriors!" the sea urchin warrior said in a grave tone, his expression ruthless.

Although it seemed he was mourning the loss of his companions, the sea urchin warrior was actually reciting these lines from memory. These lines were taken from the Manual of the Sea Urchin Warrior.

After reciting from memory the long line, the sea urchin warrior gasped for breath and continued, "But if you obediently let me..."

Song Shuhang suddenly shouted, "But if you obediently let me cut your head off, we sea urchin warriors will forgive your family members!"

The sea urchin warrior was shocked. "...You actually stole my lines!"

Chapter 399: Sea Urchin Warriors' 20 Years of Mandatory Education Manual

It was quite strange though. The sea urchin before Song Shuhang's eyes had a cold expression on his face and seemed extremely aggrieved and angry while speaking...

But after only a glance, Song Shuhang could tell that he was reciting from memory!

It was a conclusion he had reached by relying on his rich life experiences. Song Shuhang felt that he might have met someone in his forgotten memories that was acting like this, reading in all seriousness a pre-prepared draft or simply reciting lines from memory. Therefore, he was able to make the current judgment based on the knowledge acquired back then!

"You... you actually stole my lines! You damned sissy!" the sea urchin warrior bellowed. When one was reciting from memory and was suddenly interrupted, they would sometimes forget what they were saying, and that was what happened to this sea urchin warrior.

As for that 'sissy', it was because Song Shuhang still had Chu Chu's voice...

After forgetting his lines, the sea urchin warrior became angry out of shame.

He loudly shouted and extracted two needles from his waist area, charging toward Song Shuhang. He grabbed the needles tightly and thrust them forward, toward Shuhang. "You damned human! I'm the powerful poisonous urchin warrior of the sea urchin race, you're dead meat!"

Song Shuhang lifted the treasured saber Broken Tyrant and used a basic saber technique to ward off the attack, using the sharp blade of the saber to cut off the needles in the hands of the sea

urchin warrior. Luckily, the opposite party reminded Song Shuhang that he was a poisonous sea urchin. Otherwise, he might have just punched him.

The sea urchin warrior in front of Song Shuhang was in the First Stage Realm and had at most opened his Nose Aperture. He was much weaker than Shuhang.

When the needles were cut off, the sea urchin warrior didn't panic.

He knew that his black needles weren't particularly resistant. Moreover, he never relied on them in fights. His main method to kill enemies was poison! As long as he could injure his enemy and leave as much as a scratch on their body, it would be his victory!

He had a lot of confidence in his deadly poison, and at this time, he was already in range!

"Round Dance Chop!" The sea urchin started to rotate and changed into a ball, rolling toward Song Shuhang.

It seemed that all sea urchins really liked this move. Regardless of their cultivation level, they liked to turn into a ball and roll.

Song Shuhang had already experienced this move in the Chu Family earlier.

He knew that sea urchin warriors were very dangerous while using this technique. As if that wasn't enough, the needles on their bodies would quickly regrow even if they were cut off. Unlike Soft Feather, Song Shuhang didn't have a powerful armor to protect him. Therefore, he couldn't possibly face this move head-on...

However, the move was lacking in some areas. For example, the sea urchin warrior wouldn't have a good field of vision while using the move, and there were many blind spots that one could take advantage of.

Song Shuhang used the 〈Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk〉 and appeared to sluggishly take a few steps back, but in

truth, he instantly retreated twenty meters back.

This distance was more than enough.

In the next moment, Shuhang slightly spun his wrist, and the picture of Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven's saber intent appeared in his mind.

"Flaming Saber Technique!"

Blazing flames started to burn on Broken Tyrant.

"Go!"

A crescent-shaped flaming saber qi slashed toward the sea urchin warrior.

Although he didn't remember it, on the mysterious island, Song Shuhang was able to blow off the head of a huge eagle even though the Flaming Saber was in the shape of small flame tongues.

The strength of this sea urchin's body couldn't be compared to that of the huge eagle back then.

The flaming saber qi hit the body of the sea urchin warrior, cutting through it like a knife cutting through butter. The spiky ball was divided into two halves.

The upper and lower parts of the sea urchin's body rotated and flew about, finally falling to the ground with a thump... he was cut in half at the waist area.

The black needles on his body got completely melted by the flaming saber qi.

The sea urchin warrior was dumbfounded, as though he had yet to realize that he had been cut in half.

In the next moment, he clenched his teeth and bellowed, "You... you are dead! You unexpectedly dared to kill another sea urchin warrior!"

Since he was a human-monster hybrid with a cultivation of the

First Stage, the sea urchin warrior didn't immediately die after getting cut in half. Thereupon, he stretched out his hand and pointed his finger at Song Shuhang while bellowing.

For some reason... it felt as though he was reciting from memory this part too.

Unfortunately, he forgot his lines halfway through his speech. Although he thoroughly studied these lines earlier, now that he was about to die, his mind was completely blank and he couldn't think of anything.

Therefore, the sea urchin warrior stretched out his shivering hand and took out a booklet from his robe.

He flipped through the pages of the booklet until reaching the one he was looking for.

Then, he looked at Song Shuhang again and said in a hateful tone, "You killed two sea urchin warriors... your family... your friends... will all suffer due to the anger of the sea urchin warriors! Remember my name... I'm the glorious poisonous urchin warrior Sui Qianjun! This name... will appear... in the nightmares... you'll have... every night... ahahaha... ahahahaha..."

Even that final laughter seemed to be something he read from the booklet.

After laughing, this special-type of sea urchin, the poisonous urchin warrior Sui Qianjun, tilted his head and died.

"..." Song Shuhang.



In the next moment...

After making sure that the poisonous urchin warrior was really dead and his aura had dissipated, Song Shuhang cautiously approached him.

Since the enemy was poisonous, he didn't dare to be careless and

used the tip of the saber to poke him.

After poking it for a while, two ugly small stones dropped from the body of the poisonous urchin warrior. These two small stones seemed to contain a certain amount of spiritual energy and made one feel comfortable just by looking at them.

Song Shuhang tore off part of his clothes and used them to wrap the two small stones, putting them in his pocket.

Next, his vision fell on the booklet in Sui Qianjun's hands.

Song Shuhang could unexpectedly read and understand the characters written on the booklet.

《Sea Urchin Warriors' 20 Years of Mandatory Education Manual》, Volume 1 Part 1.

This booklet wasn't written in the language of the monster race.

It used two rows of characters, one in simplified Chinese and the other in traditional Chinese. It was very easy to understand.

It seemed that their innate ability to leave on others the 'Mark of the Sea Urchin Slayer' wasn't the only thing they had. This race was rather up-to-date!

When he died, Sui Qianjun was on the page introducing the rules the sea urchin warriors had to follow.

On a side, there was a row of handwritten characters: 'You're dead! You unexpectedly dared to kill another sea urchin warrior! ... (short pause) ... Remember my name, I'm the glorious poisonous urchin warrior Sui Qianjun! This name will appear in the nightmares you'll have every night! Note: remember to laugh at this point: ahahaha, ahahahaha.'

"..." Song Shuhang.

What a fearful enemy!

Song Shuhang flipped through the 《Sea Urchin Warriors' 20 Years of Mandatory Education Manual》. The majority of the

booklet was about the rules sea urchin warriors had to follow and contained all sorts of mourning dialogues.

Amongst these mourning dialogues were often sentences such as: 'we'll kill your family', we'll kill your friends and relatives', kill yourself and apologize'.

"..." Song Shuhang.

What a fearful race!



After flipping through the booklet for a while, Song Shuhang reached the end and saw something that piqued his interest.

Detailed explanation of the <Sea Urchin Warriors' Aura Concealing Technique>.

An aura concealing technique?!

Speaking of which, when the poisonous urchin Sui Qianjun made his appearance, Song Shuhang was able to notice his presence only when he was ten meters away from him... and he was only a cultivator of the First Stage Realm!

Shuhang had already reached the state where he had his mental energy detection always active!

Even though he was one realm higher than the enemy and had the detection of his mental energy active, he was able to sense him only when he was in a range of ten meters. Was this due to the Sea Urchin Warriors' Aura Concealing Technique?

Thereupon, Song Shuhang curiously flipped through the technique, starting to examine it.



Song Shuhang quickly read the content of three pages and sighed with emotion. "This technique to conceal one's aura is rather interesting."

Sea urchin warriors had an innate camouflage ability, just like chameleons...

And by relying on their camouflage ability, they developed a unique 'aura concealing technique' that belonged solely to their race. After using the technique, their mental energy, qi and blood power, and true qi would be completely concealed.

Afterward, they would use the hypnotic effect of their mental energy: 'I'm only a sea urchin, I'm only a sea urchin' and camouflage as ordinary sea urchins.

After concealing their aura, sea urchin warriors would blend with nature and completely disappear from the radar of cultivators of the same rank, becoming very difficult to find.

Even if the other party was far stronger than them, they would only see them as ordinary sea urchins under the induction of their mental energy...

The effects of this aura concealing technique were better than ordinary aura concealing techniques.

Luckily, the poisonous urchin warrior Sui Qianjun didn't train this technique to perfection... otherwise, even if he were to get into a range of ten meters from Shuhang, he would only think that an ordinary sea urchin was approaching him.

Eh? Wait. There is something wrong with this situation!

If he were to notice that a sea urchin was approaching him, he would get somewhat vigilant, right?

Let's think about it. If a sea urchin were to get out of a nearby grove and approach you, you would find the scene rather strange, wouldn't you?

After all, it's not like they were in the middle of the ocean.

This aura concealing technique was good only if used in the middle of the water.

"This <Sea Urchin Warriors' Aura Concealing Technique> doesn't seem too difficult to use. Although it seems to require a high control of mental energy, I have the <True Self Meditation Scripture>, and I can be ranked in the upper-middle tier amongst cultivators of the same realm in regards to mental energy control. The mental energy requirements shouldn't be a problem. The only problem is that I don't have an innate camouflage ability like sea urchin warriors..." Song Shuhang said.

It was very unfortunate. It was a rather good aura concealing technique, and he just happened to lack one.

Forget it... I'll ask the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group whether there are some missions for me to complete. After all, I've reached the Second Stage Realm now, and I should be able to complete some.

After completing the missions, he was planning to ask for an 'aura concealing technique' as a reward~

Just as he was in deep thoughts, Song Shuhang suddenly thought of something.

Next, he grasped the brooch on his chest... the same brooch that gave birth to all those embarrassing memories earlier.

Chapter 400: If I were to turn into a... no, wait!

Song Shuhang's imagination started to run wild. What would happen if he were to use the 'shapeshifting brooch' together with the ⟨Sea Urchin Warriors' Aura Concealing Technique⟩? Perhaps he could complete the technique and make it work?

Should I give it a try?

It's not like I have anything to lose!

Aura concealing techniques were different from cultivation techniques, and one wouldn't suffer from negative effects if he were to misuse them.

After thinking this much, Song Shuhang decided to give it a try.

He operated his mental energy according to the instructions of the ⟨Sea Urchin Warriors' Aura Concealing Technique⟩ and restrained his true qi.

The final step consisted in using the innate camouflage ability of sea urchin warriors to complete the process. Therefore, Song Shuhang thought of completing this step by relying on the 'shapeshifting brooch'.

But just as he was about to complete the final step, Song Shuhang suddenly thought of something. Eh? Wait a moment. Wouldn't it be a little stupid to turn into a sea urchin?

After all, I'm not in the middle of the ocean, and changing into a sea urchin would look rather strange!

Since I'm on land, instead of a sea urchin, I might as well turn into a caterpillar or something of the sort...

Just as this thought flashed through his mind, strange changes took place.

Eh? Wait a moment!

It was just a random thought, I don't really want to turn into a caterpillar!

I want to turn into a butterfly! Well, if that's too much, I can settle for a chicken!

Even changing into Doudou is better than turning into a caterpillar!

But it was too late... the <Sea Urchin Warriors' Aura Concealing Technique> (Song Shuhang edition) activated!

In the next moment, Song Shuhang turned into an ugly caterpillar. Naturally, this was just an illusion; his real body didn't change in the slightest. He just appeared as a caterpillar in the eyes of others.

When the altered version of the <Sea Urchin Warriors' Aura Concealing Technique> was activated, Song Shuhang's aura disappeared, and all his true qi was firmly locked inside his dantian, not leaking out in the slightest.

Now then, in which form would he appear if someone else were to sweep him with their mental energy? In the shape of a caterpillar, or in that of a sea urchin?

Did I succeed for real? Song Shuhang forced a smile.

"I can't waste time, I need to quickly change back! Moreover, I wonder if the battle on the Grievance Settling Platform has come to an end. It would be rather troublesome if Senior White and the others had already left," Song Shuhang muttered to himself.

Just as he was about to remove his camouflage, several figures quickly closed in from a distant place. Under the detection of his mental energy, he discovered that six 'sea urchins' were quickly bouncing toward his position... More sea urchin warriors are

coming over here?

Did they come here by following the Mark of the Urchin Slayer?

Just as he was in deep thoughts, the six sea urchin warriors arrived at the site where the battle took place. They were all in the Second Stage Realm, and the level of their true qi seemed higher than Shuhang's by a notch.

Very soon, they saw their dead companion, the poisonous urchin warrior Sui Qianjun.

"Dammit! One of our companions was killed!" a stout sea urchin warrior said as he clenched his teeth.

Another sea urchin warrior approached Sui Qianjun's corpse and examined it. Afterward, he said in a grave tone, "His blood is still hot, the murderer can't be too far! Find him through the 'Mark of Vengeance'! We must tear him to shreds!"

As soon as the word 'vengeance' was brought up, the remaining sea urchin warriors roared like wild beasts, their eyes bloodshot. To them, vengeance was one of the most important things in life!

It was something engraved in the depths of their souls; revenge, revenge!

When in vengeance-mode, sea urchin warriors would lose their mind. No matter how strong the enemy was, as long as they induced the Mark of Vengeance, they wouldn't be afraid and would immediately enter into action!

It was quite the miracle that a race like theirs had managed to survive up until now.

Song Shuhang quietly retreated inside the nearby grove. This Mark of Vengeance they mentioned earlier should be the Mark of the Sea Urchin Slayer, right?

It just happened that he had a similar mark on his body! If those six sea urchin warriors of the Second Stage were to discover him...

it wouldn't be wise to fight them head-on.

Therefore, he had to quickly run toward the Grievance Settling Platform.

With his <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>, he should be able to put some distance between these sea urchin warriors and himself. As long as he could reach the Grievance Settling Platform, and the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group were still there, Song Shuhang had nothing to fear!

"I've induced the mark!" said one of the sea urchin warriors in a grave tone.

All the sea urchin warriors looked toward the grove.

Then, they saw a small and adorable caterpillar quickly crawling toward the depths of the grove.

"A caterpillar?"

"It seems that the caterpillar was soaked by mistake in the blood of our dead companion... something of the sort happens in the sea too. The fresh blood that spurts out of our brave sea urchin warriors at the point of death carries the 'Mark of Vengeance'. Sometimes, aside from soaking the murderer, it also soaks small fishes that are merely passing by." The stout sea urchin warrior continued, "Dammit, it seems that the real culprit already got away..."

"They shouldn't have gone too far. I'll try to expand the induction range of the mark... Hmm? Found it! Someone carrying the Mark of Vengeance is flying in the sky and heading toward the Illusory Sword School!" the sea urchin specialized in sensing things shouted.

"If they're flying in the sky, they should be a cultivator of the Fourth Stage, right? Moreover, they're heading toward the Illusory Sword School? Hmph, they're bringing about their own destruction!" the stout sea urchin warrior said coldly. "Let's return

to the Illusory Sword School. After our brave sea urchin warriors are done massacring the Illusory Sword School and collecting enough 'true blood', we'll kill this person that dared to kill our companion, too!"

After saying this much, the stout sea urchin warrior took the lead and headed toward the Illusory Sword School.

Amongst the remaining five, four followed suit and left.

Song Shuhang looked at the sea urchin warriors that were disappearing in the distance and furrowed his brows... They want to kill the cultivators of the Illusory Sword School?

Aren't the cultivators of the Illusory Sword School allied with these sea urchin warriors?

At first, Song Shuhang thought that the Illusory Sword School had drawn out the Chu Family with the excuse of the Grievance Settling Platform. That way, the sea urchin warriors and that mister could easily sneak inside the Chu Family and do their thing. At the time, he thought that the two sides were allied.

But now, the sea urchin warriors wanted to kill the people of the Illusory Sword School...?

Does it mean that they weren't allied? Or is there some sort of internal strife?

In any case, I must first return to the Grievance Settling Platform and converge with Senior White and the others, Song Shuhang thought to himself.



At this time, while the other sea urchin warriors left, the last one moved toward Song Shuhang with large strides.

"Hmph. Even if you're a caterpillar that got carelessly soaked in the blood of our companion, as long as you have the Mark of Vengeance on your body, you're not allowed to continue living in

this world!" the sea urchin warrior said with a fierce look on his face. "Therefore, accept the punishment of us sea urchin warriors! If you want to blame someone, you can only blame yourself for being an ordinary caterpillar that got soaked in the blood of our companion! Being weak is also a sin!"

After saying these pre-prepared lines, the sea urchin warrior squatted in front of Song Shuhang and stretched his hand, trying to crush Song Shuhang's toe with his finger!

The illusory art was active, and what looked like to be a caterpillar was in truth Song Shuhang's toe.

Anyway, how cruel! They didn't want to let off even a small and adorable caterpillar!

Poke! Poke to death!

The finger of the sea urchin warrior ruthlessly poked Song Shuhang's toe, making his toe hurt a little...

Eh? Strange, something feels off.

The sea urchin warrior was confused. What he was poking didn't feel like a caterpillar at all...

Aaaaah! Strange, my head hurts a lot.

It feels as though a hot liquid is flowing out of my head... I feel dizzy.

Eh? I don't only feel dizzy, even the world before my eyes is going black?

Strange, just what's happening?

Just in this fashion, this sea urchin warrior that was poking the caterpillar fell to the ground, very dead.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Congratulations! After you obtained the title of Sea Urchin Slayer three times, it evolved into a new title. You're now a Heroic Sea

Urchin Slayer!



In the sky, toward the direction of the Illusory Sword School.

After getting away from the Grievance Settling Platform, the two Spiritual Emperors that were previously helping the Illusory Sword School heaved a sigh of relief.

It seemed that those powerful cultivators that had descended from the sky in the form of meteors didn't want to pick a fight with them. No one was chasing or trying to kill them.

"Let's quickly leave this hornet's nest," the middle-aged Spiritual Emperor said in a grave tone.

The white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor heaved a sigh and said, "At first, I was just planning to return 'mister' that favor and earn some spirit stones while at it. I didn't expect that the situation would turn out to be this troublesome. Under these circumstances, the favor we owed to 'mister' probably became even bigger."

"We'll return the favor at the next opportunity. We cannot be blamed for what happened this time," the middle-aged Spiritual Emperor said.

The white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor agreed, "This is also true. We did our best, after all."

The two of them looked at each other and sighed once more.

Then, just as they were adjusting the direction of their flying swords and preparing to leave...

...a lazy voice transmitted from the place behind them. "Fellow Daoists, wait a moment!"

The two Spiritual Emperors turned their heads around and looked behind them.

They saw a young man sitting cross-legged on a sword light,

currently flying toward them.

The man looked handsome and very elegant. At first glance, he seemed to be an elite disciple from a large sect, but those half-close and half-open sleepy eyes greatly weakened his elegant bearing.

After seeing him, one would immediately think of the word 'lazy'! He was giving off a lazy feeling from each cell of his body!

As soon as they saw him, the two Spiritual Emperors quietly induced his realm.

Fourth Stage Innate Realm?

After inducing his realm, the two calmed down a bit. The middle-aged Spiritual Emperor took the lead and asked, "Fellow Daoist, is there something you need?"

The lazy man yawned and stretched out his hand to wipe the tears from the corner of his eye. "Since I'm a bit tired, let's make it short."

After saying this much, he stood up and continued, "Fellow Daoists, I ask you not to resist and let me beat you up, as well as to allow me to take a photo and post it on my public account. How does that sound?"

The middle-aged Spiritual Emperor was speechless.

The white-haired but healthy Spiritual Emperor was likewise speechless

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